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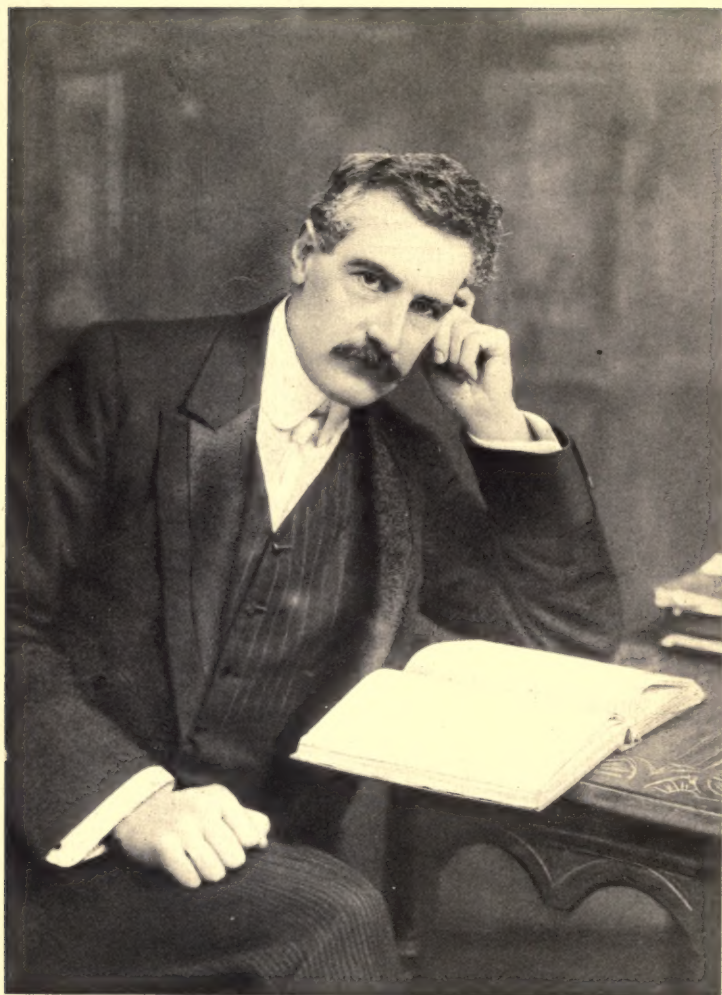


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IRELAND : VITAL HOUR



Arthur Lynch

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IRELAND: VITAL HOUR



Ireland

BY

ARTHUR LYNCH, M.P.

AUTHOR OF

"MODERN AUTHORS: A REVIEW AND A FORECAST"; "APPROACHES: THE POOR SCHOLAR'S QUEST OF A MECCA"; "A KORAN OF LOVE: THE CALIPH, AND OTHER POEMS"; "OUR POETS!"; "RELIGIO ATHLETAE"; "HUMAN DOCUMENTS"; "UNE QUESTION DE REPRÉSENTATION GÉOMÉTRIQUE"; "PRINCE AZREEL"; "PSYCHOLOGY: A NEW SYSTEM"; "PURPOSE AND EVOLUTION"; "SONNETS OF THE BANNER AND THE STAR"; "POPPY MEADOWS: ROMAN PHILOSOPHIQUE" (in French) *In Press*, Paris

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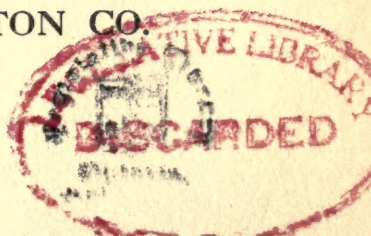
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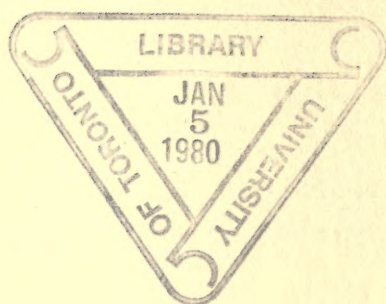
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PREFACE

IRELAND!—a thorny subject. Ireland! How shall I begin? Why not take up anew the old lamp of Truth and calmly look upon whatever that may light? It requires more courage to carry that lamp than to bear a standard on the battlefield. Be it so, the truth is all that in this life is consistent with itself. Better be dead than afraid of the Truth.

I have set out to write a masculine book on Ireland; one which shall not hesitate to probe and test, yet shall be fraught with good purpose. I have resolved to direct my eyes to the future, taking from the past only what seems to me necessary to explain the present and to point the way of progress.

Nearly all books on Ireland are of a partisan character; nearly all are drenched in the strife, the rancours, the miseries of epochs from which we would gladly escape. Oliver Cromwell oppressed Ireland! Let us regard that fact only for its information and its lesson, not to grow haggard in rage. Energy is too precious to spend in wasteful emotion. Validly, sincerely, I refuse to lose a night's rest for Oliver Cromwell in Ireland,¹ and, were she not a lady, I would be tempted to say the same of Queen Eliza-

¹ I had originally written: I do not care a "twopenny damn" for Oliver Cromwell; the phrase is the Duke of Wellington's. This is, however, not only too trivial a fashion in dealing with Cromwell, but it does not represent my veritable opinion. It is mainly in regard to his conduct in Ireland that I formulate reserves as to his character.

beth. What is it to me that James II ran at the battle of the Boyne? I only regret that a gallant people should have fought to keep that dolt upon his throne.

Or again why sing dirges and weep over failures, deaths, and defeats? Have we not realities enough to demand our tears, if indeed weeping be a helpful employment? It is useless to deplore the past fate of Ireland. Conduct is Fate. Let us steep that into our souls. Let us look at the defeats and the downfalls not to rail at destiny, or lose our nerve in "keening," but seriously to examine, to train our ideas, to fortify ourselves.

For to bear all naked truths,
And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty.

Let us even be cheerful, even in reading Irish history, or at any rate serene; for anxiety, fear, depression, equally with rage, are bad counsellors. We want to see forces and prospects clearly, then to form our plans and to march forward with energy to win on those lines.

It seems to me that we have reached a crisis which will try the Irish people in the crucible.¹ We have reached a crisis which will weigh the British nation in the scales. It is not well, however, to overbalance in heavy solemnity. I think that a candid spirit may treat even of deep things with a light touch.

Above all it behoves to be sincere, to recognise that the problem is serious, that we want truth and illumination, a brave cast to the future. In these terms possibly one may speak a few words helpful to Ireland, salutary to England also.

¹ I had written these words before I had seen a similar saying of Paul Dubois in "*l'Irlande contemporaine*."

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ERRATUM

Page 271, line 8, *for* "they do not pass,"
read "they do pass."



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IN 1914



IRELAND: VITAL HOUR

CHAPTER I

GLANCES AT HISTORY

IRISH history is terribly entangled. I do not know if many read it thoroughly, beginning at the beginning and continuing consecutively. If they do, I would ask, how many come through that process—I will not say wiser—but perfectly normal and sane? I would especially fear for those who put their hearts into this work, and give free run to the passions of hope, joy, exaltation, indignation, and despair.

Moreover in Irish history it is not easy to establish a sure basis for indignation. I remember once taking *déjeuner* at a café in Regent Street with the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who after an eventful life, devoted in great part to Ireland, had retired somewhat disillusioned as a politician but rare as a story-teller. He told me that an old friend of his was an enthusiastic historian; he was accustomed to wax eloquent over the wrongs done to the Milesians. One day Duffy, calling on him, found him more excited than usual.

“Well,” he asked, “have you found new wrongs done to the Milesians?”

“Wrongs done to the Milesians!” cried the

historian furiously. "No! But I've just discovered how those accursed pirates destroyed and robbed my own people!"

It is ever thus. There have been many successive invasions of Ireland and upon the original stock there have been grafted the breeds of the Iberians, Phoenicians, Danes, Normans, to say nothing of colonies and infiltrations of Anglo-Saxons, Dutch, Scots, and Huguenot French. My own family has been in Ireland not over long,—not yet eight hundred years it seems—but, while unable to claim descent, like the vast majority of the natives, from Irish Kings, they assert on grounds equally putative their origin from Charlemagne himself.

The names of famous leaders and heroes often fail to bring us the real Hibernian smack—Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, Thomas Davis, John Michel, Charles Stuart Parnell, were not Milesians nor Firbolgs. Not one of them was a Roman Catholic. These facts familiar to schoolboys in Ireland do not seem to be well known in England, for recently in the House of Commons I heard the point emphasised as interesting and significant.

It must not be supposed, however, that these leaders were not all Irish. Ireland is one of the most assimilative countries of the world, and a short time is sufficient to convert a good stranger, whether he descend from Italian Princes or Lincolnshire Yeomen, into something more Irish than the Irish themselves. This is a fact ever to be borne in mind in dealing with Ulster. The men of Belfast may be as loyal as you please,—of a somewhat disconcerting loyalty sometimes,—but they are as Irish as Parnell or John Dillon.

This absorbing quality of Ireland does not affect merely manners, speech, or sympathies. It seems to bring the foreigner into a veritable affinity with the Irish people. And so it happens that though there is no Irish race in any strict sense, but rather a fusion of divers races of widely different sources, yet there is an Irish people, an Irish nation. As Napoleon said that there was a sort of secret bond between soldiers by which they knew each other, so there is amongst Irishmen. The Irishman from the North and the Irishman from the South may differ in appearance, in accent, in ideas; they may be ready to fly at each others' throats on some chance allusion, or to the innocent strains of Boyne-Water, but at least they understand each other. I cannot but believe that the Unionist representatives of Ulster feel more at home with the Nationalists than either body with their respective English allies.

Of late years in London we have had visits from the Abbey Theatre Company and from the Ulster Players, and these troupes gave us plays racy of the soil and admirably acted. I saw both and with equal enjoyment. But except for change of place, names, and accent, I would have been unable to say which play represented Connaught and which Ulster. In listening to the Ulster Players I was reminded of the first occasion on which I had seen Zola's drama, "*l'Assommoir*," played in Paris. I had already seen an adaptation in English by Charles Reade under the title "*Drink*," with Charles Warner in the part of Coupeau; the acting was realistic and truly impressive. But in Paris I kept nudging myself mentally and crying involuntarily: "*How French this is!*"

And just so in studying an interior, even an Orange

interior, of County Down or Antrim, as for instance in Rutherford Mayne's play, "The Drone." Every stroke of reality, every touch of human nature, made me exclaim: "How Irish it is!" The gap is wide between these plays and modern English products such as "Hindle Wakes," or even that savourous study of character, "Buntie Pulls the Strings."

It may be objected that I am not here writing history. Possibly not. What I am trying to do is to offer suggestions so that all Irish history, and Irish current events, may be the better interpreted. I have never read Irish history other than in a desultory way, and I would remark, in passing, that one who had a powerful influence in the making of modern Ireland—Parnell—seems hardly to have studied history at all. However, from time to time, I have read so much that I think it would be possible for me to sit down, to collate authorities, and to produce a dry and heavy tome, and gain kudos among statesmen for that futile exercise.

But that seems to me to lead to no understanding of Ireland, or the Irish; we see through a glass darkly. For insight into the modern phases of Ireland, read rather Maria Edgeworth's delightful tales, such as "Castle Rackrent," or Lever—yes, Lever, whom exclusive Nationalists now affect to despise, but who is still irresistibly Irish. Do not, however, read except for enjoyment, "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer," read rather that work of reflexion of his maturer years, "The Dodd Family Abroad," with its wisdom wrapped in the choicest envelope of fine irony or rare and sapid philosophy.¹

¹ This book "The Dodd Family Abroad," which Lever himself thought his best, was the least read by the public.

These works carry us along in a stream sparkling with lively scenes and witty talk ; and when one comes to the end, the least impressionable must ask : How could a country hold together, when these were specimens of its landed proprietors, its aristocrats—these ruthless, roystering good fellows, always ready for pistols and coffee in the morning, but vain, brainless, improvident, and all lacking especially in any due sense of their duties ?

The other side of the picture is told in the tales of Carleton, for instance, showing the terrible sufferings of the peasantry, but at the same time their lively courage, and, in spite of all sorts of apparent aberrations, their unflinching tenacity. The great agricultural reforms with which the names of Parnell and Michael Davitt are associated are the legislative comment on what we learn in Maria Edgeworth and in Carleton of Irish conditions and Irish character.

It may be useful to know a little of Irish history for quite another reason ; and I am here reminded of the advice given by James Mill to his celebrated son, John Stuart Mill, to read Shakespeare, not because he held him in high esteem, but because it impressed audiences to quote from the great national poet.

And in the same view I have known an Irish audience in London moved to enthusiasm, not by the prospects of the Home Rule Bill, but by the flowing speech of an orator who related the great doings in Ireland over a thousand years ago. Ireland was then the land of Saints and Scholars ; as for the Saxon, continued the orator, we washed him, and combed him, and taught him the rudiments ! The closing of these remarks was drowned in the applause

they excited ; but the fervour of this antiquarian patriotism might well have been cooled by certain reflexions. If Ireland really had such a brilliant start in saintliness and education, at a time, moreover, when the population of the two islands was not so largely different, then there must have been some great and radical fault in the whole system of that education, to say nothing of the piety, to account for the later invasions of the English.

Dr. P. W. Joyce in his book, recently republished, "A Social History of Ancient Ireland," says : "But the education for the lay community, in the sense in which the word 'education' is used in the preceding observations, was mainly for the higher classes and for those of the lower who had an irrepressible passion for book learning. The great body of the people could neither read nor write. Yet they were not uneducated, they had an education of another kind—reciting poetry, historic tales, and legends,—or listening to recitations—in which all people, high and low, took delight as mentioned elsewhere.

"This was true education, a real exercise for the intellect and a real and refined enjoyment. In every hamlet there was one or more amateur reciters ; and this amusement was then more general than newspaper and story-reading is now."

In another passage, speaking of education at a much later period, Joyce says : "Some were known as 'Bardic Schools' in which were taught poetry, history, and general Irish literature. Some were for law, and some for other special professions. In the year 1571, hundreds of years subsequent to the period we are here treating of, Campion found schools for medicine and law in operation :—'They speake

Latine like a vulgar tongue, learned in their common schools of leach-craft and law, whereat they begin (as) children, and hold on sixteen or twenty years, conning by roate the aphorisms of Hypocrates and the Civil Institutions, and a few other parings of these two faculties.' The 'sixteen or twenty years' is certainly an exaggeration. The Bardic schools were the least technical of any; and young laymen not intended for professions attended them—as many others in greater numbers attended the monastic schools—to get a good general education."

Here indeed we find the flaw of education that was prevalent throughout the Middle Ages, and which has too long persisted in Ireland, the tendency to conceive of education as something remote from life and to set the chief distinction on literary achievements. For here, nearly two thousand years after the efflorescence of the genius of the Greeks, and so long following that slow and solid building of the Romans which had given its stamp to the forms of our civilisation, we find the great Irish schools simply repeating the aphorisms of Hippocrates and copying the Latins in their lesser works. There is no hint here of that study of nature which was the principle of Hippocrates himself, nothing of that hardihood of enterprise that made the Romans great, still less of that wonderful modern spirit that allured Galileo to experiment, Descartes to analyse, or Vesalius to dissect. Rather the whole tendency of the education was to frown upon independence of mind, to slay the young nurslings of genius.

I have dwelt a little on this point, because the matter is not entirely archæological. Ireland was tried in the ordeals of old; her faulty vision of

education allowed the gate to be opened to the strangers. In our day Ireland, and England too, are being tried in ordeals again, and the question will decide the destiny of Ireland and of England. It is useless to give merely artificial or conventional distinction to false products of education ; the standards should have regard to the factors that fit men and nations to hold their own against competitors ; the great movement of the world, of Nature itself will determine what nations, and what types will survive ; and education should be conformable to that spirit.

Leaving for the moment the question of education let us glance at another great fact of Irish history, of that period that finds its culmination in the defeat of the Danes at Clontarf in 1014. For over two centuries previous to this event, swarms of Danish buccaneers had been accustomed to descend upon the coast of Ireland at various points for the purpose of pillage and plunder. The Chroniclers are eloquent in their denunciation of the barbarities of these Pagans, and certainly, beheld in the clearest light, their cruelties seem to have been not cold-blooded atrocities but wild riots of bloodshed and massacre. We read that at the beginning of the ninth century the city of Armagh, famous for its cathedral and its monasteries, was besieged four times in one month. Bangor—a celebrated seat of learning and religion in those days—was carried by assault and the Abbot and nine hundred monks were massacred out of hand. The Monks of Inish Murray in County Sligo, after being witnesses of the destruction of their monastery, were ruthlessly slaughtered. And so the narrative continues through the long decades.

These events were terrifying, but in the retrospect

it behoves us to examine into causes, and here again we find fatal defects of education, if education be regarded in the larger sense. The Danes had to cross wide and stormy seas in frail ships before arriving at the coasts of Ireland, and the mere fact that, with a comparative handful of men, they should have effected successful raids upon the country testifies heavily against the condition and organisation of the Irish. The vast number of monks compared with that of available warriors is in these circumstances hardly a compensation, although it may afford an explanation of the depressed condition of the veritable genius of the people.

In 1014 the famous Brian Boru, a capable leader as well as a man of large views, having risen, partly by diplomacy, partly by systematic usurpation, to the position of Monarch of Ireland determined to smash the power of the Danes. These ferocious warriors on their part had formed a plan for the decisive subjugation of the whole country. Then happened an event, so often paralleled in the annals of Ireland. The foreign foe found an ally in one of the powerful Irish Chieftains, Maelmordha, King of Leinster, who mustered all his bravest to join the Danish standard. It is not necessary to enter into the details of the battle. Suffice it to say the splendid valour of the Danes was overmatched in the impetuous onslaught of the Irish, truly the greatest fighting men of the world when well trained, caught in the vein, and properly led. When the daughter of Brian Boru, who was married to a Danish Chieftain, Sitric, beheld the invaders in flight and making for the sea, she laughed tauntingly at her husband, and said, "The Danes seem to be in heat, but they tarry not for the

milking." Her husband replied in the style of those "good old days" by a blow on the mouth which smashed a tooth.¹

Another incident, which I have never seen properly elucidated, was that Brian Boru was slain in his own tent.²

But this victory, although it prevented Ireland from being a Danish province, had no effect in holding the country together as a cohesive, organised, progressive nation.³ The explanation is to be found in

¹ MacLiag's account is: "Then it was Brian's daughter said: 'It appears to me that the foreigners have gained their inheritance.'

" 'What meanest thou, O, woman?' said Olaf's Sitric.

" 'The foreigners are going into the sea, their natural inheritance,' said she, 'I wonder is it a heat that is in them; but they tarry not to be milked if it is!'

"The son of Olaf became angered, and gave her a blow that broke her tooth out."

² Dr. Sigerson, whose name betrays his origin, has much to say on the battle of Clontarf which is at variance with the usual histories.

³ In a learned article on Maelsechlainn (Malachy), Canon J. F. Lynch gives a terrible picture of the times:

The idea of ridding Ireland of the Danes, which Professor Macalister has credited to Maelsechlainn, is just as absurd as Professor Macalister's notion that Maelsechlainn would have endeavoured to weld the Irish clans into one. Maelsechlainn, like all the other Irish Kings before and after him, fought with and plundered the Irish and the Foreigners alike for the sake of his clan and for the preservation and increase of his own power. In 983 Maelsechlainn, then in alliance with his half-brother, Gluniarain, King of the Dublin Danes, defeated in a bloody battle Domhnall Claen, King of Leinster, and Ivar, King of the Waterford Danes, after which he plundered Leinster.

In the course of the discussion he remarks:

The Rev. Dr. Todd, in his Introduction to the "Wars of the Gaedhil with the Gaill," referring to Moore's poem on the conduct of the Dalcassians, who were wounded in the Battle of Clontarf, and who, when on their way home, were threatened with an attack by the men of Ossory, says:—"Here the poet assumes

the characters of many of the Irish Chieftains. And if any fervid patriot thinks fit to become indignant at this point I would remind him that the landlords, the heroes of the stories of Maria Edgeworth and Lever, from whose tyranny and stupidity the country is only now emancipating itself, are in part the descendants of these magnificent, brave, but sanguinary, brutal, generous, ostentatious, vanity-mad, jealous, treacherous, and incorrigible Chiefs.

Let us delay a moment on this matter taking a reference from Mr. R. Dunlop's "Ireland Under the Commonwealth":

In 1489 Shane O'Carroll, lord of Ely O'Carroll, a small district lying in the heart of Ireland and shired in 1576 as part of King's County, died. He left three sons—Mulrony, Owny Carragh, and Donough. Mulrony, being "the most esteemed captain in the land," succeeded him and died in 1532. By Celtic usage Mulrony ought to have been succeeded by either Owny or Donough, but he had an illegitimate son, which he "best loveth," called Ferganainm and on his death Ferganainm, or as the English called him Ferdinand, contrived to get himself elected Chief of the Clan to the exclusion of his Uncles. According to the Irish annalist "many evils resulted to the County in consequence" of this irregular

that the heroes whose valour he celebrates fell in battle in a national cause; but the original story, as recorded in the present work, is that their enthusiasm was called forth, not in the cause of their country, but in the cause of their clan. 'Country' was at that time in Ireland an unknown sentiment; and even the author of these romantic fictions about the heroic wounded of the Dal Cais could conceive nothing more glorious than that they should display their heroism in the cause of their clan."

election, not the least serious being the murder of Donough's son, William Maol, by Teige Caech, the son of Ferganainm. Naturally of course Ferganainm's uncle Owny had objected to the election, rendered to Ferganainm by his father-in-law, Gerald earl of Kildare, he managed to get himself chosen O'Carroll "in opposition to Ferganainm, in consequence of which internal dissensions arose in Ely." What induced Shane's third son Donough to interfere is not clear; but in 1536 he raised a party on his own account, and having defeated Ferganainm and his own brother Owny he "deprived both of the lordship." Next year, however, he died or was murdered and Ferganainm recovered his position, only to be killed himself in 1541 by Donough's son Teige. Thereupon Ferganainm's son Teige Caech, the murderer of William Maol, got himself elected chief. Teige was an enterprising man, and in order to prove himself worthy of his position made war on his Irish neighbours and the English. In 1548 he burned the town and monastery of Nenagh and caused great havoc in the Pale. All the same, Government, with the object of putting an end to these disturbances, consented to recognise him as head of the clan, and in 1552 he was created baron of Ely. Next year, however, he was killed by Donough's son Calvagh, who seized the chieftaincy. But his murder was speedily avenged by his half-brother William Odhar, who after slaying Calvagh and his brother Teige stepped himself into the position of chief, and in order to demonstrate his legitimacy was soon at hot wars with his neighbours

and the English of the Pale. Having satisfied Celtic custom in this respect, he came to terms with the Government, was recognised as lord of Ely and the succession secured to his illegitimate sons Shane and Calvagh. But the feud between him and the younger branch of the family survived. Owny was dead, so were Donough and his three sons; but Donough had married an O'Connor Faly and the O'Conors now took up the quarrel. One day in 1581 a party of them fell in with William Odhar, and having murdered him with every expression of hatred they threw his body to the wolves and ravens. William's son Shane succeeded. Next year he was murdered by his cousin Mulrony, the son of Teige Caech. The murder was speedily avenged by Shane's brother Calvagh, called Sir Charles by the English, who slew Mulrony and became himself in turn lord of Ely O'Carroll; but in 1600 he too was murdered "by some petty gentlemen of the O'Carrolls and O'Meaghers."

Such in brief is the story of the clan O'Carroll in the sixteenth century as recorded by the Irish themselves. Now, if it is borne in mind that what was occurring in Ely O'Carroll was going on at the same time in almost every clan in Ireland—among the O'Neills of Tyrone, the O'Donnells of Tyrconnel, the Burkes of Connaught, the O'Briens of Thomond, the Fitzgeralds of Desmond, the O'Conors of Offaly, the O'Tooles of Wicklow—it does not require much searching to discover wherein the chief obstacles of the "reformation" of the country, as conceived by Henry VIII, lay.

Coming nearer to our own day we find one whose name is still a potent spell to conjure with, or at least to swear by—"The curse of Crom'ell" is still the most potent of maledictions. Cromwell is credited with the saying, terrible though ineffective, that he would drive the Irish "to Hell or Connaught."

Yet Cromwell began with good intentions towards Ireland. Yes, that great, though ill-understood Welshman, glowing with Celtic fire, sportive even in serious matters, compassionate to the verge of weakness,—except on occasions—liberal enough even to embrace Mohammedanism in his kindly view; this great impetuous spirit, this man of splendid aspirations, great accomplishments, meant well for Ireland. He understood men, we are told in one of his biographies, but that was in England; in Ireland his psychology was singularly inadequate. The great remedy for Ireland in Cromwell's view was coercion. He issued orders that no quarter should be given to the "wicked and bloody rebels of the Irish nation," that some of the milder malcontents should be transported to Barbados, that the rest should be compelled to work,—but not near to garrisons, that the property of the Nationalists should be confiscated, that there should be planted on the soil "godly sober Christians," and that the priests should be replaced by "godly and noble preachers of the Gospel."

Compared with the pale attempts at coercion of our later days, Cromwell's methods bore a virile style and workmanlike stamp, but they were not successful. What is more curious is that Cromwell thought that by such means he might induce the people to become


peaceful and loyal citizens and to "incline to Protestantism." He was sincerely grieved to find that the Irish falsified his hopes.

Much keener appreciation of the realities of life in Ireland was shown by a certain Thomas Walsh who "renounced Popery," and sided with the invaders, but who thereupon desired to dispose of his lands in Connaught and Clare and to live "this side of the Shannon," as he expressed it, "to enjoy the society of good people."

The history of Ireland throughout the centuries makes doleful reading, but perhaps less on account of the perpetual tales of rapine and blood, wrongs and revenges, than because of the sheer futilities in which these murderous struggles were always doomed to end.

None of the successive plantations of Henry VIII, of Mary, of Elizabeth, down to those of William of Orange have flourished according to the intent of their promoters. The planters have become Irish, and most of them Nationalists. The people of Ulster are no exception, for Wolfe Tone's United Irishmen were largely recruited from the Northern province.

At this point, however, it is possible to speak of the great dominating influence in Irish history—the power of the Catholic Church, even if its activities be viewed solely on the political side. Mr. Robert Dunlop says in the introduction to the study of "Ireland under the Commonwealth": "In other words the rebellion presented itself to me as an episode in the great European struggle between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, in which England and Ireland found themselves in opposite camps actuated by the special difference between



them in the matter of legislative independence claimed by Ireland and denied by England."

It seems to me necessary only to enlarge the scope of reference of these words in order to find the guiding thread through the labyrinth of struggles, intrigues, treacheries, deeds of violence, heroic sacrifices and disconcerting weaknesses, that constitute Irish history. What else could explain the devotion of the Irish to the cause of the Stuarts, the most brilliant and charming, the most worthless and insupportable of all the monarchs of England. James II, who had been a brave sea-captain, might have done wonders in Ireland had he seized the spirit of the people. He was the first to arrive in Dublin to report the disaster at the Boyne. "The cowardly Irish ran," he explained.

"Yes," retorted the Countess of Tyrconnell, "but your Majesty has out-distanced them."

James really despised the Irish but they in their vernacular have repaid him that contempt in ten-fold force. Yet both the Old Pretender and the Young Pretender found troops of valiant Irish soldiers prepared to fight and die for their cause. That cause was reactionary. This I say, not from prejudice, for I was nurtured on Jacobite songs, and in my boyhood's dreams I beheld Bonnie Prince Charlie as the beau ideal of a gallant leader of men. Even now I cannot, without a quivering of the heart-strings, hear the strains of "What's a' the steer, kimmer?" or "Bonnie Charlie's far awa'." Yet after all we cannot allow these mere fumes of traditions and superstitions to pervert our clear vision, nor consent to see a nation sinking under the spell of fidelity to false allegiance.

In these pages the impress of the Catholic Church

in politics will be found again and again. Almost always where we encounter it, it will be found on the side of reaction. I am speaking of it here simply as a great political machine, and I am leaving aside its aspect as a spiritual force. It is not in the least degree my intention to discuss religious beliefs, and nothing must be read in that regard. Certainly I do not think with respect to the progress of a nation that religious beliefs are not important, or matters of which one should not inquire the origin and evolution. On the contrary, I believe that the life of a nation is greatly determined by the ideal that it holds up for its perpetual inspiration, and further I think that if the ideal be valid it has everything to gain by research. Smite it with the hammer of Thor, touch it with Ithuriel's spear, and Truth arises the greater. If the ideal be false then it is useless to bolster it up with the titles of high, mystic, spiritual; the stars in their courses will fight against it, the movement of the Universe will send it to limbo.

Having said so much, with which all men will doubtless agree, I leave the question of religion, not because it is not vital, but to reserve it for a separate study; in this book we may quite consistently take questions of faith for granted, and trace the course of political events amid political conditions. In this regard the history of Rome shows that its influence has nearly always been exerted on the side of England and, wherever there has been conflict, against Irish interests. The celebrated Bull of Pope Adrian IV gave Henry II the pretext for entering upon the conquest of Ireland; while near our own time the Catholic Church intervened at the most critical point of modern Irish history when Monsignor Persico

arrived as the Papal Envoy to Ireland with the mission of enquiring into the character of the agitation for the land ; the Curia, contrary to Monsignor Persico's advice, endeavoured to stamp out that land campaign which laid the foundations of Ireland's regeneration. On that occasion the Irish people stood up manfully, and the famous saying first heard in O'Connell's time, flew like an evangel through the country : We take our religion from Rome but our politics from Home. Future historians may note that phrase as signalling the end of the Middle Ages for Ireland.

Resuming our brief historical retrospect, we must touch on Grattan's Parliament. That celebrated assembly has in the course of the Irish struggle become invested with a sort of legendary halo. It is held up as a model ; and the restoration of Grattan's Parliament has become a dream.

Such indeed was my own impression until, after having been asked to lecture on the subject, I was induced to study the whole matter more attentively. I related to my audience the substance of what I had learnt and infused into my address no small fervour of admiration for Grattan, but I failed to excite enthusiasm. One of my hearers rose and said that if that was the best I could say for Grattan's Parliament his respect for that Parliament had fallen nearly to zero Fahrenheit ! On reflection I thought my friend, valiant Nationalist as he was, had only stretched the metaphor, that indeed if young Ireland could produce nothing better than Grattan's Parliament as the warrant of Home Rule, then Home Rule was not worth fighting for. Grattan's Parliament was not a good Parliament. It was drawn from a

class, and that class was composed entirely of Protestants. It was incompetent, but worst of all it was venal. The story of the Union has been often told, and the finger of scorn has been pointed at Pitt's agent of corruption, Castlereagh. Pitt himself was playing a great game in which Ireland was but a part, and all his policy was dominated by the task of baffling the growing power of France. Judged by that standard it is impossible to withhold admiration for the proud, harassed, but desperately striving figure of the English statesman. He meant better for Ireland than the outcome showed. Moreover, he carried his policy, and history flings its laurels on success.

As to Castlereagh, he has been whitewashed in history, and in some quarters he has even been described as a hero. But apart from the estimation of politicians, there remains the judgment of a man who had a rare instinct for character; that is Byron. The poet speaks of Castlereagh, not with the hostility of a political antagonist but always with ineffable contempt: "The intellectual eunuch Castlereagh."

Be that as it may the lowest depth was reached in Grattan's Parliament; the shame, the ignominy, of this transaction of the Union was theirs—these men who sold their country for gold and who were allowed to acquire something more important than a potter's field with the price of the betrayal.

Henry Flood was the "statesman" of the Irish party, the man of "judgment," whose judgment finally induced him to prefer a fat sinecure to the risks of public virtue. Grattan, the magnificent orator, theatrical but sincere, flamboyant but weak, appears in the cold light of facts more picturesque

than effective. One cannot dispel calamities by metaphors, nor rule states by rhetoric.

Grattan's Parliament really had its origin in the creation of the Volunteers ostensibly to assist England in her difficulties, but serviceable also in reminding England that Ireland had claims for recognition. Like all weak men Grattan was unwilling to seize and hold the effective instrument put into his hands. He allowed the Volunteers to disband; and from that moment the fate of Grattan's Parliament was determined; its suppression was only a matter of opportunity. Grattan's Parliament? No. Remember that the fate of Ireland is now being weighed in the scales. If, after more than a century of experience and enlightenment, Ireland with her new opportunities cannot evolve something better than Grattan's Parliament, something more representative, more solid, more alive to realities, more tenacious of purpose, more capable of development, and—this is the great thing—more honest, then the Irish cause will have proved itself a wretched failure after all. In the whole miserable story I am especially cast down by the dishonesty, not the dishonesty of bold buccaneering cut-throats seizing with a strong hand, and holding on with undaunted purpose—that style of rapine which gave us the splendid Norman Conquest—but the dishonesty of paltry knaves, vain blustering but weak, venal but pretentious, surely the most despicable ruling class that ever disgraced a country.¹

Of all the Irishmen of that day Wolfe Tone alone seems to me to be—as Paoli said of the young Bona-

¹ One note of actuality may be here appended; certain of these men who sold their country were, others became, the great landlords of Ireland.

parte—"one of Plutarch's men"; the gay and gallant Tone who jotted down so light-heartedly the gossip of the hour or facts big with history; who saw that only in the boldest scope of operations was victory possible; who impressed Napoleon Bonaparte, and who talked to Carnot like an engineer of conquest; who fought like a hero, and who died a martyr. Tone required only a more spacious field and better fortune to have shown himself one of the greatest men of the time. He was unsuccessful because he attempted the impossible; though not till he had put the matter to the test and had flung into the scale the last ounce of his talent and courage, could the word impossible have been uttered of that great design of his—to found the Republic of Ireland, to banish religious differences, and weld a nation together in the hope of a larger destiny.

But if that project of a Republic of Ireland was not feasible in the days of Wolfe Tone it is still more difficult now. In all the changes of conditions that have taken place since, nearly every one has tended to increase the advantages of England and to diminish those of Ireland.

The heroic and pathetic figure of Robert Emmet stands before our gaze soon after the disappearance of Wolfe Tone. Emmet's youth, his talents, his manly beauty,¹ his idealism, his daring, his desperate act, his vibrating eloquence, and his death on the scaffold have all made him a most romantic figure, the darling hero of Ireland. He has been scoffed at by some politicians for what is called his hot-headed folly, and he has been somewhat "prettified" by

¹ In the English prints of the day Emmet is described as short, slender, ugly, pitted with smallpox.

the poets ; but reading his words closely, and taking account of the circumstances of the time, I think we must find in Emmet a far higher degree of judgment and statesmanlike quality than is usually ascribed to him. He too, like Tone, wanted only a larger field and fortune to have proved his qualities even by brilliant success.

7 After the insurrection of 1898, which marked the highest point of the exasperation of Irishmen against English rule, we find the next great national movement, that for Catholic Emancipation, led by O'Connell. The character of the Liberator has caught the popular imagination above all others, and we find the evidence in a thousand stories which have become traditional, some true, some invented, most exaggerated, but all revealing a generous nature, a happy turn of wit, searching sarcasm, or outright bursts of hearty laughter. Dan O'Connell epitomised Ireland. Physically he was a fine type—tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, powerfully but symmetrically formed, of athletic mould not by the effort of hard training but with the natural growth of a good stock ; of handsome mobile features, with all the Celtic sympathy and variety of expression, eyes that beamed softly or flashed in scorn ; of a temperament easily inclined to histrionic movements, dramatic displays, symbolic poses. Dan O'Connell as a figurehead alone would have been great ; how great, we realise in that work of genius, the masterpiece of Foley, which stands as the one supreme work of art in Dublin, the figure cast in superb aplomb, yet breathing with a large and noble nature, restrained for a moment in the perfect balance of vast dynamic powers.¹

¹ Though O'Connell's work seems now so far off I once met a man (the late Mr. Denny Lane of Cork) who knew him and had heard him speak.

O'Connell was more than any other of the Irish leaders the great Tribune of the people: easy, emotional, persuasive, deft in familiar touches and flashes of wit, yet rising on great occasions with magnificent strength, his voice rolling out its periods with organ-like volume and music. The Ciceronian style which has polished the utterance of some Irish orators and deluded only too many became to O'Connell an instrument wielded with power; but into the form he had infused qualities which cannot be taught, the pathos, the humour, swaying the multitude to laughter or tears, exciting its emotions at will, sweeping it over with passionate gusts.

In this character, however, there are weaknesses, wretched weaknesses, weaknesses of the flesh, weaknesses of the spirit. Prompt to huge ballistic impulses in moments of inspiration, then again despondent, forlorn, unstable. I have heard many stories told of Dan's immorality, the indulgence with which these transgressions were regarded contrasting with the fury with which Parnell was hounded for offences less grave. The explanation is not that we live in a more virtuous age. O'Connell was essentially a child of the Church. His great achievement was the winning of Catholic Emancipation. But judged even by certain Nationalist standards now prevalent O'Connell would not rank very high. It is true, he spoke Irish; but on the other hand he had no love for the language, he made no effort to extend it, rather he desired it to perish. When the French were in Bantry Bay, and Wolfe Tone was playing the game that was destined to lead him to his doom, O'Connell, then a young man of twenty-two, hesitated. He wrote in his Journal: "Liberty is in my bosom less a principle

than a passion." But soon he settled down, and he continued : " But I know that the victories of the French would be attended with bad consequences. The Irish people are not yet sufficiently enlightened to be able to bear the sun of freedom."

O'Connell was in fact born of the landlord class, he had been educated in a reactionary circle, and he had been frightened by the excesses, and also no less by the great ideals, of the Revolution which had driven him from France. Already in his own lifetime he had become too tame for the fiery spirits of whom we hear next, the Young Irelanders, the men of '48. O'Connell's movement for Catholic Emancipation had roused the Nationalists of Ireland to a deep sense of patriotism in regard to matters beyond the scope of religion. The immense demonstrations which the Liberator had conjured up presented him with problems with which he found himself unable to cope. Younger and more active spirits succeeded him and they became impatient with the old leader's Whiggish ideas, and with the lack of nerve and decision, or the absence of any definite programme which characterised his latter days.

The Young Irelanders gave us one of the most brilliant, but it must be added, one of the most ineffective chapters of Irish history. That chapter is adorned with the names of Smith O'Brien, John Mitchel, Thomas Davis, Thomas Francis Meagher, M. Doheny,¹ and others, such as Charles Gavan Duffy, whose cooler judgment made them

¹ I have heard Stephens in his old age say, that he had heard orators in many lands—I believe he had heard Meagher himself—and the most powerful of all was Doheny. In offering this judgment, however, it must be remembered that Doheny's style of oratory was that suited to audiences in Irish country districts.

possibly better counsellors in times of peace, but has somewhat dimmed their glory amongst the constellation of Irish heroes. Many of the leaders, notably Smith O'Brien, Thomas Mitchel, and Thomas Davis, were Protestants; they were idealists who reckoned personal sacrifice as nothing compared with the greatness and the destiny of their country. They were, no doubt, too idealistic, for while inflaming the passions of the people they seemed never to have thought of providing any adequate machinery or plan for utilising this force for any valid rehabilitation of Ireland. An immense flood of enthusiasm, energy and brilliant hopes ended in a show of rebellion not without its absurd features, at Ballingarry in Tipperary, and finally in the transportation of the principal leaders. This certainly seemed a dismal failure.

But no effort, no sacrifice, no high hope flown before the imagination of a people is ever finally lost. John Mitchel, Thomas Davis, Thomas Francis Meagher, have been potent inspirators to two generations of Irishmen, and their personalities are far more vivid and real now than any or all of those who have held high offices in Ireland and who have been counted great statesmen in their day. John Mitchel's "Jail Journal" has become a sort of testament of Nationalism, and has educated in the spirit of patriotism countless thousands of Irish descent who have never seen the green fields of Erin. The patriotic verses of Thomas Davis have been recited, his songs have been sung, wherever Irishmen have gathered together, —in sheep-runs of Australia, in lonely mountain camps of Montana, in deep Canadian forests, or in the great populous cities of Chicago, and New York, where Irishmen have toiled and thriven and helped

to shape the destinies of the great Republic of the West.

Meagher has become a figure comparable to that of Emmet. It is impossible for an Irishman now, after all the lapse of years, to read his famous speech from the dock at Clonmel without a tingling of the nerves, a flushing of the blood, and an irresistible mounting of the spirit, which is a spontaneous tribute to the genius of his glowing oratory. Emmet died in disgrace and Meagher suffered the degradations of transportation, yet their contemporaries also are dead and now forgotten, and most Irishmen will say that it was better to have failed in the ideal hopes of the patriots, than to live to gather wealth and title and power, to reap public honours, by the desertion or betrayal of their native land. Be that as it may, Mitchel, Davis, and Meagher, are still names potent to stir an Irish assembly ; they still influence the lives of millions of the Irish race, for it is by such subtle links that the Irish people are held together ; generation calls to generation, and the torch of patriotism is handed down from one band of heroes to another throughout the long and desperate campaign for liberty.

After the fall of the Young Irelanders Charles Gavan Duffy proceeded to Australia with the conviction, as he expressed it, that Ireland was stretched like a corpse on the dissecting-table. In Australia he rose rapidly to power ; he received a knighthood from the Queen. His career is significant in this, at least, that it shows how much of genuine talent and statesmanlike capacity run to waste in Ireland through want of an outlet, through want of means of utilising the intellectual resources of the nation.

Ireland, however, was not a corpse on the dissecting-table. Though frequently clouded by fits of despondency, Ireland has always shown immense vitality. The Young Irelanders had hardly disappeared when their movement was replaced by something more formidable, and at the same time, better calculated to appeal to the bulk of the people. The new men called themselves Fenians, that is to say, children of the Fianna, legendary Irish heroes. The Fenians were the first to grasp thoroughly the real significance of organisation. The movement was secret. The Irish have a great love of secrecy, not always displayed, however, in the ability to keep that treasure. The Fenian movement had oaths and formalities, signs and countersigns, which greatly impressed those who entered into its magic circle. The leaders were drawn, as a rule, from a class less educated and less comfortable than that of the Young Irelanders, but many of them were men not only of great courage and force of character, but also of genuine talent. The leader in Ireland was James Stephens.

This secret organisation had a newspaper to which Stephens was a contributor, and of which the shining lights were Kickham, Luby, and John O'Leary. All three men were of exceptional character and ability. Kickham became known in Ireland as the author of tales and romances¹ comparable to those of Carleton. Luby was afterwards recognised as a literary man of distinction in the United States. John O'Leary I knew in his later years, and recognised in him a man of high literary culture, but above all a man of

¹ Kickham's "Knocknagow" is especially esteemed for its true delineations of Irish character.

unimpeachable integrity. He was, moreover, in spite of a record which was made to appear very terrible in State documents, one of the most amiable of men, so that even his failings, for he was vain and impracticable in his idealism, leaned to virtue's side. I can picture him vividly, with his tall thin figure, his eagle eyes and sharp features, his long beard, his aspect of an Old Testament prophet as he discoursed from a great wealth of experience on all things Irish, or discussed French literature and cited French passages with subtle appreciation but with an accent more redolent of Tipperary than of the rue Corneille, near the Odéon, where he lived for many years. I can also picture him sitting in his chair, absorbed in deep reflections, submitting to the talk of some new enthusiast developing his plan for a fresh movement, John listening with patience, or with impatience only signified by the crossing and recrossing of his legs or by the emphasis of his cigar, then suddenly starting out of his armchair with the devastating demand: "But in the name of God what good would that do to Ireland?"

The Fenian movement struck very deep in Ireland. It had ramifications in the most unexpected quarters. It spread through part of the Army itself. One of the most active agents of the propaganda in the Army was a remarkable man of whom it may be well to say a few words: John Boyle O'Reilly. He was a sergeant in the Army at the time, the beau ideal of a light dragoon, active, alert, with a handsome dashing style, magnificent build, though not on the big side, and full of energy. Years afterwards I had some conversation about him with the celebrated John L. Sullivan with whom he **had** boxed, and John

L. said with appreciation: "He was about ten stone ten, and a good man of his weight." Praise of this kind from such a man outweighs a volume of eulogy from lesser mortals; it reminded me at the time of Gentleman Jackson's¹ indulgent appreciation of Byron who, he declared, was a good ten-stone man.

I do not make the comparison even with any sense of strain for there was in John Boyle O'Reilly a fund of true poetry. He had indeed a touch of Byron, a touch of Meagher, a touch of Pindar himself, as well as manly qualities all his own. This man, ostracised and degraded in these islands, was transported to Western Australia. Escaping from captivity in one of the most romantic adventures in the minor history of these realms, he settled in the city of Boston in the United States. In a public garden there may be seen a memorial erected to his memory on the part not only of the Irish but of American citizens of culture who were his friends. One night in company with Jeffrey Roche,² at that time the editor of the "Boston Pilot," and another excellent writer, Mr. Joseph Smith, of Lowell, I made a pilgrimage to the memorial, and while the moonbeams threw an enchanting light upon the scene there was fixed in my mind an impression of O'Reilly's Grecian profile, handsome face; and I listened to many stories of his goodness of heart as well as of his high literary accomplishments.

It is well to mention these things so that all may know that it does not suffice to dismiss the Fenian

¹ Byron refers more than once to the famous boxer who was his athletic mentor, and whose sculptural proportions he greatly admired.

² James Jeffrey Roche has left behind some stirring patriotic American poems and songs.

movement, in the manner of such English histories as treat of it, as the campaign of a mere band of ruffians, wreaking indiscriminate violence upon the lives and property of law-abiding citizens. Many of the Fenians were reckless and violent men, but no band of revolutionaries in any country have ever been more self-sacrificing or more patient in their own misfortunes. Moreover, it is impossible to understand present-day events without recognising that the Fenian movement has been the foundation on which all that has subsequently been accomplished has been built. Without the Fenian movement there would have been no Land Campaign and consequently no settlement of that vexed question which has been at the root of Irish difficulties for so long. Parnell was indeed the successor of Stephens for, though his methods were different, the animating spirit was akin and he profited by the deeply-laid organisation at which the Fenians had worked. For the rest it may be said that the individual leaders all incurred personal ruin, most of them enduring long terms of imprisonment, while several of the minor lights ended their careers on the scaffold.

There was one episode of the Fenian movement that deserves particular notice ; that was the rescue on 18th September, 1876, at Hyde Road in Salford, Manchester, from the prison van, of the Fenian leaders, Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasy. During the struggle for their release a police officer, Sergeant Brett, was killed. Arrests were subsequently made and three men, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, were tried for the offence, sentenced to death and hanged. The extraordinary nature of the event as well as the daring of the enterprise struck popular imagination

both in Ireland and in England. In England that feeling found expression not merely in the execration of the men themselves but also in a passion of indignation against Irish people everywhere; in Ireland the corresponding feeling exalted these men to the rank of heroes. The courage with which they met their fate enhanced their reputation, and that popular poet of the Irish people, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, whose death has recently been recorded, was inspired to write some verses to the tune of a marching song of the North in the great American Civil War; and by the force of the appeal to popular sentiment these verses have become a kind of national anthem. "God save Ireland" has been sung at Irish gatherings throughout the world and its impressive strains have had no small part in speeding on the Irish movement.

The Fenians were the first to extend the Irish movement to America. They were not well received, I believe, by some of the distinguished representatives of the Young Irelanders of '48, but their teachings spread like wildfire through the great mass of the Irish people. It has been due mainly to their organisation and its successors, such as the formidable Clan-na-Gael, that the Irish in the United States have become the bulwark of the National cause. The Fenian movement was stamped out ruthlessly in Ireland. Men were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment for offences not actual but possible, with a disregard for the interests of the law which in the course of history will contrast strangely with the tolerance extended to that system of rebellion which has been openly organised and developed in Ulster.

After the disappearance of the Young Ireland movement the Irish Party in Parliament had fallen for a time into discredit, the representatives having been for the most part men deficient either in talent or in principle.

The next notable leader of influence was Isaac Butt, a brilliant lawyer, who formed an organisation, but relied too much on the force of oratory and the intrigue of Parliament. Butt really accomplished nothing, although nominally he was the first to formulate the Home Rule movement as later understood; and as evidence of the milder manners which now prevail his name is more frequently cited with respect than in the strenuous days of Parnell.

The rise of Charles Stuart Parnell has been an enigma to many English students of politics, and, as his character is becoming already invested with legendary attributes in Ireland, it may appear even more difficult in the future to seize the real nature of the man. One reason of his popularity, no doubt, was that Irishmen are never long content to have a tame and forceless leader such as Butt with all his talent proved to be. Butt publicly rebuked Parnell in the House of Commons and that was the beginning of his downfall and of the corresponding rise of the new champion. Parnell, at his first appearance in public life in Ireland, did not seem to have any of the requisite qualities of a great leader. He was stiff and cold in his manner, his oratory was halting and tame, he had no exuberance, nor apparently even the desire to gain popularity. Moreover, he knew little about Irish affairs, he was ignorant of politics generally and he lacked the art of touching the pride or the susceptibility or the courage of

Irishmen by those apt appeals to the brilliant phases of their history or to the memories of great heroes of the past which are a favourite means of popular orators. Moreover, though he aspired to be a leader of the people he hailed from the landlord class and had a descent not too remote from English stock. This ancestry, however, really helped him. We have already seen of what despicable material some of the powerful Irish Chieftains of old were composed, but the Irish people throughout the ages have been noted for a devotion to their leaders. This was no doubt sedulously developed in their minds by the influence of religion. It had its good side, but it had, and has to this day, an aspect less respectable, and that is shown in a deference not merely to those in authority but to those having nothing better to boast of than title, show, and an ascendancy built on the servitude of the people. This feeling aided undoubtedly Parnell at the beginning of his career. Even some of the most democratic were proud to have him as leader.

I remember a conversation with a well-known Member of Parliament, who took pride in his "advanced" ideas, but who nevertheless in solemnly laying down the qualifications required of a leader of the Irish Party put particular stress on descent from an old family, and on the possession of landed property and sufficient wealth to make some display in the world. Certainly at the beginning of his career these were the only apparent qualifications of Parnell. He was never a man of wit or of high intellect, and he had none of those showy qualities which, quite apart from their virtues, were fascinating in men like Sheridan or O'Connell. What then was the secret

of Parnell? It might be called steadiness of purpose, but that does not convey the precise meaning. In Parnell's determination there was something of feeling like an outwardly cold but concentrated passion. But whatever its source this characteristic quality of his coming into play at a critical point of Irish history gave direction to the forces always available amongst the Irish people.

Contrast this phase of Irish history with any other of the past. Again and again we have seen marvellous examples of energy and reckless courage and heroic devotion, but hardly ever well-directed constant consistent efforts making steadfastly for a goal in spite of bafflings, disappointments, and disasters that might lie in the way. This is a quality which in ordinary parlance is called grit, or for which a word seems to have been specially coined or thrown into relief in Parnell's case—steel. One seems to see it in the very physique of the man, with his slight but sinewy frame, and those remarkable eyes, which looked so steadily and keenly at what they gazed upon; it may be seen in the proud curl of the lip, the indefinable haughtiness of manner, which seems to be pervaded with an air of *noblesse oblige*; it is seen also in the manner of his utterance, in the style of his proclamations. Not at all a man of highly endowed brain power, his mind seems to have worked slowly, but when it did arrive at a decision that decision was held with obstinate force. He was not a solid granite character, such as we sometimes picture in history but which I think is rather a product of the historian's fancy than a representative of real life. Parnell resembles Cæsar and Bonaparte in being one whose acts were framed in the fire of pas-

sion ; a nervous man—there was a sense of a nervous power held in firm control even in the coolness he displayed in the hours of crisis—and his determination was of that fierce proud contentious character which communicates its spirit to others ; it found response in the hearts of his countrymen, who above all others take the complexion of the man who leads.

After Butt's eloquent periods, and flabby policy distinguished by diplomatic ineptitudes, it was a relief and a joy, an inspiration, to find one who could strike fire from the Irish people and screw to high tension the warlike chords in their nature. It was that which won for Parnell command, and which gave him the strength and motive power to march from victory to victory.

Later, at the moment when his fate was being decided in the Committee-room of the Irish Party, Mr. Timothy Healy who had become one of his strongest opponents used a striking image. He said that Parnell was like the iron core of an electrical magnet, charged with attractive magnetism while the current passed, inert and forceless when the current had ceased. The current he said, was supplied by the Irish Party. That striking image would be true of many leaders, but it was not entirely true of Parnell. The confidence, the enthusiasm, the extraordinary devotion, which the Irish people at one time displayed towards him certainly enlivened and intensified the force of his actions, but Parnell himself in his own particular genius had brought into Irish affairs the essential quality which had always been missing, and which has been less in evidence since his downfall. He presented to the

world the spectacle of a nation standing up like an army scathed and shattered with the wounds of many battles, wrung with famine, and distress, but with a gleam of victory in the eyes of the soldiers, and the determination to march dauntlessly over every danger to accomplish the final triumph. And Parnell wrought this wonder ; it was he himself who was the soul of the movement ; his great and gallant heart could face any difficulty except that of the treachery and ingratitude which struck the vital blow. During his career, though brief as we regard it in the retrospect, he elevated the Irish agitation out of that character of sterility which had previously marked it. The positions he gained will stand for all time as definite gains. They were revolutions not merely good for Ireland, but such as will eventually transform the conditions of life in England also.

We have seen something of the type of those old chiefs who have merely simmered down into modern landlords—the full-blooded, valiant, ignorant, reckless, vain, generous, showy, but tyrannical wastrels ; the counterpart of that character was found in the conditions under which the tenant lived, the toilsome, hard-working tenant robbed and rackrented, rendered cross-grained and suspicious by extortion, brought to lying by injustice, made morally timid by a tyranny against which he had no recourse. Parnell changed all that. Once at a public meeting in Ireland, after several well-known orators had adorned the scene and pleased the people with flamboyant oratory, an old man, one of the veterans of the fight as he was called, was invited, or rather pushed on to the platform to say a few words. His words were indeed few, but I have seldom heard a more

impressive speech or one more calculated to strike the imagination and to sink deep into the thoughts. He simply said: "Before Parnell came we used to go to the agent to pay our rents like this,"—and he walked across the platform with a bent, mean, fawning, and furtive air; after Parnell came, he said: "We walked like this,"—he stood erect, he threw his shoulders back, his eyes flashed, and he walked like a man content to come to terms but determined to shatter his opponents if he met with unfair resistance. The audience seeing the two pictures was electrified. Then all burst into rapturous cheers. Those two pictures might typify the period of Parnell.

There was no element of romance wanting in the career of Parnell. This man with the straight figure, the Norman profile, the uncommunicative manner, gradually became looked upon as a romantic as well as an heroic figure, and all sorts of stories found vogue, the more readily on account of the lack of real information. He became the man of secrecy, the man of mystery. His appearance changed from time to time; sometimes he had a fresh debonnair style that conquered all hearts; at other times, with beard untrimmed and dishevelled hair and haggard eye, his sudden and unexpected appearance amongst his colleagues gave rise to all manner of conjectures.

It may be well to note two or three incidents, of no great importance in themselves, but which send a plummet here and there into his character. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, I think it is, gives us a touch of Parnell—at one time stopping on a country road to eat some sandwiches which he had carried in his pocket, and turning his back to the main road and facing the fields, eating shyly like a diffident school-

boy. Another story is that when the famous Go-as-you-please contests were in fashion, Parnell noticed that an Irish American, O'Leary, was making a great show at the Agricultural grounds in some competitions organised by the late Sir John Astley, who was famous in all sport but was a bitter opponent of Home Rule. Parnell invited some of his colleagues to go with him and cheer the Irishman on his toilsome rounds, and when O'Leary finally won the band struck up not "God Save the Queen," as had been arranged, but the "Wearing of the Green." Sir John Astley was amazed and furious, Parnell and his friends laughed like schoolboys. Parnell had bribed the band which, moreover, as sometimes happened at true British functions, was a German band. Another story is that of the celebrated mystery bag which Parnell always carried when attending the sessions of the Parnell Commissions. It was not enough for Parnell constantly to carry this in his hand, it was said in the graphic style of the reporter that he always "clutched it tightly." All sorts of plans and ruses were set in motion to obtain possession of this little black bag, and after much patience one of the devices was successful. The bag was opened cautiously and it was found to contain—a change of socks.

Still another story has been told of him by one of the extremists—a man who having involved himself deeply in a certain affair found it necessary to clear off to the United States. As an extreme man difficult to please, he held Parnell only in tempered regard. He said that on one occasion a meeting had been arranged in Paris between some of the leaders on the American as well as on the Irish side

to meet Parnell. The question involved was important both from a financial point of view and from that of the direction which the future policy would take. On the day appointed for the meeting Parnell had not appeared. There was no intimation as to the reason of his absence, or as to his present whereabouts. Friends in England, Ireland, and on the Continent were communicated with. No one knew where Parnell was to be found. Day after day the delegates met. Still there was no sign of Parnell. Those who had come from America were daily growing more impatient; they threatened to return home. However, the matter was so serious that a search was made throughout all the hotels in Paris to see if by chance Parnell was lying ill in one of them. A letter was found at a quiet inn addressed to Parnell and his friends did not hesitate to open it. The missive was from a lady, and it threw a beam of light on the amorous side of Parnell's character. The letter was sealed up again as carefully as possible, and the delegates determined to wait a little longer. In a day or two Parnell appeared at the appointed meeting-place. He took his seat at the head of the table without making any reference to his previous absence, and forthwith entered upon the business in hand, displaying promptitude and decision in all matters which arose in discussion.

It is not necessary to deal in detail with Parnell's achievements. They are written on the Statute Book of Great Britain. They are found every day in the lives, the hopes, the character, of the Irish people. His downfall is one of the most disgraceful episodes of Irish history, the more mournful because it displays not merely ingratitude, on which it is not

necessary to lay too great stress, but something which strikes even more vitally at the confidence of the nation, the shiftiness, and indecision, the weakness and the final fierce inrush towards the side of cowardly counsels. In all this the influence of the priests was undoubtedly the determining factor, and if there be a grain of comfort in that view of the matter it is, that there was then held up to the Irish people the nature of the plot by which their hopes of national redemption were weighed and sacrificed to the political thralldom in which the Church had held them.

Here it is necessary to say a few words on another great character whose work was co-ordinate with that of Parnell and whose fame is familiarly associated with his—Michael Davitt. Parnell was an aristocrat, Davitt was the son of peasants. Each derived his own particular strength from such incidental circumstances. Davitt has now become a historical figure. He has left behind fascinating books which while telling the history of Ireland illustrate also his own career. It is not necessary further to enlarge upon his deeds, I will content myself with recalling one or two personal reminiscences.

Irish society is full of wheels within wheels, and Irish politics have always shown a profusion of rings within rings, and so it happened that this great man, one of the principal artisans of a marvellous work of Ireland's regeneration, was made known to me first by aspersions on his name uttered not by Englishmen but by Irishmen who called themselves more advanced than Davitt himself. He was accused of vanity, self-seeking, show and pretence, and no credit was given to him for any accomplishment. I

saw him first at a public meeting at St. James's Hall, London, a meeting as far as I remember of Labour representatives. Some good speeches were made, but Davitt's struck me as being one of the best. What I remember of that occasion is the impression rather of his personal appearance—a tall, thin, straight, black-haired, eagle-eyed man, with an empty sleeve where his right arm should have been. In his speech his voice rose and fell in cadences; this together with a fine musical note contrasted well with the forcible but somewhat monotonous shouting of his confrères on the platform.

Much later I met Davitt in South Africa. The short beard had become streaked with grey, the hair once of raven blackness, had become scanty, but the eye retained all its keenness, its liveliness, its lustre. I had expected to meet a hard cantankerous and intolerant man, impatient of all ideas which did not concord with his own; on the contrary I found him smiling, in every way sympathetic. A little later we met at the table of General Louis Botha, when Mrs. Botha was present. A few of the officers had also been invited, and some of the men, dispatch riders and so forth, came in and out without ceremony in the usual democratic style of South Africa. Here again I admired Davitt, and I observed once more as so often, the wonderful adaptability of Irishmen. Here was this man of peasant descent, who during his boyhood had been accustomed to hard manual toil, who had never at any time had the advantage of education, except such as he could procure in his leisure, fired as he was with the love of knowledge and the noble ambition to rise to in-

tellectual heights; this man who had suffered long imprisonment and many persecutions, now here in a foreign country, amongst men of great authority; yet Davitt had not only the ease and charm of an educated Irishman but something of a rare and simple courtliness such as one associates with a Spanish don, but with no show or pretence, or apparent effort except that which rose from his kindly genial nature; he had at once won the hearts of all the guests. He always spoke simply, with no strained endeavour at impression and always with good sound common sense.

Subsequently at my own laager I had a more confidential talk with him, and we discussed some phases of the early Irish history of his time with which I had been unacquainted. He had a low opinion of Parnell. I regret to say it, for I do not share that opinion, but it was a perfectly honest opinion with Davitt, and I would be departing from my view of historic fairness if I neglected to set it down. He said Parnell's ascendancy had meant the downfall of Irish politics. He had not been a great force. He was a cold-blooded sensualist, there was a great deal of self in his career in Irish politics, his dictatorship was a regrettable episode in Irish life and one which he hoped would never again be repeated. All this, he said calmly and reflectively.

I discussed another subject with Davitt; I said to him there was an element in my character which I had never been able to judge of as good or bad—that I could never hate anyone. I said many people had tried to injure me, but after immediate contact with them, I could never preserve my animosity, and not even by trying to whip up a recollection

could I hold my resentment towards individuals : Now, I said, is that a good quality or is it a sign of some deep-seated weakness of fibre ? Davitt replied, " Well I do not know, all that I can say is that I think it is a lucky possession ; speaking for myself, I think there are some men whom I never can forgive " —and here he mentioned an Irishman who is still a distinguished ornament of Parliament.

Perhaps even in Davitt's depreciation of Parnell entered some element of the immemorial hostility of his class toward that of the landlords. Singularly enough that feeling is in existence with the sentiment of due respect to title which I have already indicated as a factor of Parnell's success. Davitt was one of those who had been thrown into the Irish agitation by the memory of flagrant wrongs to his family and neighbours, of which he had been a witness at a very early age. There was no doubt whatever of his Celtic temperament ; it was seen in his high-pitched idealism as well as in the mobility of his mind, the imagination and passion of his temperament. He was a man who had suffered much and in whom the iron had entered into his soul, and at any time he was prepared to risk life itself for the liberation of Ireland. I will not say that in this character there was not narrowness, many limitations, it seems to me, but with all there was a quality which made Davitt the chosen vessel of a great movement, he was of the stuff of warriors and martyrs ; possibly in this his very narrowness and want of early education aided him by permitting the concentration of all his powers on what he saw of the task before him magnified as the whole end of national life.

Nothing would have seemed more hopeless at first than the programme of the crippled young man, known only as having suffered what some considered a degrading imprisonment, what others believed to be nothing but a madcap escapade of a fanatic, without friends, without a platform, without organisation, without money. Yet he had something which compensated for all, he had a clear vision of his distant goal, and he had faith in himself and in Ireland. Davitt began his land campaign in the country districts of Mayo¹ and persuaded a few adherents. For a time his movement seemed to rival that of Parnell himself, but the two coalesced at last to the profit of Parnell.

Davitt before his death was able to write a history of this campaign ; it might be taken as in great part a story of his own life ; and he was able to call it : "The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland." Rarely has any tribune of the people started from such small beginnings and achieved in so short a time so great a triumph.

This brief historical retrospect has now been brought practically to our own times. We find that in Ireland's devious and perilous course there have been wild and lurid passages, but even in disaster the history has been marked by the heroism of brilliant men.

There have been mean passages, such as that of the régime of Sadleir when the Irish cause was reduced to a mere juggling of finance and intrigue of office. There have been futile passages as when under the leadership of Mr. Shaw it was thought

¹ The first meeting of the Land League was held at a little village in Mayo called Irishtown.

sufficient to abandon all means of offence or defence, and for a policy to substitute a plea for tolerance and indulgence by the British Government. Then we have the Home Rule movement of our own day under the guidance of a leader, Mr. John Redmond, more highly equipped than any of his predecessors in knowledge of Parliamentary procedure, and more fully endowed with qualities of diplomacy, including patience and resourcefulness. The success of this movement concerns the present; the ratification of that success will be the immediate task of the Irish people.

What is the lesson that arises from this broad review? No movement is ever likely to achieve success in Ireland which is not founded upon the genius of the Irish race, which does not keep alive that energy, and stimulate the spirit of valour and enterprise. In other words what is required is a policy which holds clearly a great national ideal, which points the march towards the final completion through a series of positions to be attacked and won, which while showing friendliness towards the British people and nation prizes self-government as the highest good, which is inspired by Ireland's destiny and flamed through and through in every act, as well as in the broad scope of policy, with a fierce determination to fight the way to victory.

CHAPTER II

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL

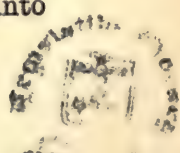
THE Irish problem has many faces. Few have looked upon it on all sides, and unfortunately the testimony of those of greatest knowledge is not always the best, for all things Irish have the faculty of stirring the emotions, evoking the passions, and playing on prejudice. Of none of these detriments to clear vision do I pretend to be free, and it is for that reason that, speaking often in the first person, I desire to explain to the reader my point of view, my experiences, even my shortcomings, so that he may be put upon his guard in those parts where my opinion is likely to be warped by undue influence.

At the time of my trial I received many letters from friends, acquaintances, and total strangers, Irish and English; some simply abusive, some encouraging. It must not be supposed that the comforting letters were all from the Irish and the abusive from the English. It is necessary to send the plummet deep in order to fathom human nature; and so it happened that one circumstance that left me desolate was that I found myself deserted by so many friends and looked askance at by others who had professed my political views but who were afraid of being compromised by attempts at realisation. On the other hand from all quarters, and from all

ranks, I received assurances of sympathy from English people who recognised that rightly or wrongly—wrongly, they generally believed—I had fought in South Africa not for gain or ambition but for a principle and an Ideal. I reflected that if these people could overcome their prejudices, emancipate themselves from what was cramping in their environment, how much the more did it become a duty in me to scourge out the dross of lower motives, hates, and rancours, that might have influenced my acts.

In the midst of these reflections came a letter which more than all others caused me to ponder. The writer was one of those young Oxford men who had been smitten by the Toynbee spirit, and of whom my only criticism is that of the old horsy man who said of his colts: "Take away all their vice, and you take away most of their spirit." . . . Youth should flower with ambition, dreams, and lofty hopes; it should stream with colour, zest, and joy; passions should be the hot fuel to drive it on, and virtues the temperance, the control, and direction of these.

The writer had some connection with a weekly illustrated paper to which I had been a contributor, and on the basis of this acquaintance he reproved me not angrily but with regret. He said that my deeds had not been in the true way of evolution. Now whereas misrepresentation, ill-tempered censure and abuse had not weighed upon my spirit, this phrase sank deeply into my mind, and it was in the light of that criticism that often in the depths of a prison cell I reviewed not only these acts but all the forces that in my life had produced them. I felt that any life, or part of a life, spent in beating into



back waters is wasted. And this is true of nations as well as of individuals, and is none the less true, however stirring or brilliant, speaking impersonally, may have been the story of such an enterprise.

I will touch therefore on my career only in as far as it concerns that question, not because I wish to make myself of importance here but because the Irish cause has been widened far beyond the limits of Ireland, and the sentiment of men of Irish descent has modified the political situation throughout the Dominions as well as in the United States.

My father was an Irishman, born in County Clare of a family of which Galway had been the home for centuries. The commerce between Galway and Spain has left its impress on that stock. My father had the stately bearing of a Spaniard combined with goodness of heart and generosity of giving carried even to excess. He had gone to Australia in the early days, and in 1854, in Ballarat seized with the gold-fever which was then at its height, he was one of the miners who rebelled against the intolerable system under which the country was then governed. The miners were organised into a fighting force under the leadership of Peter Lalor, afterwards Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria. My father, John Lynch, was the second in command. For their defence the miners threw up a rough fort, which has since become famous in the history of Victoria as the Eureka stockade. Inflammatory speeches were made and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Troops were sent up from Melbourne. Then, as usually happens in such cases, all sorts of pretexts, many excellent no doubt, were found for desertion. A small number of the miners, not more than six hundred, stuck

to their guns, and amongst them were the leaders Peter Lalor and John Lynch. Lalor lost an arm in the fight, my father was knocked senseless in the stockade by a chip struck from a palisade by a ball. He was taken prisoner, and a trial set on foot for High Treason. By this time, however, the tide of feeling throughout the whole country was so strong in favour of the miners' claims that the Crown arranged that the trials should fall through. The troopers who had taken my father prisoner declined to identify him. The Eureka stockade became the foundation of Australian self-government. Fifty years afterwards a great demonstration was held on the site of the stockade, and John Lynch, the sole survivor, was acclaimed as a hero on the spot where he had been arrested as a rebel.

My father hailed from an old Catholic family, one which had been cast down from power and opulence on account of its devotion to the Church. His favourite poets, however, were Shelley, Byron, and Burns. I have heard one of the "old identities" say that after the day's work he would sometimes entertain the miners by the hour by reciting from memory the poems of Robbie Burns.

Soon after the affair of the Eureka stockade he settled down at Smythesdale, near Ballarat, to his profession of civil engineer, and mining and land surveyor of the district; he became prosperous, and might have accumulated great wealth had he set much store on that side of life. His pursuits, however, were all intellectual, and this gave a sort of solitariness to his character amid a young community where every man was at hand grips with immediate realities. Nevertheless I can say, for I heard it

often in my boyhood, no man was ever more universally respected by all classes and by all creeds in the districts.

My mother was a MacGregor, a kinswoman, how close I cannot now say, of the famous Rob Roy. Though the blood of the famous rebel clan ran richly in her veins, its spirit had never found lodgment by a gentler soul. If my father was "looked up to" by the neighbours, she was above all thought of for her goodness. She divined what was best in others, and in her presence the best came to the surface.

I mention these matters only to show that I grew up in Australia amid the happiest associations, and that my advocacy of the Irish cause has had no spring in rancorous or traditional hatreds, still less in the memories of injustice, oppression, and wrong such as have produced the flaming revolts of thousands of Irishmen, even of the type of Michael Davitt himself.

Still less was there any question of religion involved. My father, though a scion of an old Catholic family, never once that I remember went to Church. Our house was always hospitably open to the priests, but also at times to ministers of other religions. I have known my father on occasion to speak in scathing terms of the traditional rapacity of the Church, although the free expression of subversive opinion did not prevent him from subscribing to funds set on foot by the priests. Once, however, in my boyhood—and the words afterwards acquired significance—I heard him say that if the Church were being driven to the wall that was the time to rally to its defence. I was astonished to hear these words at the time, coming from one so bold and independent

in thought. It seemed to me that, after all, a Church should live or die on the truth or falsehood of the doctrines it taught; that if the doctrines were true they should be maintained for that reason alone; if they were false, then it was absurd to buttress them up simply because others attacked them.

I never afterwards heard him speak in that strain, and I do not know whether it was not a mere idea of the moment. It gave me, however, an explanation of certain phases of Irish history, as, for instance, the devotion to the Stuart cause. The Church itself was involved, and the insignia of the Church became like that banner, the Labarum, which Constantine displayed in the front of his army. The Church had authority not only as an exponent of doctrines but far more potently as the bond of union and of recognition of a vast organisation, social and militant. The clear conception of that position, united with the generous but combative and fiercely tenacious spirit of the Irish, seems to me to explain much of Irish history.

Here again I restrict myself to the political aspect of this question; even while noting that the restriction is artificial, for a religion is something of profounder significance than a flag or the pass-word of an association; and entering as it does into the modes of thought, habits, the set of character, and the ideals of its followers, impinging, moreover, upon every aspect of the lesser concerns as well as of the great concerns of their existence, it is inevitable that by the truth or by the falsity of its teachings a devoted people must rise or fall.

Another saying of my father's I recollect; in the early days of Parnellism an Englishman, a well-

meaning man, completely ignorant of Irish affairs, was deploring in his presence the tendency of the Irish to crime, as he said. I saw the fire of battle flash in my father's eyes. He gave a description of the kind of landlord held up as a martyr and victim in the English press, denounced their tyrannies in vehement terms, and referring to the shooting of one of them declared that if ever a bullet was blessed in Heaven it was one that found such a scoundrel's heart.

Now although—or I think, I should say, because—a mere boy at the time I was not shocked at the shooting but I was astonished to find in my father, high-minded and good, an outburst so fierce. What, I asked, is there in the dark history of Ireland, that after the lapse of a generation, and across the seas of half a world, could leave impressions so deep and feelings so terrible? Yet neither then nor now have I thought it well to keep alive those resentments of the past.

Another feeling, more potent because deeper and more subtle, had influence upon my regard to England. I have always been a Republican. That again arose not from any strain or revolt, but simply and naturally. To be a freeman, to feel one's self a being of responsibility, that to me was what was meant by being a Republican.

Having said so much I proceed to explain in what manner my first contact with England affected me. I had completed a course of study in Melbourne, but whereas all my feelings were vehement, my desire for knowledge was a passion. To continue my studies I proceeded to the University of Berlin. With nearer approach I felt more strongly the

attraction of the fight for liberty which the Irish people were waging. At length I arrived in England ; but it was not till after the downfall of Parnell that I felt drawn into the vortex.

Parnell had been a great name in Australia ; distance had lent its usual enchantment, so that, even while still living he had there become a kind of legendary figure, endowed with qualities which were not his, disassociated from weaknesses and faults which may have been his ; but after all losing in force and real greatness by this idealisation.

I only saw him once ; that was at a public meeting in Bermondsey, where I sat amongst the audience. My expectations had been worked up to a high degree, all my sympathies were on Parnell's side, and yet, though I could hardly confess it even to myself, my first impression was one of disappointment. Parnell's tall figure and spare frame looked inadequate, neither strong, nor graceful ; when he spoke his voice sounded cold and ineffective, nor were his arguments either very forceful or fraught with that assurance of ultimate victory that makes enthusiasm compensate for numbers and rallies to a cause the youth and valour of the people. The speech was practical, dealing mainly with the material advantages of a Bill before the House of Commons ; and this appeal, though valid and useful, was again not what I had expected from a great fighting man in a desperate situation. The voice was English ; there was nothing there of the breadth and warmth, the cordial notes of the Irishman. He spoke nevertheless like a practised orator who had command, within his means, of all the resources of his art. But though the fire was lacking in this

speech, the kindling enthusiasm of the missionary of a great cause, yet the manner made its due impression by reason of the simplicity, the absence of pretentiousness, the air of sincerity with which the speech was delivered. In proposing a vote of thanks subsequently to the Chairman, who was an Englishman, Parnell smiled with pleasure at this discovery, and there was apparent then in his whole bearing a winning courtesy, the gentleness of a proud spirit, in which the well-attuned voice served him better than in the chilly accents of its strident utterance. After the meeting I longed to say a word to him but that peculiar touch of hauteur which seemed part of his being checked me in making an advance which would have been easier towards a lower type, or even towards a higher of more magnetic quality. I never saw him again. Yet the impression was deep. All the way from Bermondsey to Bayswater where I then lived I walked so that this impression should remain firmly stamped, and when I reached my rooms after midnight I wrote down a description, as exact as I could make it, of the great leader.

I had seen Parnell in his decline, the tall, thin man, with the sharp clear-cut features of the aristocrat, the full fair beard, the hair of the head of fine texture becoming scanty, the eye large and dark, attentive and bright, sometimes flaring with sombre lustre, the eye that attracted attention always, the eye of a man of purpose, the precise and somewhat chilly voice, the whole bearing, style, manners, and accent of a gentleman.

From this aspect I could reconstitute the younger Parnell of the early days, the more athletic appearance, the more determined and forceful character,

the man of steel. Not then did I consider him,—and indeed not now,—as a man of intellect. Moreover he was not a man of sympathetic attractiveness. In the United States I was told that at first Parnell made an unfavourable impression amongst the New York Irish leaders, until by experience they discovered his strong qualities.

Not a word of this must be read in disparagement. I have heard him described by “intellectuels” even amongst his own followers as a figure-head, or as a mystery; as though indeed any diplomatic representative in Parnell’s place might have accomplished as much. I do not believe it. Parnell and Davitt were the great agents of Ireland’s redemption. Ten thousand workers, millions of vows, a million sterling warrants of sympathy, sped on the Irish cause, and around Parnell shone forth a pleiad of stars, men of the diverse types of Dillon, O’Brien, Healy, Sexton, Redmond, O’Connor, to mention a few who still survive. But, as I afterwards noticed in South Africa, the spirit of a commando is quickened by the soul of the Commandant. Anyone who glances through Irish history and estimates with cool discernment will see that Parnell brought into the public life of the country that quality most of all required, the quality that ensures that a well-considered and adequate programme will be carried out with unflinching determination—the quality of steel.

The divorce court proceedings excited me greatly. They brought out the sympathetic human side of Parnell’s character. There were peccadilloes of sexual relations that stood to his discredit, but tested on the grounds of morality itself there has always been a tendency, when these matters become

official, to throw them out in relief of undue importance in the perspective of life. A man should be judged by the whole intent and accomplishment of his career.

Besides Parnell's lapses from morality were not more inexcusable than those of O'Connell, or, not to remain with Irish names alone, Nelson's, Marlborough's, or the list of British kings. Be that as it may Parnell was not condemned at the outset by the hierarchy of the Church on the score of morality. It was after the verdict of the Divorce Court that a great meeting was held at Leinster Hall in Dublin at which an enthusiastic vote of confidence in Parnell was passed with the approval of high dignitaries of the Church. The Nonconformist conscience in England was less easily appeased, and by that influence Gladstone was moved, not for moral but for political reasons, to repudiate the Irish Leader. Then in Ireland the reaction began to set in, and the man who had been carried to the skies at Leinster Hall was forthwith flung to the depths. He was deposed from the leadership of the Irish Party. He was assaulted in Ireland; he became the butt of abuse and calumny. Not only the Irish Party but the Irish people in Ireland, and indeed the Irish people throughout the world, became divided into two camps—Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites. The priests, with few exceptions, threw in their weight on the scale against Parnell.

Then came the death of the Chief. This event caused a shock throughout the Irish community; hate and rancour gave way to a feeling of loss, a deep sense of regret. A great chapter of Ireland's history had been closed; who could foresee the

future? But the passions that had been stirred were too deep, the interests at stake too important to permit the quarrel to be closed up, and in the General Election which followed the issue was still Parnellite and Anti-Parnellite, and the battles were fierce.

It was at this stage that I entered definitely into Irish politics. It was not that I was moved by my father's principle of rallying to a cause that was going to the wall; I believed that even after the death of "The Chief" Parnellite principles might still prevail. I believed that the progress of Ireland lay in that direction. At this time I had but a scanty acquaintance with Ireland beyond what I had read or derived by Irish instinct. Nevertheless I determined to stand for Galway. Arriving in the famous Citie of the Tribes, a stranger, I soon found myself adopted as Parnellite candidate, and at once I launched into an energetic campaign. My speeches were fiery with the spirit of independence and soon the town was bubbling with excitement. My opponent was a man named Pinkerton, a Unitarian Ulster farmer who had been taken to the bosom of the priests in Galway. In three weeks, charged as they were with emotion varied by the contact with material facts, I seemed to learn more of Irish politics, Irish character, Irish ways, than I could have gathered by six years' study of books, documents, and speeches. Never shall I forget the impression of cordial Irish friendliness, of the enthusiasm of help offered to me unstintedly as the champion of the cause of the people. Never shall I forget either the awaking to the discovery that the principles, the ideals, great banners though they be, are yet

nothing more than the banners waving over a perfect dædalus of considerations, interests, obligations, wonderfully interlaced. Nor shall I forget the revelation of the fighting quality of the Irishmen of the West, for more than once I was attacked, and the blackthorns of my supporters flashed all at once in strokes so rapid and strong that Achilles himself might have gasped in delight.

What a race this was ! So ardent, so brave, and strong, so tireless, undaunted, and true. Galway was not a city to sack, but what a people to fight for were here. Yet I was beaten ! I was beaten by the priests. We had swept over the town ; but even my experienced electioneers were no match for those arch-intriguers, mad on winning their point, respecting neither scruple nor truth. It was reported that I had retired from the contest, it was averred in a forged telegram purporting to come from Melbourne that I was known there as a card-sharper, and that Johnson was my real name. Bribery, menaces, impersonation did the rest. My opponent was elected by fifty-two votes.

After all the years that have passed, after having been on a fateful occasion elected for Galway, I do not now write to exhale past bitterness, but simply that the verity of these matters should be known. The Irish cause is too great and good to have need of other support than that of truth. It has always been my instinct to avoid cunning in politics, and as my experience increases I have less and less respect for mere astuteness, duplicity, deception.

Since that election of Galway I have never attached much importance to the argument that a constituency is sure to be free from priestly domination

because it returns a Protestant member. No more signal example of the power and method of the priests could have been adduced than this election in which Mr. Pinkerton, whatever his talents and virtues, was nothing more than a cypher, a pawn in the game.

The Galway election closed for a time my connection with Irish politics. I retired to Paris hoping to resume in quiet those studies in science which had attracted me, but which the Irish campaign had so violently interrupted. But the virus of battle had gone into my blood. I desired to see Ireland entirely independent, a Republic, and during my sojourn on the Continent I sought and tested every means by which that consummation might be achieved. Long before the South African war I had convinced myself of the impracticability, at least by physical force, of all such projects.

In the meantime, however, I had seen much to disgust me with English methods of governing Ireland. Out of my experiences I will relate one or two incidents. Although I had in no manner done anything illegal I found that I had become a marked man in Ireland. I was shadowed from place to place and the fact of holding conversations with other persons noted. In London I had joined an Amnesty Association of which the object was to obtain the release of political prisoners. The meetings of this Association were always open to the public; it was only by publicity that we could influence public opinion. But, in accordance with that wretched system which has always prevailed in the dealings with Ireland, amongst the comparatively small number of our members were two paid agents, whose

duty it was to report anything of a suspicious nature in our proceedings. These men had nothing to report, but their pay would of course have ceased if they had acknowledged that fact. Therefore they invented stories, and these, the most improbable and the most unfounded, were duly transcribed in the books at the Home Office. These informers were discovered at their work, and my attention was called to the fact. At that time I thought the matter too contemptible for notice, but the informers were expelled. One of them, I was told long afterwards, was somewhat roughly handled; he fell upon evil times and died miserably. As a sidelight on the traffic in Irish politics I recalled that he was one of the stewards at the Parnell meeting in Bermondsey, and it was he who had disallowed my request to sit on the platform.

My next contact with the British Government of that time came about in an unexpected way. One of the London newspapers had commissioned me to go to Ashanti as war-correspondent in the campaign against King Prempeh. After I had been some time on the scene I discovered that the War Office had interfered to prevent permission being given me to accompany the troops, and influence from high quarters was used with the directors of newspapers which, if acted upon, would have prevented me from obtaining any sort of employment in Fleet Street at all. At that time I had in no way infringed the law, had had no opportunity of defence, and in fact it was not till long afterwards that I learnt the inner truth of affairs. Multiply such examples of mean tyranny ten thousand fold throughout Ireland, and some idea may be formed of the abominable system then in vogue.

Meanwhile I had published in London a number of books. Not one of these was a book of occasion, not one dealt with current political events. They were works of literature—a novel, studies in contemporary literature with a search for canons of criticism, a book of poems. My experiences in this sphere were parallel with those I had met with in the political world. In place of political parties mad with hate, I found literary coteries stiff with prejudice or corrupt with log-rolling, and I found my literary work involved in the contempt cast upon my political opinions, while much inferior matter—I can say it for it was mine though anonymous—was highly appreciated. I had found my very education to be a detriment, for it had led me to paths remote from the golden route of mediocrity. The freedom and candour of vision that I strove to defend seemed a crime. What remained for me to do? To fight out these matters? Certainly I was not devoid of combativity, but such a fight involves a lifetime, and we mortals have but one life. I determined to conquer in another way, and to begin by shaking the dust of London from my feet.

Here I interpose a brief interlude to say that happily for my respect for humanity I have come to see all these matters in a wider scope. My misfortunes in London were not due entirely to the fact that I was a foreigner. There has been no Englishman who has ever thought or written with the sole regard for truth, but who has been pilloried by the orthodox, and derided by the fools. The history of criticism in this country is a chapter so extraordinary that if we do not call it shameful it is because in the retrospect it seems so absurd.

When the South African war was being brought about I knew something of the inner history of the intrigues that made it inevitable. On every ground my sympathies were with the Republic, partly no doubt because it was a Republic. I do not desire in this place to go beyond this necessary mention.

I fought . . . I was elected for Galway, I came to fulfil my mandate, I was put on trial, I was sentenced to death. Here again, since it touches on Irish affairs, I will say that this trial was a blunder on the part of the authorities. No one in the world, not even my enemies, could believe that I had been guilty of treachery to any cause ; and the pompous solemnity of High Treason did not blind the world to the facts, nor enhance the reputation of England even, in countries bound to it by traditional ties. In America and in France especially I had friends amongst the most illustrious to whom a traitor would have been abhorrent, and the sympathy of these nations as indeed of all the civilised countries of Europe was overwhelmingly in my favour.

The trial exasperated feeling in Ireland, where it was regarded as motivated by the Galway election rather than by my South African campaign. Nor do such punishments help the individual to appreciate the glory of England. For the brutal manner in which the Fenian prisoners were treated England has paid with a vengeance, yes, a vengeance that in the hatred of millions of Irish in America has more than once baulked her Empire, and even threatened its existence. Is the recompense for that to be fully found in the savage glutting of revenge ?

My feeling from first to last towards my enemies was contempt. But I will not dwell on that. I have

lived to find even that feeling washed away, and to find my mind filled with pity towards the man whom I regarded as the chief agent of my ruin.

I have introduced all these matters of the past in order to speak still of the future. Of all the missives I had received at the time of my trial the one which produced the most intense thoughts, as I have said, was that which contained the remark that I had departed from the course of Evolution. In the solitude of my prison cell I sought to pierce to the very depths of all my motives, to place myself and my acts in true perspective, to know in how far false or inferior conceptions had influenced me, and to cleanse out of my mind whatever was due to ignorance, lower hatred, prejudice.

The result of this examination has been to lead me at times into statements or acts wherein former friends have thought they have detected signs of weakness or degeneracy. I will only say that it requires less courage to face the bullets in the field, when one has at least the excitement of action, the spur of vanity, the big pompom of the world's traditional voice, to goad one on ; it is easier to meet death in heroism than determinedly to put these standards on one side, and say : I will run counter even to the hopes of friends if duty points that way.

"To bear all naked truths
And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
That is the top of Sovereignty."

The philosophical mood in which I had cast myself made me see how much of falsity there is in our Irish teaching by which we whip up our enthusiasm :

"On our side is virtue and Erin,
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt."

John Bull on the other hand will exclaim out upon this as if it were unthinkable that any superior virtue should reside in Erin, and any guilt with him. I will say, to make the balance even, that in his dealings with Ireland he has been afflicted with something deeper than guilt—stupidity. The late Lord Morris, who was a Unionist, but also an Irishman and a wit, said that the whole problem of Ireland was this: A quick-witted people cannot be bossed by a dull people. I do not mean to take advantage of this quip to insinuate that the Irish are intellectually superior to the English; the English have done marvellous things in science; in that great domain of intellectuality the Irish have done very little. This demands explanation, and I will later return to the point.

But we must enquire deeper how it came about that the quick-witted people ever fell into the hands of the so-called dull people, especially after that famous start when the quick-witted people were the “scholars and saints,” and when they “combed and washed” the dullards. There must have been a vital flaw somewhere. The Irish have been almost too quick-witted, or at least too quick in giving expression to that wit, and they are too sensitive also. Even in our own day we have seen great champions flinging epithets at each other like Homeric heroes hurling javelins, and howling like the same Homeric heroes when each epithet went home.

That double characteristic has made them, as Mr. Tim Healy once remarked, a “fissiparous” people. In every crisis in Irish history we have found the inevitable split. Take for contrast a people like the Dutch, who are not aggressively witty, nor unduly thinskinne. The Dutch held together for three

hundred years to sweep away at length the terrible Spaniards—they cleared them out even too completely, for the blend would have been excellent.

In searching in Irish questions of any kind we invariably come to the same bed-rock, the Church of Rome and Luther's Reformation. I have been assured by devout Irishmen that the true cause of the movement of Luther was that he desired to marry a nun. This I do not believe, I say it almost with regret, for if I have but a reserved appreciation of Luther the philosopher, yet if a man could shake the civilised world to its foundations to win the woman of his choice my heart would go out to him in sheer admiration of the lover. From the same source I have heard that the true cause of the French Revolution was simply the ambitious intrigues of a band of Freemasons in Paris.

People are found to believe these tales. That belief reveals narrowness of mind, and limitation of view, the failure to recognise that these events were brought about by the great movements of the world, by the evolution of things beyond the control of any one man, or any association of men. As far back as the early days of the fourteenth century the political system of the Church was attacked by one no less than the author of the great Catholic poem, the "*Divina Commedia*" itself. Dante, whose faith seems never to have wavered, attributed the decline of the Church to the endowments of Constantine. Many others of the era of Dante, as well as after the Renaissance, quarrelled with the Church not because of its dogmas, but for the scandals and corruption that prevailed, the rapacity of worldling prelates, overmatched at length by the fearful tyranny of the Inquisition itself.

In this light Luther appears as a reactionary factor, even as in our day men of the type of Captain Craig and William Moore are reactionary factors, because their aggressive temper and narrow views make for strife ; and whenever the flag of party, or the symbols of religion, are carried as banners to the scene of war, reason vanishes and civilisation blots out its lights.

These and a flood of other thoughts, hailing from the same sources, were among the meditations that came to me in prison, prompted by my reflections on that innocent phrase : The course of evolution. The ideas thus gained have abided with me, and have grown to strength and influence. They serve to make it clear to me for one thing, that at the present day amid any recrudescence of religious conflicts, we must invoke no pale image of the Williamite wars, least of all in the hope of extending the domination of the Catholic Church. Rather we must allow the causes of these conflicts to die out. We must cease even to talk of " toleration " as a virtue ; there is something deeper and broader than toleration, and that is justice ; and justice is a duty. Let us talk not of toleration but of freedom, and let that be cheerfully accorded as a right to all.

Other reflections followed in another realm of ideas. The records of wrongs, slights, insults, atrocities, and tyrannies may be available to nerve one to fight when the tocsin of battle has sounded. But in the piping times of peace, amid a new generation of men, animated for the most part with good intentions, is it worth while to hark back continuously to an abominable past ? Henry II is dead, rest his soul. Queen Elizabeth is dead ; may the

daisies blow light on her grave. Even Oliver Cromwell is dead; and whatever we may think of him, we may, as the Irish car-driver said of one who had paid his legal fare, "l'ave him to God."

I remember the baleful light in my father's eyes when he spoke of the cruelties Irishmen endured in his day; but after all neither we nor the Englishmen we have to deal with now have seen these cruelties. We may have accounts of our own to settle; well let us settle them like men, and if possible like reasonable men.

And further we as Irishmen must put out of our heads those silly notions that all our woes have been due to English "oppression." We ought to be ashamed to utter the word. How if all the stories be true of our superior virtues, of our saints and scholars, when we owned all Ireland and had the ball at our feet, how, in the name of God, did we ever become downtrodden and oppressed?

The English are hypocrites, we say; granted, but what are we, in our way, with our talk of the woes of the past? We know between ourselves we are hypocrites, for in the old days we coined a word for it, *rameis*, a word still useful to hurl at opponents. At the beginning of our conflict with England the disparity of numbers was not marked, even in regard to the total populations. It was all on our side with regard to invaders. In 1014 Brian Boru crushed the power of the terrible Danes, in 1066 the boasted Anglo-Saxons saw their own country wrested from them by a band of buccaneers, and they lived to claim as their proudest boast some blood affinity with the foreign conquerors. And now we talk of

the oppressions of these same Anglo-Saxons, or their Norman over-lords and we sing :

“ On our side is virtue and Erin,
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt.”

What virtue ? What is virtue, ye gods ? What is the use of talking of virtue, what is the use of counting our beads, and calling blessings on our heads, if we see our country wrested from us, because bigotries, jealousies, ungovernable tempers, have prevented us from uniting like men in defence ? The test of virtue is life ; not quietism, but energy is the standard of life !

In the United States of America which I had visited some thirty years after the close of one of the most terrible struggles in the annals of man, I seldom heard people speak of the war. If they did, it was with the meditation of students of ancient history. I met men who had fought with great distinction in that gigantic campaign. They were immersing themselves in things of the present, looking forward still to the future. Here was a general, the very type of a daring cavalry leader ; but that was of the past, he was now a builder. Here was one of the rank and file, one who had served both in the Navy and Army ; he was foreman in a factory.

Terrible things had happened in that war. Both sides had agreed to forget them. It was more important to build up their country again. Can we not learn a lesson from this for Ireland ? I had long since ceased to believe in physical force as a remedy for Ireland, not from temperament but from a calm survey of facts. I had long since taken with a grain of salt the impartiality of Irish chroniclers

or the insight of English historians. I recognised in both nations great qualities; and these qualities though not parallel are complements of each other.

Also I had seen, even in my own favour—and I learned subsequently how much wider than I supposed it had been—the noble effort of many Englishmen of all ranks and degrees of culture to shake off passion and prejudice, and to estimate my own doings by standards of higher equity. I asked myself again, does not a duty lie on me also to rise above prejudice, to recognise how much England—even in the midst of wars, some defensive, some piratical—has done for civilisation, to appreciate this wholeheartedly, to feel pure admiration for what she has given to the world of her illustrious men of science, her glorious succession of poets? The fame of Milton, Keats, Faraday, and Darwin, seized my soul in admiration; it is true that on reflection I remembered that this great nation had flung Milton into prison, not for his vices but for his virtues; that it had driven Keats to his death in derision; that Faraday had lived on the stipend of the valet of a lord; and that Darwin was the ridicule of his age. It would seem that we both have a good deal of leeway to make up; we can help each other.

Perhaps the last consideration of this kind is the most curious. It is easier to be extreme than to weigh all things calmly, and remain just. It is easier to be a hero than an honest man. By honest man I mean one who is honest in his soul, at all times, and in all things. It is easier to be a moderate man than an honest man. It does not follow that the extreme man is wrong because he is extreme. The moderate man, who is moderate simply as a

safe guidance to his neuter soul, is the most uninteresting humbug of all. The moderate man hears two disputing, one saying 7 and 6 are 13, and the other 7 and 6 are 11 ; and then the moderate man decides that 7 and 6 are 12, and smiles in his air of superior virtue. I have seen the shores of nations strewn with the wreckage of the moderate man, the man who will not face any issue fairly and squarely, who will not shoulder any responsibility if he can put it off on another, who temporises, who serves the hour, who deceives even his own petty conscience. It was said of Cicero, I believe, that his excess was moderation. And that reflection makes me the less regret his end.

The purport of all this is, that we should never seek refuge in an opinion, or in a line of conduct, styled moderate simply because it is the mean between two opposed views. Rather let us study the problem in itself, get to know the truth of the matter, and in freedom of spirit base our decision on justice and right.

How did that affect me ? On my release from prison it would have been possible for me to assume the championship of the irreconcilable enemies of England. It required more strength of mind to say to such suggestions, definitely, No.

I had previously had a conversation on this point with Michael Davitt himself. In discussing the question with him I pointed out the futility of the talk of physical force, the absence even of the essential beginnings of preparation to make such a project practicable, and above all the fiasco, in as far as the Irish in Ireland and in America were concerned, in the South African war. No doubt there were all

sorts of reasons which prevented militant Irishmen from helping the Boers to maintain their liberties—difficulties of recruitment, transport, equipment, and all the rest—but the fact remained that not more than a dozen young fellows from Ireland direct found their way to the fighting line; the great physical force organisations in America, which were less hampered in every way, sent belatedly less than a hundred men. To all this Davitt replied: “Yes, but physical force is more than that; physical force is a Faith!”

Here was a word on which I pondered as seriously as on my English correspondent’s “Evolution.” Faith! Yes, there was something hypnotic in the word, something too of unreality; and not the least part of its influence was its unreality. This word, so used, seemed to me to reveal a depth of psychology. It is the attitude of a man who in this regard moves through life as in a dream, a dream of high ideal, if you will, but still a dream. Reason he refuses to see. Let the stern movement of fact crash upon his understanding, he refuses to be convinced. Is he right?

No. There is a vast movement of the world, a universal sweep of things, which determines not merely man’s fate, the destiny of nations, but the whole apparition of the times to come. We must be in accord with it, or we become swallowed up. Fight against it, and we are merely false shoots. Nor can we fend off the inevitable by giving exalted names, or calling our conceptions great ideals. Build in Nature, trust in Nature, abide in Nature. . . . Names. Names! Do not let us be hypnotised by names. You cannot cure a man of stone in the

bladder by calling him Lord Chancellor, or even King of Kings, nor slacken the ravages of phthisis by extolling the virtue of the subject. The dreams of Israel, the stubborn traditions of Egypt, have been swept away. Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they? Byron exclaims. They have been weighed in the balance of forces that move around us, but which are for ever telling us their truths in those laws of Nature which it is the function of science to make clear. And is Ireland not to be weighed in the balance? Is England not to be tried in the fire? Yes, for both these countries a critical time has come. Ireland has at best a hard path to climb. Signs are not wanting, as I heard a French scientist remark—for in his politeness he would not say that England was on the down grade—but that, one feels that the curve of England's greatness has passed its culminating point. These countries may save each other if they come to terms, and get together for mutual support. This in effect was the reply to my meditations to Davitt's plea of Faith.

The upshot of these thoughts brought into the light of common day has a tame and humdrum aspect. I determined after my release that I would eventually seek re-election to Parliament. Further, since consistently with Ireland's right and just demands, I hoped for an ultimate conciliation, it seemed to me useless to keep alive matters of friction which added no strength to Ireland. The carrying out of my programme was delayed by the manner of my release which exhibited again the mean and petty character of transaction which has so often irritated the Irish people and destroyed the good feeling that should be produced by "concessions." I was re-

leased, but I remained deprived of civil rights, and this made my situation so difficult that it required at times all my resolution to keep in the path I had traced, and to resist being swept away by feelings.

I will not now speak of the difficulties which I had to overcome. I was elected by the people of West Clare, in my father's county, and I have now reached the point, where I can survey the actual situation, and cast forward my thought towards the shaping of the future.

CHAPTER III

ACTUAL CONDITIONS

IRELAND had been likened to Poland. Lest the comparison should shock any sensitive reader, I will hasten to explain that my authority is no less than the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain himself, who speaking at West Islington on the 17th June, 1885, said :

I do not believe that the great majority of Englishmen have the slightest conception of the system under which this free nation attempts to rule a sister country. It is a system which is founded on the bayonets of 30,000 soldiers encamped permanently as in a hostile country. It is a system as completely centralised and bureaucratic as that with which Russia governs Poland, or as that which was common in Venice under Austrian rule.

I say the time has come to reform altogether the absurd and irritating anachronism which is known as Dublin Castle, to sweep away altogether these alien boards of foreign officials, and to substitute for them a genuine Irish Administration for purely Irish business.

These utterances were not the offspring of "green and salad days," they expressed the considered opinion of a statesman in the prime of his powers.

Certainly I have no desire to insist on the force of such a statement, but it is well to have the Russian model in view in considering the mechanism of the Government of Ireland. The Russian Constitution is said to be an autocracy, tempered by assassination. The Irish system, a pale copy of Russia, is a despotism veiled by hypocrisies. But before examining this subject more closely, let us consider what a Government ought to be for Ireland, composed mainly of agricultural people forming a small and compact community. The question of defence is immediately presented. That question is of prime importance for England, but during long periods of Irish history, though doubtless not so at present, it has had an ironical aspect; for the power against which Irishmen wished to be protected was that of England itself. At times they have hailed the prospect of a foreign invasion as a godsend. It was the French who were to be the deliverers as in the old song, "Shan van Vocht." The feeling still survives in parts of Ireland though it has become adapted to the situation.

Not long before the outbreak of the war I saw invocations to the Germans to come over and help us. After the outbreak of the war there became evident in some quarters a pro-German feeling, especially amongst those unacquainted with German methods and German rule. Yet no country more than Ireland would have suffered in the eventual downfall. It is well to recognise clearly that in the event of an attack by a foreign foe it will always be policy, if nothing higher, to fight if not for England as England, still in the defence of the whole community. That has been shown to be the attitude

of the great majority of Irishmen, but we may well consider this aspect of the matter for a moment.

Ireland could not really be stirred to Pan-Teutonism, but throughout a considerable section of the people the feeling of Anti-Unionism, brought to a crisis by the war, found expression in pro-German sentiments. The explanation of this was given to me in a letter I received from an unlettered but intelligent countryman who pointed out that not only the German Government but even the English Government was remote from the lives of the people, to whom the name of England simply called up the memories of a hundred years of bitter struggle, the spectacles of famine, emigration, evictions, and the figures of police and army officers crushing the peasants at the behest of iron English laws. Home Rule had been granted, "with a string to it," as the people expressed it; at the best Home Rule still remained but a tentative promise. Suppose, for example, that Germany were successful in the present war and if they promised a measure of local government to Belgium, could the Belgians be expected, turning round from one day to another, to sing, "Deutschland, Deutschland über alles"? The English reader will revolt at the comparison and cry out, We are not Germans, and Ireland is not Belgium; but his very indignation may show how difficult it is to look at a subject from any point of view but one's own. The Irish peasant and the Irish artisan see the question from their particular standpoint.

Men whose horizon is wider, men who weigh in their minds a greater number of factors, arrive at conclusions which they believe to be wise, and they are astonished at the lack of common sense of those who

fail to agree with them. I have described the potent effect on my mind of the word "Evolution," and of the long train of thought to which it led ; but what is *Evolution* to the hard-handed, sore-tried tiller of the soil ? He knows nothing of Evolution ; he knows the facts and the stories that have built up his opinions or his prejudices, and responding to the instinctive abhorrence of tyranny he vaunts his hate upon the nearest symbol of oppression. The situation in Ireland at the beginning of the war was not smooth, and it still remains difficult. Had there been no Home Rule Act, had a régime of coercion been in force, there would have been happenings serious for the safety of Great Britain. And the same, as I know, is true, with little alteration of terms, for South Africa.

Most of the leaders of public opinion in Ireland kept their heads, but their hold on the young men was found to have weakened. Thousands of these emigrated to America, and some of the leaders called them cowards. I do not think that term was justified, though I believe the chief reason of the emigration was that these young men began to feel as intolerable the pressure brought to bear on them to join the Army. A soldier, a man who took "the Saxon shilling," had always been looked upon with contempt by Nationalists, although these same Irishmen, still preserving their opinion for the individual, seemed proud to hear of the bravery of Irish troops.

Irish meetings had always ended with the singing of "God Save Ireland." In the new régime, so suddenly inaugurated, Irishmen found that their old patriotic choruses were banished, their old heroes, from Wolfe Tone downward, were taboo, while the

proceedings were now sanctified by a song which they had never heard before except from the lips of their enemies—"God Save the King"; but on the platform in this new era, mingling with their well-known leaders and singing this hymn with gusto, they beheld the same enemies of old. And when they were invited to join an Irish Brigade to fight at the Front they were assured that these same gallant gentlemen would lead them. To face all this steadily required cooler heads and more statesmanlike qualities than Nature has given to the honest Irish countryman. But it was not in the country only, but rather in Dublin that this difficulty was severely felt. The orthodox Nationalist papers, the "Freeman's Journal," and the "Independent" were strongly in favour of Great Britain; but the papers that lie on the fringe of Nationalism, or which strike, as they maintain, a deeper and truer note than the Irish Parliamentary Party, these papers were, if not pro-German, at least anti-recruiting. "Sinn Fein," "The Irish Worker," "The Irish Volunteer," "Irish Freedom," "Eire" (Ireland), and "The Leader" were either suppressed or warned by the Government. The "Gaelic American," the organ of the physical-force men in America, and the "Irish World," which up to the war had steadfastly advocated the policy of Mr. Redmond, published articles of such a character that the Government prohibited their circulation in Ireland. Most of the younger generation of poets, great inspirators, declared for advanced Nationalism.

Such conflicts are deeply regrettable; on whom should rest the blame? Partly on ourselves, I answer, and partly on the British Government. The handling of Ireland has shown all the merciful dis-

pensations and also all the blunders of the tact of weak men. The suppression of the Nationalist papers was a mistake; it only enforced the argument of those who cried, We don't want protection except from the English Government; it strengthened the hands of those who in America attempted to turn the tide of opinion against Great Britain. In a great crisis, moreover—the very destiny of England as well as of Ireland being at stake—greater concession should have been made to that form of National sentiment, or even sensibility, that I have indicated. The promise of Home Rule was not sufficient, and the manner of its announcement was not gracious. I am reminded here of a saying of Frederick III of Germany who, when the German Empire was established, said of the statesmen, These men have no Aufschwung (afflatus); they hand over the German Crown as if they had taken it from a pawnbroker's shop wrapped in an old newspaper.

But this referred only to the manner of presentation; the reality was there. With regard to the Home Rule Act I have asked myself often if ever the proposed reality, with its "strings," will prove to be worth taking, that is to say, whether it will be an improvement on the present condition—a Home Rule Act over which hangs the shadow of Dismemberment of Ireland, an Act which will allow a part of Ireland to carry on a local business with insufficient funds, reserving to the Parliament at Westminster, where the Irish representation will be greatly reduced, the control of matters that are vital.

Not to delay further on this aspect of the matter, I will say sincerely, that there is danger here, and indeed in South Africa, for all these questions are

linked together, and the mistake has occurred not in giving authority to the people too hastily or too largely, but in not having given it, once and for all, so fully and in such a manner of generosity, as to wash away the traces of past hatreds in the sweet waters of alliance. The problem is not disposed of for either country, for no solution can be final that seeks to compress even the style of government into a Procrustean bed of mediæval form which cramps and cripples England herself.

The difficulties in the way will be seen in the chapter on Parliament. At this point I will repeat that I for one desire to see eventually the best understanding possible between England and Ireland, but I do not believe that the best way is to ask Irishmen to turn their backs on their national heroes, to discard those ideals which have been century-long the inspiration of their race.

Regarding the question of internal administration, we find Ireland overrun with bureaucrats, officials of all kinds, some of them no doubt excellent, but all non-producers. If this spectacle be once clearly and graphically represented in the mind, with all that it means, the image of Russia seems to fade, and that of China takes its place. Ireland is choked by mandarins. Let us probe this matter a little. Let us look at the question philosophically, for that word should not imply mere abstraction, it should indicate rather the necessity of delving to a deep base in order to build up consecutively and consistently a body of thought.

Man's contest is with Nature. That is to say, the means of subsistence of the individual man, as well as of the nation depend on the natural resources that

lie about him, and the skill and perseverance with which he avails himself of the products available. In the old days when the tribes were hunters the family dinner depended on the alertness of the man, his speed, his fine adjustment of hand and eye. Nowadays agriculturists require a knowledge of the best means of cultivating the ground, the best seeds to sow, and the best conditions for a successful harvest. Their lives seem more humdrum at first sight than that of the hunters, but already the element of thought is becoming more serious; and it is that which in the long run tells in the upbuilding of nations. A good farmer will obtain far more from a field than a bad farmer; and in our own times, after thousands of years of tilling the soil, we find that in countries where the land is scanty in proportion to population—as in France—methods of intensive culture are being studied more closely than ever and with greater success. When we reach this stage, however, we are already launched into science.

Science is not distinct from common sense; it consists in giving to common sense greater accuracy, wider range, illumination. Thus the necessities of transport in commerce have gradually brought about the study of the making of roads and bridges, and finally the invention of the railway. The need of communication has given us the services of the post and telegraph. I do not mean that scientific discoveries and inventions have always arisen directly in response to some national want. Science itself comes to have a realm, which is often believed to be divorced from such considerations; but as science is really the questioning of nature and interpretation

of natural phenomena, it is not possible to make any discovery in that realm that will not eventually redound in importance to practical life. The researches which eventually led to the electric telegraph and to wireless telegraphy were at one time scoffed at as frivolous by so-called "practical" men. Yet if the whole matter be clearly apprehended it will be seen that the history of the progress of civilisation has been parallel with that of the history of science. Science is the woof of civilisation; each nation supplies its own patterns in the variegated forms of institutions, customs, and manners.

In all this, however, it becomes evident that the wealth of nations cannot be extended beyond the possibility of natural resources. The natural resources may be developed, as, for instance, by afforestation, by improving fisheries, by fertilising the soil. Or if a nation be great in manufactures it may profit by the natural resources of others. Certainly it happens luckily for us that the natural resources of the globe are enormously in excess of what is required to support the present population; our miseries on that score are, in great part, due to the bad management.

But how does this apply to Ireland? Simply, in this way, that by virtue of her situation and the character of her resources, and considering the energy, and, speaking generally, the law-abiding and helpful character of the inhabitants, Ireland should be governed with an administration not as burdensome by one-tenth as that which she supports. A country fertile, but not well endowed with minerals, an active, laborious population living by agriculture, and above that an army of non-producers, all the

administration of the land, the administration of other industries, the administration of the law without its thousand and one parasites, the army of the executive employed in coercing people who generally speaking are in no need of coercing : that is what we behold ; then apart from these there is the administration of education and that of religion both desired by the people, but both supported eventually by the sweat of the brow of the labourer. This system of over-governance, this army of functionaries, living upon and crushing down the man who is the type and the strength of the nation ; this is bad everywhere in Europe, but in Ireland the evil is intensified by reason of the alien origin of the officials.

I do not mean to use the word alien here in an offensive sense. The official may be an Englishman, endued with a monumental ignorance of Ireland, or he may be an Irishman of the " Ascendancy " class, and then his hatred of the aspirations of the people is active. Few Englishmen, even amongst the politicians, know how Ireland is governed. I remember once hearing Mr. Birrell in the House of Commons debating an Irish question of some importance. At a certain moment he observed that nearly all the Liberal members as well as the Tory side of the House had departed. Not even the lively play of the Chief Secretary's humour had been sufficient to detain them. " Look there," he exclaimed, " how is it possible for such people ever to know anything of Ireland ? Their ignorance is excusable only because it seems to be incurable ! "

The Government of Ireland is epitomised in the Castle System. The word Castle, Castle, Castle, recurs again and again in Irish history like the

leit-motif of a Wagnerian opera.¹ The establishment of the Castle, the advance of its power, the modern assaults upon its walls, which have left it still intact ; that is the English aspect of the history of Ireland.

The Castle system is admirable as a type of centralised government, one that might well have been incorporated into the national life of Ireland, but for that one fatal flaw of its alien origin. Ireland's little king, the Viceroy, or Lord-Lieutenant is, theoretically, the dispenser of light and force in Ireland. His Chief Secretary sits in the Parliament at Westminster. Various Boards in which the principal offices are filled by the nomination of the British Government constitute the real authority in Ireland. The Lord-Lieutenant, once a man whose temperament and policy weighed on the destinies of the people, has gradually dwindled in authority and even in pomp. He seems rarely chosen for any shining quality, either of heart or head, and the choice has often been unfortunate. Even on occasions when some astute Prime Minister has thought to please the Irish by the gift of a convivial Viceroy, no great success has attended the venture, for no Viceroy nurtured on alien soil could hold a candle to the natives in that sport. Frankly, I would like to see the office abolished, but frankly, also, I see no prospect of that end. That fidelity which the Irish of old used to show towards their impossible Chiefs seems to be now esteemed a special virtue when

¹ The Government of Ireland mainly consists of a series of Bureaus, each independent of the other, and most of them irresponsible to Parliament. There are, in all, some sixty-seven Boards, Departments, and Offices : in fact, Ireland, as has been said, has "enough Boards to make her coffin."

manifested towards those who have usurped their power, and who have invaded us with tamer vices and less showy virtues.

For the office of Chief Secretary of Ireland I used to have a genuine respect. I regarded the representative as the veritable ruler of Ireland, but that was before I had been brought into close contact with the working of the machine, before I had learned that nothing is more deceptive than the outward appearance of the British Constitution. I have seen in the House of Commons one of the ablest and most sympathetic Chief Secretaries we have had, Mr. Birrell, I have seen him pass Bills which also in very naïveté at one time I believed to be his. But by dint of asking innumerable questions on the floor of the House and receiving replies, almost invariably of a non-possumus or procrastinating character, and which in their interesting element of uncertainty seemed to be as new to the Chief Secretary as to myself, I have revised my notion of the value of that dignity. The Lord-Lieutenants might be likened to the formal "God-Save-the-King" played at a banquet, and the Chief Secretary to the varied fantasias that enliven the repast; the solid dish, the real business, that is found in the permanent officials.¹

¹ Lord Dunraven, who is well versed in Irish affairs, has often ridiculed the Castle system: In his book; "The Outlook in Ireland," he says:

The present system is peculiar, if not unique. It consists of a Lord Lieutenant and General Governor, who is theoretically supreme, but who has practically no power whatever except over the police and the administration of justice. He wields the policeman's baton, and very little else. Powerful to punish the people, he is powerless to help, assist, lead, or encourage them. He is assisted by his Chief Secretary, who represents him in Parliament. The Chief Secretary has control over some

No doubt that is the case with most Government departments, for it requires a man of exceptional authority, determination, and staying power, to break the force of inertia and give to the work of the department anything really deep and permanent of himself. The Government of a country becomes stereotyped, and this, though at first a factor of conservation and security, becomes finally a cause of decay. And Ireland which has not yet half begun to have her chance in the modern world is already suffering from the "superannuation of sunk realms."

Let us see how this applies to any particular Board. That with which I have had most frequent business is the Congested Districts Board. It was brought into operation in its present form by the Land Act of 1909, and its chief function was that of obtaining land for small farmers, the rateable value of whose holdings did not exceed £10 per annum. In order to obtain the land it was necessary to purchase it from the great landlords, and in the event of their being unwilling to sell provision was made in the Act whereby these recalcitrant landlords could be expropriated at an equitable price. Unfortunately it was so arranged that it was better for a landlord to

Departments, over other Departments he has partial control; and over others again he exercises no control at all.

Here is a quotation from another source :

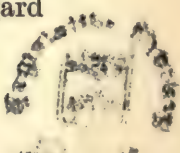
The Castle has six great officers of state ; five are Protestants, one is a Catholic. Of sixteen judges of the Superior Courts thirteen are Protestants. Of twenty-one County Court judges fifteen are Protestants. There were twenty-one Inspectors in August last employed by the Estates Commissioners at salaries of £800 a year each ; every one was a Protestant. The Land Commission has six commissioners ; three are Catholics in a country where the Catholics are seventy per cent. of the inhabitants. The Privy Councillors are almost exclusively Protestants.

be dealt with by compulsion than in the course of a sale by mutual agreement. If his land were taken "compulsorily" he got cash, whereas otherwise he got part in stock; and Irish stock, though ostensibly guaranteed by the British Government, is not taken at its face value.

In one small estate there had been trouble between the tenants and a farmer who purchased "over their heads." The farmer had been fired at—over his head, for the shot went through his hat. A police hut was established on the spot and extra police provided. Here was a case for the Congested Districts Board to display its usefulness, for by the purchase of the estate the whole difficulty could be settled, the bad blood that had been engendered might be forgotten, the expense of the extra police would be removed, and all the tenants would enter into possession of their holdings and settle down to productive toil.

The settlement of this dispute, however, brought on the shoulders of all concerned, landlord, tenants, myself, the Congested Districts Board, the Chief Secretary, years of work, yes, literally, work extending over years, and involving I know not how many questions asked in Parliament. Not being a business man, nor a man taught to reverence the sanctity of red tape, I used to ask: "Is this an example of that wondrous wisdom of British Statesmanship, or greater, British Administration that we are taught to worship as one of the gifts of the Deity, and—in its selective bestowal—as one of the inscrutable mysteries of nature?"

Ye gods! Over a hundred years, in a nation that Englishmen have been generally taught to regard



as impractical and degenerate, a little man arose—one of the least of their men, by the same standard, for he had been born neither to title nor wealth—and in one day, as often when he was not making war, he disposed of more real valid business, business that redounded to the life and activity of the nation, more in four hours than the Congested Districts Board, as far as I knew it, got through in four years. That little man was called Napoleon Bonaparte. Why could not Mr. Birrell do as much? I can imagine loud cries sent up, deriding the absurdity of the comparison.

But why absurd? Have we not been told that we are the great Imperial people; that we think Imperially? Then why in the name of Heaven, do we so often act in Parliament like a pack of gossiping women? Why is the comparison between Mr. Birrell and Napoleon Bonaparte absurd? Is he not one of the greatest in this greatest of Empires? Yes, but Napoleon Bonaparte had the power and opportunity. Then if it be good for a country that a capable man may have power and opportunity, then again why had Mr. Birrell not power and opportunity? There must be some fault somewhere. Nothing can persuade me that we have, "with our marvellous British common-sense," evolved the best possible system, when I see in Parliament so many activities, so many good intentions, so much desire for efficiency, rendered nugatory and helpless.

I have now been in Parliament several years, I know my Constituency, at least, fairly; I see a hundred ways in which I could facilitate matters; I have looked into various projects for reproductive works; yet what have I been able to accomplish?

All this business that the full powers of the Congested Districts Board with their army of functionaries has blundered on for years, I, or anyone else in my position, with a little energy and common-sense could have disposed of in as many days. I might make mistakes. Yes, but I would get the business done. And have they made no mistakes?

I dwell for a moment on these matters, for though local they have only to be multiplied by the number of constituencies in Ireland, and they become National. Shortly after the Land Act of 1909 became the law of the land I met a tenant farmer on one of the estates. He was typical of a class; a middle-aged, weather-beaten, hard-working, but withal a jovial man. He was full of hope. He wanted to get to work. He wanted in the full prime of his energy to build up a home for his family. He was the very kind of man I desired to assist. Considerable time elapsed before the estate was reached. At last it was announced that the estate would be dealt with. There was no small anxiety locally. Ye gods and little fishes, no wonder that every tenant farmer in Ireland is a sort of agricultural lawyer. Each successive stage of the cumbrous machinery hangs over the whole community with the heaviness of a long-drawn mediaeval play. From time to time I heard from my friend. I could always tell what was in his letters before I opened them, for I always expected the most disappointing account. He used to write to urge me to give the thing a push, and he often used a phrase, "Desperate diseases need poisonous remedies!" Poor man, time spread out so long that the intervals became distant enough to allow him to forget that he had used the phrase before. I

remembered it because it struck me as quaint, especially as I could imagine his accent in uttering it, and I thought it a little paradoxical that he could apply such a term as desperate to the movements of an Irish Board. From time to time I heard that the poor man had indulged a little too freely in stimulants. I met him after a recovery from a bout, the hopeful middle-aged man had grown into an apathetic old man. A relative of his on whom he had built had emigrated. He himself had ceased even to denounce the Board !

The really terrible sight to behold in Ireland is, at any street corner in an Irish country town, a group of young men, of good natural physique, intelligent also, hanging round in listlessness, too depressed even to look for illicit excitements. It may be said that is the national misfortune of the country. Absurd ! Ireland properly handled could be made to support in comfort double the population that now subsists in misery.

What vitality too in these people ! I beg to offer two examples. They are not of the stage type of Irishman and Irishwoman, nor even of that kind whom sympathetic English people find when they come over and speak of the " dear interesting characters."

On one occasion I desired to visit a constituent at some distance from Kilrush, and I hired a side car. The day was bitterly cold. The whole county seemed to be a field of ice, and over this bleak plain the Atlantic winds blew fiercely. I was wearing a Melton overcoat, one that had been sufficient for all needs in England. A friend of mine, seeing me about to start, came forward with that ready friendliness of the Irish and offered me an Irish frieze over-

coat, which I put over the Melton. My driver appeared and we started. He had no overcoat at all. His jacket was not buttoned in front. He wore a cotton shirt. We bowled along in the icy wind, and in spite of my two overcoats I was chilled.

"A bit warm," cried my driver cheerily. I thought he was "pulling my leg," or "coddling" me, as he would express it in his vernacular. I looked at him. His cheeks were glowing and red. Struck with admiration, seized with the conviction that such a people could conquer the world, I entered into conversation with him. No, he would not stay in Ireland. There was nothing doing. He had a friend in the States.—Every man, woman, and child in Ireland has a relative, near or distant, or a friend in America.—He was scraping together every penny he could get to pay half his passage to the land of the Stars and Stripes. His friend who was beginning to do well would pay the other half. He lived for nothing else than to get away from Ireland. The young men depart in shoals, the active, the enduring, the bold.

My next example is drawn from another sex and from another class of society. Once at a small race meeting in Ireland, where by the way one of the races was won by an Old-age pensioner riding his own horse—these things happen only in Ireland—I observed that a young lady of my acquaintance had entered a horse. I asked her if she kept him entirely for racing purposes. "Oh, no," she replied, "we drive him in the trap, and faith, indeed we sometimes put him in the plough!"

The race for which this versatile animal ran was full of surprises and uncertainties, and these were added to by the fact that the people so crowded on

the course that the appearance was that of a public meeting rather than of a racing event. The horses threaded their way amongst the people, sometimes being brought to a standstill, and sometimes knocking down a man who knocked down his neighbour, and so on, until half a dozen were stretched on the ground. The course was very small and with sharp angles, and this circumstance proved fatal to the chances of the gallant steed in question, for at one point where he looked like winning he turned so dexterously and quickly into the straight that his jockey, unable to adapt himself to the crisis, continued in his previous direction, and hurtling through the air in a graceful parabola fell at length on the broad of his back.

For a moment I held my breath, but my young lady friend laughed in rippling gaiety. "He'll pretend he's hurt," she said, "and he'll wait till the ambulance comes round, but he knows perfectly well what is going on."

All of which proved to be true.

"Oh, what a race!" I exclaimed again. "Here is a girl beautiful as Hebe. Does she faint at a cut finger, or simper over sentimental woes? No, she laughs at an accident that might have killed a town-bred youth, but which hardly ruffles this strong Clare boy. Is not this the right development? Is not here a people that might aspire to the kingdom of earth?"

I can hear someone object that it is easy to be callous and hard of heart. But that is not the true meaning of the story. The young lady comes from a family noted for kindness and generosity. One instance will suffice. She told me that a poor neighbour had come to borrow a tree from her father.

“Borrow a tree ? ” I enquired.

“Oh, yes,” she said laughing. “They often do. They borrow the tree, but we never get it back, they use it for firewood ; and in that way we have parted with a good many of our trees ! ”

Yet all the energy and force is being constantly drained out of the country. At some little wayside station such a sight as the following is common : A crowd has collected on the platform. The train steams sharply up, half an hour late. The third-class carriages are already filled with young men and young women. At the station these are joined by a crowd of those who have been waiting. It is the train which takes them on the first stage to Queens-town, it is the Emigration train. That is a word big with meaning in the lives of all. The young men and women are full of hope, but they may never come back to their Motherland. The old men and the old women will never see their children again when once that train steams out of the station. Cries and lamentations fill the air, wailings, heartrending sobs. And as the train slowly moves some of the young women who have been standing on the platform saying their good-byes seem suddenly stricken by the immediate sense of loss. Frantically they rush after the train, crying, screaming ; and when the train has gone they stand the picture of grief, or send up their voices to the air in keening, while they wave and shake the arms and hands as if they were ringing bells.¹

¹ In a brochure entitled : “A Plea for Home Rule,” Mr. James O’Connor, K.C., now Solicitor-General for Ireland, gives some impressive figures :

That Ireland has not prospered during the last century goes

I have seen some heart-shaking scenes in various

without saying. The population was 8,175,124 in 1841. It is now 4,378,568. During the same period the population of England increased from 16,038,000 to 30,811,420. The acreage under tillage has diminished from 5,065,657 acres in 1887 to 4,650,397 acres in 1907. Population going down, the cost of running the country has steadily gone up. The cost of Dublin Castle increased between 1893 and 1907 from £862,438 to £1,035,500. Ireland has a population of 4,378,568 ; Scotland a population of 4,776,063. The cost of the Constabulary in Ireland (where indictable offences were 9,465 in 1906) is £1,484,548 per annum ; in Scotland (where the indictable offences numbered 22,476 in 1906) the cost of the police was £571,587. And whereas Ireland spends £1,391,721 on education, Scotland spends £2,254,484.

The total cost of legal machinery in Ireland, not including the cost of lunatic asylums, reformatories, and such other adjuncts, is £2,137,830 ; for Scotland it is £976,799.

Mr. John Redmond, M.P. speaking in London of the 1st of March 1912, drew a comparison between the conditions of administration in Ireland and in Scotland :

Ireland and Scotland had similar populations ; yet the customs in Scotland yielded £539,000 more than in Ireland, the Excise £1,470,000 more, Estate Duties £1,417,000 more, Stamps £316,000 more, and the Income Tax £3,420,000 more.

There were some peculiar features about the Income Tax. Schedule D, that was trades and professions, yielded in Ireland £335,000 and in Scotland £1,181,000 ; yet Schedule E, that was public offices and official salaries, yielded in Ireland £41,000 and in Scotland only £13,000.

Wages in Ireland were 7s. or 8s. a week lower than in Scotland or England.

In Ireland there were 3,401 miles of railway, with gross takings of £4,474,000 while in Scotland, with 7,781 miles of railway, the gross takings were £13,104,000.

The property assessed to Income Tax in the last twenty years increased, in England by £275,000,000, in Scotland by £28,000,000, and in Ireland by some £1,500,000.

The condition of the people working on the land in Ireland was improving rapidly, yet half of all the holdings in Ireland were under £10 valuation, while 134,182 were under £4 valuation, which meant that half the agricultural holders in Ireland were living on uneconomic holdings—holdings which could not provide a decent living.

climes, but I have known few that have made a greater impression on me than my first sight of such a leave-taking. Certainly on reflection I find some considerations that mitigate the tragedy of it. In the first place the Irishwomen of old practised keening as one of the arts. At an Irish funeral the dirge of lamentation of the old women sounds like all that one might imagine of the chorus of an Aeschylean tragedy. This wondrous power of keening has overflowed into Irish poetry, and has even weakened the note of national life.

Then again the young people have hardly been a day on board the boat before the natural Irish joviality and the immense hope reaching out to a new life, tell their tale, and good spirits prevail. But for the old people left behind there is too often loneliness, misery, despair. Ireland has given millions to America, to Australia, to South Africa ; but the race is fertile and under improved conditions the population would soon mount as high as in its best days.

It has been said of late that the spirit of the people has changed, and that there is no longer any real interest in Home Rule or in the broader question of Nationalism, and that if it were not for the agitators Ireland would settle down contentedly into the position of a province of Great Britain. Such opinions could result only from superficial observation, or from a desire to deceive.

I believe it to be true that some of the astutest leaders of the Parnell days considered that although Home Rule was the highest ideal, yet the people required a motive power in more solid and tangible interests. Hence the advantage of coupling the

land campaign with the fight for Home Rule. But then it may be said, now that the land question is settled, at least in principle, and in a few years will be entirely settled in fact, will not the Nationalist ideal disappear? I think not. The national ideal is a part of the very mode of thinking of the people.

Moreover the difficulties will not have vanished even with the settlement of the land question. The tenant farmers were sustained in the fight by the help of the townspeople. But the townspeople themselves have now waked to the fact that they too have a similar grievance, and the Town Tenants' League has been formed with branches in most of the towns of Ireland, to secure fair rent, fixity of tenure, and compensation for improvements. Is this an artificial movement suggested by and founded on that of the agricultural tenants? It will be easy to judge when a few relevant facts are given. In my own constituency only about 2 per cent. of the people live in houses of which they are the owners. Now is it possible to expect these people to take a pride in their houses, to improve them, to embellish them, when by so doing they would only put upon themselves an increased burden of rent? In the North of Ireland they speak of a Protestant-looking house, meaning thereby a neat and trim house, with a little flower-garden in front, or at any rate with some flower-pots in the window-sill. Yes, but the occupiers of these houses own these houses, or they have fair rent, and fixity of tenure.

In the South of Ireland it is, or has been hitherto, distressingly rare to find these attractive adornments to a dwelling. But those who are tempted to pass

hasty judgments should remember that human nature is to a considerable extent moulded by its conditions. In the new labourers' cottages in which a good deal of accommodation is supplied in a small space, and in which the rents are low and the tenure well secured, there is already a beginning of adornment. I remember a word of Mr. Birrell, who had taken a motor drive through a part of Clare. He said he had never seen sturdier or more handsome children than some he had met with there running about barefooted. As to the villages, there was not only comfort beginning to show, but coquetry!—lace curtains in the windows.

Let us look at the matter for a moment in a larger scope. In Kilrush I was shown an old record of a tour undertaken more than a hundred years ago by an adventurous Englishman, who had desired to study the natives at first hand. He found Kilrush beautifully situated, near the mouth of the noblest river in the British Isles, yet he observed that no great use had been made of these natural advantages. He enquired who was responsible. The reply was: Vandeleur. To his astonishment he found that Mr. Vandeleur owned the whole town, owned it in the literal sense. He enquired what improvements Vandeleur had effected. He was told, none. He enquired what industries Vandeleur had founded. He was told, none. He enquired what trade Vandeleur had encouraged. He was told, none. He enquired what this Vandeleur had done. He was told, raised the rents.

Being a practical man as well as a fair-minded Englishman, he comments on this case in words that are, unfortunately, as readable and apt to-day as

they were then. I say, unfortunately, for the circumstances have remained similar down to our own day. The English traveller exclaims not only against the injustice towards the Irish inhabitants, but against the cramping nature of the whole system that leaves to one man the present fate of a town, and the custody of its development, and that man so selfish and so little intelligent that even for his own benefit he had done nothing to exploit the natural resources of the place.

Note, moreover, that the name Vandeleur has not a particularly Milesian flavour nor Norman ring. It reminds one of Vanderdecken and Rip Van Winkle, but the original representative in Ireland seems to have been less enterprising than Vanderdecken, and not much more alert than Rip Van Winkle. How then did he happen to have fallen into such an earthly paradise as he possessed amid the mercurial Celts? By confiscation! I will say no more on this score. *Vae Victis*. The Celt should have defended his own better in the past; we are concerned with the present. The Vandeleurs—and I am only taking them as a type, and with no animus—simply sat upon the people like mandarins, “aliens in language, aliens in blood, aliens in religion.” They occupied the chief public offices in the community. They dispensed law. Yet while contributing nothing to the public weal, they set themselves constantly by inert opposition, and at the great crises, by vehement endeavour, to thwart every effort of the people towards freedom, towards education, towards personal independence, towards the light. Yet there have been, and there are still, good people in England who regard the tenants as miscreants

because they have not been content under these conditions.

Kilrush is still in the hands of one man, a courteous gentleman, I well believe, but one who is not the leader of any sort of public activity in the place. He is not a Member of Parliament or a Member of the County Council, nor indeed of any council dealing with local affairs; he does not live in the town. On the other hand that town contains intelligent men of spirit and enterprise, men who serve on the local councils and who do a great deal of useful public service. Their schemes for the betterment of Kilrush are all hampered by that cardinal fact, that the whole of Kilrush is in the hands of one man. And when I look at that admirably situated town, healthy in the tempered breezes that blow therein, with a port that could be made excellent, with its inhabitants, intelligent, enterprising, eager, I seem to see it strangled in the octopus grasp of a bad old system.

The same English traveller visited Spanish Point, and jotted remarks on a fine building there, the Atlantic Hotel, noted for its hot sea-baths. The hotel was then the resort of holiday parties, and the rendezvous of the aristocracy of the neighbourhood. When, a hundred years later, I visited it myself, its glory had departed. The solid walls of the old building were certainly as firm as ever; the wonderful site had not changed; from the bedroom window it was almost possible to jump into the Atlantic; a narrow terrace only intervened. Some little distance further west was a sandy beach. Behind was a rich grassy country spangled now in the million flowers of spring. The sky was blue, and the pure air came full in its

balmy strength ; a draught of this air was like a cup of wine. Inside the roomy bar, I saw a buxom young woman serving refreshments. The customers were two countrymen who sat in a dark corner. A bookshelf containing books was in the bar-room. The volumes seemed now to serve as nests for the spiders who had woven their webs thickly on the shelves. I picked up one or two of the books, feeling that my sacrilegious hands had been the first for a century to intrude on that collection. The books were a curious medley—prayer-books, a book of songs, an old arithmetic book, and a history of Ireland. In a magnificent billiard-room was a table whose green baize for a hundred years had stood the battle and the breeze. In this room too was a relic of one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada driven ashore near by. Upstairs were bedrooms, some containing superb bedsteads that might have come from Versailles, and with canopies overhead.

“Luxury !” I said to the humorous Irish “boy” who accompanied me.

“Faith,” he replied, “you’d think so, if you saw the rain coming in from that hole in the roof, or mebbe a squirrel takin’ a peep at ye !”

“What about the famous baths ?” I asked.

“They’re there,” he said, “but they’re out of action !”

We looked at them. They were the receptacle of books, musty old furniture, and cobwebs.

When I look upon the West Coast of Ireland I see not merely such resorts of natural delight as I have described, but elsewhere, as at Kilkee, where it might seem that Nature had sat down as a cunning artificer to contrive a haunt of pleasure, where a little land-

locked bay with shelving sand smiles sheltered from the broad Atlantic that booms on the giant guardian rocks beyond. If any such spot had been discovered in the south of France, in Spain, in the Canaries, it would be famous as a Mecca of fashion.

But here it may be said are matters that might have been dealt with independently of the question of Home Rule. It does not require an Act of Parliament to enable an hotel to cater for customers. But it must be remembered that Kilkee is also all in the hands of one man. And further the laws in dealing with landed property have been made so complicated that it is a fearsome thing to meddle with titles. In other countries, in Australia for instance, a man may transfer his land to another by a mode of which the chief formality is due entry in a register. In Ireland reforms have been tending in that direction; but I have known men who have been led into law on such questions; and all that the law involved, and the expenses that have arisen, have become their preoccupation for the next five years.

In order to obtain facilities to advertise a town as a health resort it was found necessary to appeal to Parliament. In that case after much delay the powers required were obtained, but Parliament with its cumbrous machinery, its slow methods, its congested condition, is obviously unsuitable for dealing with local matters of no immediate interest to citizens of Great Britain, yet of real importance to the development of Ireland.

It is in the light of all these considerations that we can answer the question: Has the virtual settlement of the Land question taken all the reality out of the National ideal? No. Because in the first place the

reforms which have been carried have only prepared the way for other vital reforms to come, and these are of far-reaching importance and national concern. But the deepest answer consists in this, that the Irish demand for repeal, for independence, for autonomy, for Home Rule, or by whatever means that aspiration has been known, is not based on the calculation of mere financial benefits. The spirit of that movement has gone into the being of the Irish people. Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, Davis, and Meagher, were not men who chaffered in a huckster's shop for the liberties of Ireland; they were heroes who threw gallantly into the scale all that was dearest to themselves. These were among the men who inspired Ireland, and vivified her with their own undying spirit. And the sapient "mellow" statesmen come to us from their red-lined ledgers, or their partridge preserves, and tell us that for these payments on account of justice, these doles, and sops, Irishmen will sell their souls and renounce their aspirations.

I know better, for since I came to Ireland never have I made an appeal to Irishmen except on the broad principle of Nationalism. Individual Irishmen may be shrewd at a bargain, some may be place-hunters and gain-seekers, some may have even a dubious sense of public morality; get these men together in a public meeting, and the address to which they respond, which vibrates in their hearts and thrills them in enthusiasm, that address is one which throws before their eyes the image of Irish struggles and points the way to the fulfilment of Ireland's triumph. There is no business man so sordid as to be content with a presentation of Ire-

land's claims on a basis of 5 per cent. ; he rises to the conception of the green flag of Erin floating over his own Parliament in College Green, the visible sign and symbol of victory, the emblem of a race united, progressive, and free !

Before concluding this chapter let us take a survey of the whole matter, on broad lines, and from a detached point of view. Let us look at Ireland with knowledge, if possible, with information, and with a sort of historical insight, even as Julius Caesar described Britain, or Arthur Young studied France ; what would we find ? A country which, not rich in minerals, is excellent for agricultural purposes, and which is capable of supporting 10,000,000 in competence, but which nourishes little more than 4,000,000 in poverty. A people active, of a good and lively disposition, finding no outlet for their energies and living in a great proportion of cases lives of despondency, of hopelessness. A hard-working people of fine physique yet in great part destitute of employment. An enterprising people with scanty industries and limited trade. An agricultural people who have not been able to develop half the possibilities of the cultivation of the soil. A farming people with insufficient markets. An intelligent people deprived hitherto of the Government of their own country. A generous people united to England as a sullen neighbour. A brave people of potential soldiers, a source of strength, but in untoward conditions a thorn in the flesh to England. These facts indicate the material miseries of Ireland ; they throw into relief the old incompetence of English rule.

Is there no other side to the picture possible ? Yes, there is possibility of mutual help, mutual en-

deavour, mutual trust, of that natural condition of association when we find that

Good,
The more communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impaired but honoured more.

It behoves us all to cast aside all petty motives, and work for that accomplishment.

CHAPTER IV

THE IRISH IN AMERICA

THE Irish in America : that is a name of great portent. It makes an effect in a debate in the House of Commons, or in private conversation with some earnest Liberal or well-intentioned Tory, to utter in impressive tones, Irish in America. It never fails to produce a significant shake of the head and a look of political profundity, all the more profound when the politician is at a loss to say, who and what the Irish in America are.

On two occasions I have visited America, and on both these occasions I have had as good an opportunity as most of knowing the Irish in America. From my earliest years I had been acquainted with the history of America, had found it fascinating, and had always held before me as a dream to be realised a visit to the land of the Stars and Stripes. No born American could have experienced a greater thrill of delight on seeing "Old Glory" than I did when I first beheld that flag of freedom flying over American soil. A magnificent sweep up the harbour to New York, the giant statue of Liberty, the wonderful Brooklyn Bridge—seen dimly through the grey misty morning, it looked as if suspended from the clouds—and then the irregular skyline of New York with its grandeur, its audacities, its stretching out

towards the future, all made an impression which can never be forgotten.

It was easy for me to fall in with the Irish in America and with Americans generally, for they seemed to me not unlike Australians. I liked their freedom, their independence. It was a revelation to find the manner in which looking through the reverse end of the telescope, they regarded the institutions and the pomp and circumstance of the British Isles.

I confess I was somewhat disappointed at the first view of the physique of the Yankees. I had always associated ideas of liberty and independence with a dauntless manner, bold bearing, and fine physique. I could find little indeed that to me was reminiscent of the spirit of Washington, Andrew Jackson, or Jefferson. Gradually, however, this impression became corrected. The reputation of a country sometimes rests less on the average type than on some brilliant exceptions who nevertheless are indigenous to the soil ; as, for instance, when in Madrid I sought long to find a beautiful woman, until one night at the theatre I saw a young Signorina step from her carriage in all the mild splendour of a beauty that might have taken a sculptor's breath away.

A few repetitions of a similar experience made me think of Spain as the land of beautiful women, and now also I remember the magnificent types of physical humanity with whom I became acquainted in the United States, and of whom my old friend, John L. Sullivan, was one of the best. That fighter has been made famous in marble, and also celebrated in poetic prose by another Irish genius, John Boyle O'Reilly. I was welcomed with the warm American

hospitality which sometimes astonishes our "serious Angles." I was told in Yankee phrase "to come right along and we'll fix you up." One of the first men to whom I was introduced caught me by the lapel of the coat and said: "That is good stuff, what did you pay for that coat?" This remark surprised me at the moment, and it did not occur to me until long afterwards that it was a test to ascertain as to whether I belonged to a certain inner circle or not. During my stay in America I met with other curious remarks, as, for instance, when I was asked abruptly, "Did you go to Church this morning?" This again was but the probing of one of those secrets which Irishmen are prone to harbour, but which always lie uneasy in their minds unless everyone knows that it is a secret. There seemed to me little need for secrecy in America, which is a free country, generally sympathetic to the Irish cause, and where all the objects of the great Irish societies are perfectly legitimate.

Moreover, although I was unable to respond to these secret signals I seemed to be admitted pretty freely to meetings of organisations which are generally believed to be secret. I remember on one occasion a visitor had entered in the usual way, a mild little gentleman, who seemed astonished to find himself in the presence of the fiery orator who was in full swing in front of him, and whose speech was applauded so vehemently by determined-looking men all around him. After some time he explained that he thought he had come into the wrong room. He had. He was a member of a Quaker-like society, which was holding a convention overhead. That little incident seemed to me to throw a beam of light on the degree

of secrecy with which these great Irish organisations invested themselves. There was another point of still greater importance in this regard. Such organisations in America are nearly all advocates of physical force. I certainly had no sentimental objection to physical force then, nor indeed have I now. All Governments, even the best regulated, depend on physical force, or as Napoleon Bonaparte expressed it with terseness, "Laws rest on bayonets." A good Government keeps the bayonets in evidence as little as possible, and the machine runs smoothly. When an untoward incident of any great magnitude occurs, such as the famous gun-running in Ulster, the truth of the aphorism is truly seen, for where the force of the nation is flouted the law has ceased to exist.

It must be remembered that these Irish Americans have come from a stock which has suffered persecution and oppression for generations. They have been practically driven from Ireland by stern necessity, and they have departed to the accompaniment of jibes and insults. The memories of these wrongs have been nursed, and they have no obligation whatever not to show themselves the most bitter and irreconcilable enemies of England, nor to refrain from using all the physical force at their command. What I really found was something to the contrary of this idea. I did not see effective physical force. Sometimes in casting my eye over a vast hall filled with ten thousand people I have noted the fine physique and military bearing, as well as the resolute and determined look in the faces, as of men dipped in the energising bath of the Republic. These men were great as fighting material. Multiply such a meeting

by hundreds, and a good notion may be obtained of the capacity for physical force of the Irish in America. Yet at moments of crisis the physical-force principle has hitherto failed. During the Fenian times physical force in America simply amounted to a daring but abortive raid into Canada. It is true, however, that a great number of the Fenian agitators were Irishmen who had fought in the American Civil War and afterwards had crossed over to Ireland warm with all the qualities of daring soldiers and formidable conspirators. Nevertheless the fact remains that the American organisations have never played a really important part as physical-force movements. During the Boer War the Irish organisations in America furnished less than one hundred soldiers for the front, and some of these were men of no great military value. One of them disappeared when he discovered that fighting was really intended. Another had never ridden a horse in his life, although of course, in the Boer mode of warfare good riding was essential. In order to balance this statement, however, I should add that this young man was a "born soldier." He mounted his horse for the first time with great assurance and pluck, and he had not been in laager a week before he could ride well enough for duty.

There is a saying that has come down from O'Connell's time that England's danger is Ireland's opportunity. If then there ever occurred an event which should have called forth the entire strength of the physical-force party in America, that surely was the Boer War which tried England's resources severely, which lasted some three years and during which, for a certain period at least, the fortunes of

the belligerents hung in the balance. That period had already passed when these Irish American volunteers appeared upon the scene; their contribution therefore to the outcome of the campaign was negligible. When after my return to Europe I proceeded to America I found "tall talk" of war, but when I enquired how it came about that so few volunteers had been sent, I was informed that even this result did not spring from the official action of any great organisation.

The work of recruiting and equipping of these men was mainly due to the determination and energy of Colonel John Finerty, a man who had seen service in Indian warfare and who was afterwards noted as one of the most powerful platform orators in America. It appears that when the proposition was made to seize this famous opportunity to strike a blow on physical-force lines the leaders objected that such an action would "break up the organisation." When I heard this the sense of the ridiculous so surged upon my mind as to sweep away the last trace of exasperation. Here were these mighty organisations kept alive by the devotion and sometimes by the very real self-sacrifice of ardent Irishmen in America, organisations which had seen many fortunes, which had been in existence for years, which had wielded great political power, but of which the sole ostensible reason for existence was the advocacy, and at the right moment, the realisation of the doctrines of physical force. The opportunity had come, and when the whole Irish world was expecting that as at Fontenoy these warriors would electrify the field by the display of their impetuous valour, what happened? The astute leaders put down their foot

firmly, and said, "No, we are not going to break up the organisation!" And when Colonel John Finerty insisted, he roused a storm of opposition and a personal hostility which continued to be waged against him till the day of his death.

Before proceeding I will dwell upon John Finerty for a moment, for he was a type again and again reproduced in Irish history. I had heard of his fame and particularly of the irresistible flow of his oratory. This is a type of which I have always been suspicious, so that I had no great predilections in favour of John Finerty. The moment I shook hands with him, however, all my "preventions" vanished. He was one of those men who had the secret, such as I think Irishmen more than any other race possess, of geniality, or rather of something richer than that, the outpouring of an overflowing cordial nature. There was in this, however, no art of manner. The sole secret lay in the generous impulses of his great heart. He was a very big man, not only tall, but broad and massive, such a man as one might have pictured holding the centre of Brian Boru's army at Clontarf, wielding a ponderous battle-axe like a whip, and with a dauntlessness which had grown up in association with that exuberant physique.

His oratory was such as one might have expected in a man of that type who had become studious and well read, and in whom a serious concern for affairs had not extinguished that native humour of his race which indeed had grown proportionate to the figure of the man. I was present when he addressed a large assembly, at a time when feelings were mounting in regard to the great presidential election; and,

with his rich rolling voice endowed with many cadences, I saw him move the audience to laughter and to tears, and work them up again to a tone of fierce determination. Finerty was one of those who looked at most political questions simply from the Irish point of view, and this gave rise to a famous joke on the part of another Irishman, Mr. Peter Dunn, the author of "Mr. Dooley in Peace and War." Dunn related that when Colonel Finerty was coming out of Congress one day he met a friend, a fellow Irishman, who asked him what was being done. Finerty replied: "Nothing important, only American business."

This joke, which no doubt exaggerated the position a little, caused resentment in the mind of Colonel Finerty and for a time he and the creator of "Dooley" were not on speaking terms. I was the innocent cause of their reconciliation. On the very day that I had been introduced to Finerty I was walking with him along Broadway when Dunn passed. Seeing Finerty he offered to him a somewhat effaced and diffident bow to which Finerty made no response. I looked at the gentleman and from pictures I had seen I guessed that he was no other than Mr. Dunn. I said to Finerty: "I believe that was Dooley Dunn."

Finerty with his massive head in the air replied: "Possibly."

I had not been aware of any cause of friction between them and so I continued: "He bowed to you, you know."

"Did he?" cried Finerty, suddenly.

His whole manner changed. It was like the melting of an iceberg. He turned and ran after Dunn. I ran with him. He caught Dunn by the

elbow and introduced me to him, and we all three spent a happy time together. I thought there was a touch of Irish history there, a little parable which sent the plummet deep.

To resume the question of the Irish organisations, there was from the point of view of the leaders a great deal in the plea that Finerty's action might break up the organisations, that is to say, might break them up if the physical-force principle was only a banner to flatter the hopes of enthusiastic Irishmen, and if the real purpose in the minds of those astute leaders was found in their influence on American politics. It is almost inevitable when any powerful organisation has been built up from any motive or on any principle whatever that finally it will be turned to use as an engine in determining the fortunes of one of the great political parties of the state. The origin of Tammany Hall, for instance, is to be found in the desire of a few ardent young men for high principle in political matters and purity in administration. Tammany Hall at its beginning had more resemblance to a Young Men's Christian Association than to the terrible "Tiger" so often assailed by reformers and so often lampooned by caricaturists. So it will always be with regard to organisations in America, even physical-force organisations, for physical force is a somewhat far-off thing and not always appreciated or welcomed when brought near, whereas the battles of Democrats and Republicans are always with us and a world of spoils marks the difference between victory and defeat. It is almost inevitable then that such organisations will find their chief use in regimenting men in the electoral campaigns.

Irishmen have won a great reputation for political aptitude and this has certainly reached its highest development in the United States. The keenness of the Yankees, their business-like standards, their directness and go-aheadedness, have proved just the very tonics required to give edge, precision, and intention to the great Irish qualities of energy, courage, and dash. An incident comes to my mind which illustrates the political faculty of Irishmen. I visited one of the large American cities, which I will not more closely indicate, inhabited mainly by the Irish and Germans, the Teuton element having been brought there on account of the brewing industries of the place which is famous for its beer. The Germans are in the majority. One of my friends I shall call Michael O'Halloran—he was not one of the Germans. Michael was a man of great local influence. We were discussing the power of the Irish in the Government. "Well, Michael," I said, "how are you doing in this city?" Had Michael been an untravelled Irishman he might have answered impulsively; but he was an American, and he had absorbed American aplomb and had cultivated coolness with all the intensity of a Celtic nature. When an Englishman looks cool and stolid the reason generally is that he is cool and stolid, but when an Irishman is cool and stolid we get beyond nature, it is a work of Art. So Michael drew three puffs of his cigar, gently knocked off the ash on the heel of his boot and answered, "P'utty well."

"Ah!" I replied, "Michael, and what do you call pretty well?" Michael took three more long-drawn puffs and held up his cigar balanced between the thumb and index finger as he spoke slowly:

"There are one hundred offices in the gift of this Municipality. We have got ninety-eight."

"Michael," I said, "you have done pretty well."

Tammany Hall has been plentifully abused as the seat of corruption and the model of all that is iniquitous, but even in that regard we must hold the scales fairly, although without weakness. I do not think any standard of rectitude can be cast too high for the conduct of public affairs. A public office should be regarded as a duty; and, higher even than in the case of the social or personal life, a public man should be able to repeat the proud saying: "Touch my honour, touch my eye." Consequently I would like to see eliminated not only from America, but from Ireland, and from England, all that system of gaining power by purchase of votes either directly or in tortuous ways which eventually result in it, and I would desire to see a representative chosen solely for the good character of his principles and the integrity of his conduct in public affairs. But that is a counsel of perfection, and no one would say it applied to Tammany. But Tammany retorts, and certainly not without reason, that the same principles are at work on the Republican side, and, bringing the matter nearer home, in England even amongst the most select party and the most distinguished representatives of the nation. In the House of Commons itself, have we never heard of votes being secured by offices, by appointments, by all manner of social dignities, by those dazzling lures of which the knighthood appeals to thousands and the peerage to the upper crust of wealth of those thousands.

Tammany has become especially notorious of late

on account of the revelations of the police methods of terrorism and graft. When it becomes possible in a great city for a police officer to remove a citizen by having him shot by gun-men, it is time for the State to sit in inquest on the whole system. I have only referred to Tammany in passing for I am not acquainted with all the extraordinary ramifications of that system, but I believe that in spite of the many scandals associated with its name its success is mainly due to the development to a high degree of those principles of organisation which all political parties practise, and in which their leaders take a pardonable pride. I met several leaders of Tammany whilst I was in New York ; and they were all serious men, and they had the reputation of leading irreproachable personal lives.

Before leaving the question of these organisations I will touch upon another trait of character. One action of the Clan-na-Gael caused it to leap into the limelight of the American stage ; that was the murder of Dr. Cronin. The question aroused deep passions and in the organisation itself the cleavage was very deep. One side asserted that Cronin was a spy, and that his death was simply a justifiable act of execution. Another section, perhaps smaller, asserted that Cronin was a patriotic man, independent, intelligent, and upright, and that his main offence was that he had at times thwarted the leaders and had insisted upon a scrupulous overhauling of the accounts. One of the prominent leaders told me that he was unable to determine which of these judgments was correct, but that he would like to introduce me to the man who was generally believed to have engineered the plot of the slaying of Cronin.

This was the late Alexander Sullivan, a man who was at one time chosen to run in the Irish interest for the vice-Presidency of the United States. What share, if any, Sullivan had taken in the assassination of Cronin I do not know; he was certainly a man not averse to violent actions as the following little story will indicate. One day in Chicago, Sullivan was walking with his wife who was remarkable for her personal beauty. He entered a tobacconist's shop to get a cigar, leaving his wife outside; she walked quietly up and down outside the shop. When in a few moments he reappeared, she, her eyes blazing with indignation, pointed out to him a man who, she said, had insulted her. Sullivan instantly whipped out his revolver and shot the man dead. He was acquitted for this even with acclamation; and in regard to the Cronin affair no charge was ever sheeted home against him.

I found him seated in an office in one of those vast American buildings which are perfect beehives of business. It was a remarkable man I saw before me. He recalled President MacKinley, who again was said by his admirers to have resembled Napoleon. But Sullivan was a man cast in a stronger mould than MacKinley; there was something more powerful and determinate in the set of his features. He was certainly a man of great intelligence, quiet and courteous in manner, discoursing freely on many subjects and speaking always with judgment and good sense. But in that grey steely eye there was a light which told me of a man who could be a redoubtable opponent and terrible enemy. I regarded him as a political lost soul. He had qualities of brain and character which might have advanced him to

the highest rank in his country, but he had drooped to the condition of those whose names are remembered only on account of the mystery that lurks about their character.

About the same time also I had a conversation with a Western judge, one of those Irishmen whose temperament and style seem expressly formed to belie the popular opinion of the Irishman, or at any rate of the stage Irishman—a studious reflective man. I said to him it was a source of pleasure to me to think that the Irish people had been so successful in America. He said in reply: “No they have not been successful. Or rather not nearly as successful as they might be.” As this was the first time I had heard such a note I pricked up my ears and asked him to explain.

He continued: “You think they are successful because your attention has been attracted by many men of Irish names who have become famous in America, and you have met Irishmen occupying high positions and wielding great authority. But you must consider the condition of the whole race of that great mass of people numbering millions who have come from Ireland to the United States. A great number go under. A great proportion are simply hewers of wood and drawers of water and apparently destined to remain so. They migrate too much to the large towns where a few achieve success, but where a great number endure all sorts of miseries. Then far too many of them spend their whole time in politics. It is very useful, of course, in fact it is necessary for the salvation of the race that they should have great political representatives but, quite apart from this, there are many who are shift-

less and who merely hang round the outskirts of politics. Then again most of those who have gained distinction have done so through the paths of politics. We want something else, we want other activities, we want more extensive and better education, and we must not be content simply with laying the flattering unction to our souls that we have achieved success in the States."

From time to time I reflected upon these remarks and too often I found something that verified them. There are many fields of honourable ambition in the States in which Irishmen have not sufficiently made their mark; for instance, in the enormous domain now opened up by the sciences and their myriad applications to all kinds of industries, Irishmen are not sufficiently represented. There are a few bright names here and there of quite Milesian flavour—Murphy, with his famous button, comes to my mind for one—but these only serve to indicate that the pure Celt has the qualities necessary to fit him to achieve brilliant success in the most arduous fields of science; he should direct his energy far more than hitherto in that direction. Then again in looking over the list of celebrated American millionaires, who in the picturesque words of the *Yellow Journal* from which I take the list, "wield the destinies of America," I find few Irish names. I do not take the millionaire as a high type of humanity. When I have heard at times of how fortunes are made, my impulse has not been to raise my eyes in worship of the golden calf but to enquire why the people did not go after the wretch with shot-guns. Yet if the Irish were sufficiently represented in the world of commercial enterprise

the spirit of emulation alone would lead them to fight for the seats of distinction.

I could continue but I believe the upshot is this, that outside the circle of politics Irishmen have not yet rendered in the public life of America that record of which the race is capable. And even in politics we are obliged to make this qualification, that in the very highest field of influence the Irish element is not sufficiently represented. There have not been many American presidents bearing Irish names. Certainly MacKinley's grandfather was said to have been hanged in '98, and that has always been a source of satisfaction to us; and President Roosevelt told me himself that he had a strain of Irish blood in his veins, and that he was proud of it. For some years past Irishmen have been able to give as the reason for a deficiency of influence that they have in the great bulk supported the Democrats, and the Democrats have been successful only on few occasions. Now at length the Democrats are in power, but when President Wilson was forming his Cabinet he did not go to the Irish for his men. Bryan is certainly an Irish name, but I know that Bryan declared on one occasion that he had been unable to discover any Irish ancestors, though this failure has not prevented him on suitable occasions as at Irish gatherings, from claiming their support on account of his patronymic.

Moreover, I met with this curious fact, that the second and third generations often fall entirely from the Cause as viewed from the Irish standpoint. I have heard of the sons of those whose names have figured prominently in Irish rebellions and agitations, and those sons have either drifted away from the

Irish cause or deliberately turned their back upon it. The Yankees are essentially the people of the present and the future, and it is difficult to interest them in the story of antiquated wrongs or the records of past oppressions and hopeless campaigns for redress. Something new, something of development, something involving a great effort and a great prize must be held up before their eyes to excite their enthusiasm. There is a great deal of right in that appreciation of things.

On the other hand, it must be noted that even those who are indifferent to the Irish cause are not in the least enamoured of any policy which helps England; and here I think we are touching on the nerve of the real formidable influence of the Irish in American affairs. I would like to throw this matter out in the very clearest relief for the instruction both of Irish and English statesmen. I have spoken of the big organisations and with no great faith in the professed central object of their existence, but I have a very great respect for the power wielded by a chain of such organisations running through all the States of America and working determinedly in one direction. At the moment of political crisis most of these organisations are of course dead against England. Moreover, we have seen that when the German and the Irish men are pitted together on equal terms the Irish man displays, in politics at least, an organising faculty superior to that of the German. Lately the German and the Irish organisations have made many overtures towards a possible banding together for certain purposes and if such a union were accomplished it is possible that the organisations so

formed might control all the great works of American policy.

From time to time the Irish alone have defeated projects which would have rendered great service to England. I remember Michael Davitt telling me that on one occasion an arbitration treaty was on the point of being concluded between Great Britain and the United States, and this with the acquiescence, rather than with any enthusiastic support of American politicians. Davitt learned of the move in time to go to Washington and after a few days' active lobbying amongst the Senators he was able to secure the rejection of the measure. Since that time the urgency to England of such a treaty or its equivalent has become more and more pressing.

It must not be forgotten that when the conditions of English greatness are explored they will be found to derive from a period, when, as after the Battle of Trafalgar, England had swept her rivals from the sea and had gained a free hand for expansion and trade in the lands of almost unlimited resources over the seas. England is now being hard pressed by keen rivals and even in the test for naval supremacy she is by no means secure in her position. To sum up in a few words what could be expanded into a volume, it seems to me that the closest possible friendship with the United States is necessary to England's salvation. The Irish element hitherto stood in the way, their opposition would in great part disappear if all cause of ill-will at home were removed.

The European war has afforded the confirmation of what is here set down. The powerful German influence in the States was found unanimous and

furiously hostile to England. Had an event arisen to produce unanimity and hostility also throughout the entire Irish population in Ireland, in England, in the Dominions, and in America, a situation of serious danger to the British Government would have arisen. The evidence of good-will shown in placing the Home Rule Act on the Statute Book prevented such a combination. The lesson thus obtained should suggest the ultimate settlement of the whole Irish question on large and generous lines.

CHAPTER V

PRIESTS IN POLITICS

A CONVERSATION which is typical comes to my mind. An English confrère waxed eloquent on the subject of priests in politics, pointed out the many evils that resulted from the mingling of spiritual influences in purely secular affairs, and finally asked me if I did not agree that the system should be ended. My reply was that I was prepared to go further than he.

"Ah," he exclaimed in eagerness, "what would you do?"

I answered that I would like to prevent not only priests but Protestant clergymen from using undue influence in politics. My confrère's whole attitude changed. He had been riding the high horse in virtuous indignation against the tyranny of the priests, but he viewed with a complacent eye, not to say lively approval, the brigading of young Oxford curates as electioneering agents for the Tory party. "I regard myself," said one of these zealots, "as a connecting link between the Upper and the Lower classes." And this exquisite union of dignity and humility seemed to encourage him to invoke the authority of the Anglican Church and the co-operation of God in a parish contest.¹

¹ I have a sheaf of notes collected at various periods, all telling the same story, the intolerance that has infected so many ecclesiastical souls. The spirit of these is well expressed in a passage which I quote

At the outset I will say that I do not desire here to trench upon the question of religion. All the

from a recent letter of Mr. J. G. Swift MacNeill, K.C., M.P., himself a Protestant, to the Right Rev. Dr. D'Arcy. The letter which appeared in the "Freeman's Journal" bears the date of 11th November 1913.

MY LORD BISHOP,—I feel it due to myself as an Irish Protestant who cannot sign his name without being reminded of his associations with Irish Protestant Churchmen to take grave exception to a series of extraordinary statements made by you with reference to your Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen—statements which assume an enormous gravity when coming from a Prelate of your well-deserved eminence for piety and learning.

In an address to the Synod of the Diocese of Down, Connor and Dromore you say in reference to the Roman Catholic Church, "toleration for her is only a temporary expedient." Would it not grieve us to hear any Roman Catholic pronounce such a judgment on the Irish Protestant Church, even if he were to base it on an historical document and make the following incontrovertible statement: "An assembly of Irish Protestant Prelates, convened by Archbishop Usher, declared 'the religion of Papists is superstitious and idolatrous, their faith and doctrine erroneous and heretical, their Church in respect to both apostatical; to give them, therefore, a toleration or to consent that they may freely exercise their religion and profess their faith and doctrine is a grievous sin' "?

I quote another example from a Home Rule publication:

When the disestablishment of the Church was proposed, Irish Protestants threatened civil war, exactly as they are doing to-day, and with exactly the same seriousness of intention; but it was not for religion they were proposing to fight. The Rev. Henry Henderson, of Holywood, one of their chief spokesmen, said, before a great Orange meeting at Saintfield, County Down:

It was right they should tell their English brethren the truth. It was right they should tell them that so long as there was Protestantism in the land, and a Protestant Sovereign occupying the throne, so long must there be a Protestant Ascendancy.

If it be objected that the incidents refer to a past time and that the spirit has changed, I will simply appeal to any man of candour, on either side, who has interested himself in an Election for Parliament

great churches, however, have two aspects ; one as the centre of the propagation of an evangel—revela-

in any part of England ; can he say otherwise than that the Church as a Church, and the individual clerics as partisans, take an active interest in politics, and that they do not hesitate to use the authority they derive from their religion ? Here is an instance I take from "John Bull," which is not, I believe, a Home Rule paper. The date is 21st May 1910. It illustrates the methods of a clergyman in his opposition to Radicals.

Of course, it was not only Free Church ministers who distinguished themselves during the late election. For instance, there was the Rev. W. Bankes Williams, Vicar of Acton, in the Sunbury Division. This good man sent out a circular to the village electors hoping that they "would refuse to support a party which is allied to another party whose leader makes these confessions of doctrine : (1) I deny the existence of a Heavenly Father ; (2) I strongly believe that Jesus Christ never existed at all ; (3) I do not believe that there is any Heaven, and I scorn the idea of Hell." We do not know what leader of a party has expressed himself in this way, but, assuming the rev. gentleman means that the Liberals are allied with the Labourites, and in that case assuring him that both of them deny being allied with each other, we may say the leader of the Labourites is Mr. Arthur Henderson, a Wesleyan preacher of great piety. If the rev. gentleman is pointing at Mr. Blatchford, that gentleman is in fact "allied" with the Tory party, and probably won a few seats for them. We know what they call the *suggestio falsi* in Whitechapel. Will our rev. friend tell us what they call it in the religious circle in which he moves ?

In a recent issue of the "Daily Chronicle" (9th December 1910) appears a report referring to the case of the Rev. J. M. Carrack, curate of St. James's, Little Roke, Kenley, from which I extract the following :

Nothing, indeed, occurred to mar the serenity of his life and career till the election of January 1910. Then it became known that he was guilty of the crime of being a Liberal. It became known that he was in favour of the terrible Budget ; he was in favour of the land taxes ; he was in favour of the super-tax on big incomes ; he was in favour, not of the rich, but of the poor.

And some of the select people of Coulsdon and Kenley held up their hands in horror.

He did not go on Liberal platforms ; he did not advertise his

tion, philosophy, or dogma ; the other as a social and political organisation. In making the distinction

Liberal views. But it was sufficient that he was a Liberal. From that moment, by some people at least, he seems to have been condemned.

A representative of the "Daily Chronicle" yesterday called on him, and asked if he had any evidence to bear out what people in the district were saying—that he was having to leave because of his politics.

Almost without a word he went to a cabinet, produced some letters, and handed them for inspection. This was the effect of one :—

I understand you are in favour of the Liberal Government and that that Government intends to bring in a Welsh Dis-establishment Bill. Yet I am asked to contribute towards your stipend.

In another letter one reads :

Apart from other things, I am afraid your party has the intention of disendowing the Church.

No fewer than 430 people signed a petition to the Bishop of Southwark that Mr. Carrack should not leave the district, but that the parish should be divided and that he should have charge of the working class portion in which he has laboured so hard and well. Another petition to the same effect was signed by practically all the people living on the Downs.

Such petitions, at any rate, show that in the district where he and his work are known he has been beloved and appreciated. But the way of the Liberal is hard.

This certainly refers to England, but I am merely showing that undue influence in politics is not confined to the priests in Ireland. From another bundle of notes I observe certain circumstances which could have no other cause than long-continued, unfair discrimination in regard to religion.

A Parliamentary White Paper (moved for by Mr. MacVeagh, M.P.) gives a summary of the religious denominations of the Irish Magistrates in both counties and boroughs. It shows that in the counties there are 5,347 persons on the Commission of the Peace, of whom 3,302 are Protestants, and 2,033 Roman Catholics, six are set down as of other religious denominations, one is a Jew, and in five cases the religion is unknown. It is well to note that the Episcopalians, who form one-tenth of the population, can boast of 2,631 magistrates, while the Presbyterians, who

the churches themselves have already aided us, for in their political propaganda, for example, I have

almost equal the Episcopalians in number, have but 526. In the boroughs the totals of Episcopalians and Presbyterians are 194 and 117 respectively, so that the aggregates are more nearly proportionate. Of the gross total of 5,959 magistrates in all Ireland, 2,825 are Episcopalians, 643 are Presbyterians, and 2,275 are Roman Catholics.

To interpret these documents aright the proportion of Catholics to Protestants in Ireland should be borne in mind. Clearly a spirit has been at work. That spirit is here indicated :

Until the passing of Mr. Gerald Balfour's Local Government Act for Ireland, the Episcopalians also controlled, through the now defunct Grand Juries, the local government of nearly every county in Ireland. Even in counties where the Roman Catholics formed 95 per cent. of the population, it was an event of the rarest occurrence to appoint a Roman Catholic to even the most menial office. The appointment of a Presbyterian or a Methodist was even rarer. It was of this system that John Bright declared in the House of Commons :

These Ulstermen have stood in the way of improvement in the Franchise, in the Church, and in the Land Question. They have purchased Protestant Ascendancy, and the price paid for it is the ruin and degradation of their country."

A piquant letter from a Protestant, Mr. J. Annan Bryce, M.P., further illustrates this matter :

It was natural that in the past the influence of the Irish priests should be great. They come from the peasant class, and have a fellow-feeling with its ills, and were the friends (indeed, the only friends) of that class in its long social struggle. They possessed the natural influence given by a better education ; and, in fact, in many parts of Ireland the priest was the only educated man whose advice and help the people could obtain. After all, their power has, perhaps, not been so great as that of the parson in rural England, wielding, as the latter does, the temporal weapon of the deprivation of coals and blankets—a weapon probably more potent in some cases than any mere spiritual menace of what may happen in a future state. Since the Local Government Act of 1898 it has not been found that the priest interferes, unless in the rare cases where there is a question of personal morality, and then not always with success.

Finally I could show official documents in hand, that whereas Catholics

never known them derive their positions from the Sermon on the Mount, nor draw inspiration from the precepts of meekness therein contained.

Having cleared the ground in this manner, I will say candidly that I am not opposed to the influence of priests in politics, if when entering into the political arena the priest will divest himself of his saintly office, offer arguments like other men, stand the same scrutiny and criticism, and take good-humouredly the rubs and cuffs incidental to a political struggle ; I am resolutely opposed to priests in politics when the priest throws into the scale his sacerdotal emblems, and when he speaks *ex cathedrâ* and dictatorially on subjects wherein he has no special intelligence, and where his religion, if truly invoked, would cover him with confusion.

Certainly the priests have great influence in politics in Ireland, they have undue influence, and it must be the task of Irish Nationalists to emancipate themselves from that undue influence if ever they mean to lift the country out of the Slough of Despond where it has lain so long. These questions must be tackled resolutely. This is not the way of popularity, but it is the way of the salvation of Ireland. Irishmen should face the issue with courage, for it requires more courage sometimes to acknowledge a truth than to shout war-cries to the

in the South have been generous in bestowing lucrative posts on Protestants, yet in Belfast no Catholic can obtain a post other than a menial and ill-paid situation.

I will leave the subject, however, for the present. I have entered into it not without repugnance, and my object has been not to whip up prejudices, but merely to give a judicious pause to those who rail against the priests in politics, but who have never observed that there is also another side to the question.

approval of a mob or even to risk life in a display of heroism on a splendid field.

Macaulay has a terrible passage¹ in which he points out the difference of prosperity between Protestant communities and those which remain under the domination of the Church of Rome. It may be objected that commercial prosperity is not all, that spirituality must be taken into account, and moreover that Macaulay was a Protestant bigot. That may possibly be the case, but it does not dispose of the facts. Let us look these steadily in the face, and if the condition of affairs even now justifies Macaulay's statement, let us strike out manfully in the way of redemption.

In no country have I seen the Pope and the

¹ The following is the passage from Macaulay's "History of England." I do not ask Catholics to endorse it, and for my own part I am not in the least concerned with the religious or philosophical tenets of Protestants; but I will say to the most devout believer, read and reflect:

The loveliest and most fertile provinces of Europe have, under her rule, been sunk in poverty, in political servitude, and intellectual torpor, while Protestant countries, once proverbial for sterility and barbarism, have been turned by skill and industry into gardens, and can boast of a long list of heroes and statesmen, philosophers and poets. Whoever, knowing what Italy and Scotland really are, and what four hundred years ago they actually were, shall now compare the country round Rome with the country round Edinburgh, will be able to form some judgment as to the tendency of Papal domination. The descent of Spain, once the first among monarchies, to the lowest depths of degradation, the elevation of Holland, in spite of many natural disadvantages, to a position, such as no commonwealth so small has ever reached, teach the same lesson. Whoever passes in Germany from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant principality, in Switzerland from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant canton, in Ireland from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant county, finds that he has passed from a lower to a higher grade of civilisation. On the other side of the Atlantic the same law prevails.

domination of Rome more audaciously attacked than in Italy. Again let us pass over the religious feeling, good or bad, and come to facts. Those parts of Italy which are most unquestioning in their allegiance even to the temporal authority of the Church are those in which ignorance, poverty, bad highways, and violence are most common.

In Germany the Roman Catholic states are in general the least progressive. Holland which threw off the domination of Spain, and with it the tyranny of the Church, has become an industrious and prosperous country, which, moreover, in proportion to population has contributed nobly to science. Spain once the proud mistress of the world, famous for the romantic brilliancy of her sons as well as for the fierce persecutions of the Inquisition, has gradually sunk in the scale of the nations, and, proudest of empires, has passed through humiliation yet to humiliation. Portugal, which once divided with Spain the spoils of the ocean, the glorious land of Vasco da Gama, Magellan, Albuquerque, and Camoëns, descended step by step in misery. At length by an effort she has flung off the incubus of a thousand years, and a new day of hope is dawning. The Republic has many shortcomings; these are the legacy of a corrupt régime. Let us never forget in criticising the present position of Portugal that the Monarchy, and, through the Monarchy, the temporal powers of the Church ruled Portugal for centuries. The misery, the incapacity, the ignorance, which critics of the Republic find, rise up like ghastly spectres to accuse the Royal house.

The French nation, which of all the so-called Latin races has shown in modern days the highest intel-

lectual vigour, has thrown off the control of the Church. France has had many difficulties to contend with, both internal and external; these are mainly the legacy of the Empire of Napoleon III. That was a régime such as a Rome loves, an incapable sovereign under the influence of his consort, that consort a beautiful woman, fascinating in social intercourse, charitable and kind, but dominated by the priests. That was the régime under which disaster was provoked by an arrogant bearing unsupported by adequate force, when the beautiful Empress, seeing in the holocaust of a nation the sole chance of saving the dynasty, clapped her little hands in joy at "Ma guerre;" and when a profligate court, inspired by the fiddlings of Offenbach's music, danced to damnation.

Such is the inheritance on which the Republic has erected its magnificent record. And in France itself it is precisely in those parts which are still most responsive to the temporal power of Rome, as in Bretagne, that backwardness and misery most prevail.

And what of Ireland, is Ireland prosperous and happy? I have heard the answer made that material prosperity is not all, and as opposed to the "materialism" of successful, or at least wealthy, nations, we are asked to oppose the spirituality of the poorer. The argument might be valid if it had any real meaning, but I have seen too much of misery, of defeat, of ignorance, to believe that these are great factors of any superior qualities of the soul.

I remember once in a distinguished assembly when the question of France was being discussed, hearing a politician say: "What I can't stand about the French is their want of spirituality." I was amused,

though disconcerted, for an atmosphere savouring less of spiritual ichor than spirituous liquor accompanied the words. And I reflected on the great and noble minds whom I had known in France, men of whom Pasteur and Henri Poincaré are types, great thinkers devoted to the advancement of science, great artists like Rodin upholding a high ideal of art, great writers like Anatole France displaying for us a delicate wit that we might the better know and savour the truth, great pioneers of the African expansion, great statesmen winning for France security and power, great soldiers content to shed their blood in the defence of liberty ; I question what then is this "spirituality" which compensates for the loss of these splendid examples, which hides itself in such unexpected conditions, and disguises itself in forms and manners in which it is so difficult to recognise the higher life.

But do the rulers of Rome themselves believe in the high value of this spirituality ? They have always shown a singular preference for the favour of material England. Not long ago in the House of Commons I heard this declaration of an experienced Parliamentarian, who reposes himself in the bosom of the Church, and thereby makes his seat secure ; he said in effect—for I cannot reproduce either the force of his utterance or the sapid strength of his vernacular—that Rome would at any time sacrifice the interests of Ireland to please her English friends. If any one doubts this, then he has either not read, or he has misread, history.

I will not revert to the old story of the delivery of Ireland to England's care by the Bull of Adrian IV. In modern days there have been a few memorable occasions when the Vatican has intervened deter-

minedly in Irish political affairs, and in each instance unfortunately. In 1814 the Veto question, as it is known in Irish history, arose. The essential of the business was that in consideration of certain worldly and very material advantages and also for the sake of Emancipation, Irish Bishops would be recognised and nominated subject to the approval of the British Government. The Church was willing to enter into this dishonourable bargain, but the people supported by a few bishops in Ireland and by O'Connell protested. On this occasion the saying found birth: Our religion from Rome, our politics from Home.

Nearly seventy years afterwards, in 1883, Rome endeavoured to discredit the Parnell Testimonial—that is to say, the subscriptions of the Irish people destined to enable Parnell to carry on his campaign. Before the Church had intervened the tribute had hung fire; from that moment it showed all the vigour of a great popular movement carried enthusiastically to success.

Again Rome intervened to suppress the Plan of Campaign in 1888, and again its efforts were futile.¹

¹ Pope Adrian IV was not the only Pontiff who made sport of Ireland's rights in order to please the English. Pope Alexander III authorised the annexation of Ireland, and Pope John XXII aided Edward I in the same direction.

Pitt had the majority of the Bishops on his side in his policy of the Union. England during the past century has never lacked at the Vatican some sort of secret ambassador or go-between; and that the Church has always regarded Ireland as a mere pawn in the game is evident from its action at critical moments of the Nationalist campaign.

I for one am not quite reassured by the fact that on three notable occasions the Irish people stood up against the dictation of the Pope, for the recurrence of such cases proves rather the persistence of

Here already we have three important occasions when the liberties of the Irish people were at stake,

control. The affair of the Veto was so discreditable to the Church that once it had been presented in its true colours to the view of the nation it fell under popular resentment. It was in January 1815 in Dublin that O'Connell cried: "I would as soon receive my politics from Stamboul as from Rome. . . . I deny the doctrine that the Pope has any temporal authority directly or indirectly in Ireland."

In 1883 the Vatican's condemnation of the Parnell Testimonial caused it to mount from £7,000 to £40,000 a month.

In 1888 the opposition of the Vatican to the Plan of Campaign was set in motion, it is believed, by the influence of the Duke of Norfolk and other English Tories.

At a meeting of the Catholic members of the Irish party at the Mansion House in Dublin, the following resolution was accepted:

That while unreservedly acknowledging as Catholics the spiritual jurisdiction of the Holy See, we, as guardians, in common with our brother Irish representatives of other creeds, of those civil liberties which our Catholic forefathers have resolutely defended, feel bound solemnly to reassert that Irish Catholics can recognise no right in the Holy See to interfere with the Irish people in the management of their political affairs.

Strong speeches in support of this resolution were delivered by Mr. Thomas Sexton, then Lord Mayor of Dublin, and members of Parliament including Messrs. Dillon, John Redmond, T. Healy, and W. O'Brien.

These are the instances in which the Irish people, replying to peculiarly audacious attacks, have faced round and driven in the outposts of Rome. I would feel that the argument was better if we did not boast so triumphantly of successes where defeat would have been ignominy, and if, as I hope to see, Irishmen in every day of their ordinary lives were managing their own affairs without troubling about Rome or the Parish Priest at all. Am I an enemy to Ireland in speaking thus? God forbid! In that way lies Ireland's destiny. Meanwhile, behold here a fort, cupolaed and armed, that dominates the line of march:

Speaking at Claremorris on the 24th February 1909, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam uttered these words:

I say now that the people of Ireland are not fit for Home Rule, and I have no hesitation in saying that until they know how to conduct themselves—I saw it in Dublin, and I saw it in Cork, and I am ashamed to say that I saw it in the West of Ireland. . . .

and where, no matter what passions were aroused at the time nor what violence resulted, we see that the movements in question were in the way of progress ; yet, with curious fatality, the rulers of Rome have planted themselves again and again in the path of Democracy, and cried : " Thus far, and no farther ! " ¹

¹ In regard to democracy I quote the words of Mr. George Bernard Shaw who under the guise of whimsical fancies has brought home to British minds some of the truths of modern advance. Writing in the " Christian Globe " of 22nd February 1912, Mr. Shaw says :

There is one force and one only that Rome cannot face ; and that force is Democracy. In democratic America, Irish Roman Catholics desert their Church by tens of thousands. In oligarchic Castle-ruled Ireland the bitterest enemies of the priests would die rather than desert in the face of the enemy. In France the Roman Church cannot get even common justice. In Italy the Pope is a prisoner in his own Palace. In Spain, priests and nuns depend on police and military protection for their personal safety. In Ireland alone the priest is powerful, thanks to the hatred, terror, faithlessness and folly of the Protestants who stand between him and his natural enemy, Democracy.

Another keen and sympathetic observer, Mr. Sydney Brooks, writes in a somewhat similar strain to the " Fortnightly Review." I quote a reference :

While doing homage to the qualities of individual Bishops and priests, he deplores the extensive influence of Clericalism in Irish secular affairs. Clericalism in Ireland " does not stand, and never has stood, for real Nationalism or real democracy." Mr. Brooks holds strongly the conviction that Home Rule will be inimical to clericalism.

If by Clericalism he means the influence of the highest grades of the Hierarchy, I should be here inclined to agree with him.

Michael Davitt said : " Make no mistake about it, my Lord Bishop of Limerick, Democracy is going to rule in these countries." Mr. F. Sheehy Skeffington, who has written a biography of the great democrat, says : " Davitt saw that there was no chance of any great advance in Ireland, either intellectual, industrial, or social, until the whole educational system had been reformed root and branch and the people placed in control instead of the clergy."

Even in Spain the arbitrary injustice of the Vatican in matters

Recently during critical periods of the debates on the Home Rule Bill, the Pope launched two decrees,

outside its realm has provoked a tumult. In a Reuter's telegram from Madrid, dated 13th June 1910, we read :

The Papal Nuncio yesterday handed to the Prime Minister a note from the Vatican protesting against the Royal Decree authorising the use of outward symbols by religious denominations not belonging to the Roman Catholic faith.

It is fair to say that this does not entirely represent the cause of dispute. The Spanish Prime Minister, Señor Canalejas, viewing with alarm the spread of monasteries, put into force a Royal Decree of 1902 and an Act of 1887, dealing with religious orders. Speaking at San Sebastian on 29th July 1910 the Prime Minister said :

It seems that a gust of revolutionary wind is blowing. Many passions have been let loose, but we are prepared to control them.

The Minister of the Interior, speaking on the attitude of the Vatican, expressed himself substantially in these terms :

"It is wrongly believed at Rome that Spain is a country of fanatics. When the Vatican realises that we are no longer in the middle of the last century it is to be hoped that it will cease to treat us on a different footing to the other great nations."

About the same period the Pope has issued an Encyclical, which, according to the text published in the "Tablet," of London, was directed against heretics and those who "under the name of evangelical liberty" perverted discipline. This Encyclical led the German Chancellor to make an official protest to the Vatican.

The King of Saxony, who is a Catholic, summoned his Ministers of State on 13th June 1910, and speaking of his desire to preserve religious peace in the country, said that :

All the more did he regret that his efforts were thwarted by such sharp attacks on the Evangelical Lutheran Church as those contained in the recent Papal Encyclical, and he intended, therefore, to send an autograph letter to the Pope.

Italy has fared no better than Spain and Germany.

In the same year 1910 we read in a telegram from Milan to the "Daily Chronicle" :

A crisis in Italian Catholicism has been reached. The twentieth national Catholic Congress closed to-day at Modena, after five days' spirited discussion, in which the Modernist tendency represented by the Young Christian Democratic party triumphed all along the line,

both of which tended to wreck the fortunes of the measure. The *Ne Temere* decree had for its effect to

In consequence of the great victory of the progressive Catholic forces at Bologna in 1903, under the presidency of that outspoken democrat, the late Cardinal Svampa, the Vatican forthwith dissolved their organisation and has vetoed the reassembly of the congress for seven years past. Recently Pope Pius X gave permission for the holding of the Modena congress for the purpose of reviewing the state of the Catholic forces after the long series of instructions issued during his pontificate regarding the attitude to be followed on social and political questions. The result has caused such grave displeasure in Rome that the clerical organs announce to-night that his Holiness will publish a note of censure forbidding future congresses of the Catholic laity, as he has done already those of the clergy. -

France was not lost sight of by the Vatican, for in 1910 the Pope directed an attack not against the "infidel politicians," but against one who regarded it as his mission in life to win France back to the Faith. This was M. Marc Sagnier, an ex-officer of the army, who, imagining himself a modern Loyola, forsook the sword for the pen and proceeded to enrol the youth of France under his banner. Unfortunately for his propaganda he was not only a devoted Catholic but also a Republican. M. Marc Sagnier founded a periodical called "Le Sillon" and fervently preached Catholicity and Democracy; later he helped to found a paper with the terrible title, "La Démocratie." The Vatican issued a decree condemning all these proceedings. M. Marc Sagnier, who repudiated the doctrines of Modernism, bowed his head in submission.

More recently, towards the end of 1913, the Vatican came into collision in France with one still more closely connected with the Church—the Abbé Lemire. It is true that the Abbé was disobedient to his Bishop, but the sole cause of the quarrel of the Bishop with the Abbé was that the Abbé continued to sit in the Chamber of Deputies as one who had accepted the Republic. A certain explanation of all these proceedings may be found in the syllabus of Pius IX issued in 1854 :

Among the "errors" denounced by the Pope are Socialism, Communism, Bible Societies, and Clerico-Liberal Societies (Section 4).

In Belgium the great European War was preluded by a struggle against the de Broqueville Government in its endeavour to increase the strength of the Church in the field of education. The teaching

declare marriages between Catholics and Protestants null and void, and to treat the parties, lawfully

in the Catholic schools upholds the old spirit of Conservatism, and it is determinedly directed against Democracy.

The opposition to the Church in Portugal sprang mainly from the same order of ideas. For centuries the Braganza line ruled Portugal as faithful servitors of the Church. The Portuguese Monarchs in their decadence were amongst the most wretched of all the royal lines which have mocked civilisation. The fairest land of Europe under their régime became the home of oppression, ignorance, and misery. And when the people overborne with burdens rose at length in their wrath and struck out, however wildly, towards a new system, the Church as usual resolutely planted itself athwart the march to Freedom.

Is that all? No. In the "Sydney Bulletin" of 19th January 1911, I find a cartoon representing the late Cardinal Moran threatening the Labour Party in Australia. The note beneath the cartoon reads:

THE CARDINAL: "Submission or Death?"

THE L.P.: "But you've forgotten one alternative."

THE CARDINAL: "What's that?"

THE L.P.: "That I'll merely wish you good day, and go on with my work."

The Pope in the midst of these difficulties found time to consider and condemn the philosophy of M. Henri Bergson as indicated in "l'Évolution Créatrice." He declares that:

In the presence of false theories of this new Bergsonian philosophy, which seeks to shatter grand fundamental principles and truths, it is necessary to unmask the poisonous error of philosophic Modernism. It is the more destructive by reason of its sugar-coated, subtle, seductive nature.

I am not a partisan of the philosophy of M. Bergson, and indeed I have attacked his whole system as lacking the essentials of a true philosophy: a deep and well-laid foundation, on which by cogent and progressive argument the superstructure may be built. But in the Pope's pronouncement there is no suggestion of argument at all. He objects to the tendency of Bergson's teaching, and he adopts the same means as were used by his predecessors to silence Galileo, Columbus, Vesalius; he solemnly pronounces it to be false, and he seeks to shatter it by violent language. This is on a par with the decree prohibiting students for the priesthood from reading the newspapers.

Coming to Ireland I have read carefully the most recent Lenten Pastorals of the Bishops. Some of these are directed against Socialism.

married according to the forms prescribed by statute, as living in illicit cohabitation. This, properly

Again, I am not a Socialist, but in the name of liberty and common sense I ask, what right has a Bishop to dictate to any man in Ireland his opinion regarding forms of Government or of social reconstruction ?

Some of the Bishops express the desire that the National University may become simply a Catholic University. Cardinal Logue speaking of rival institutions says :

But we are told that in some of these seats of learning positive guarantees are given that there will be no tampering with the faith of those who frequent them. These guarantees, no doubt, are honestly given, and honestly kept, at least not intentionally violated. But what of the atmosphere of the place ? What of casual remarks unintentionally let drop by professors, who, by their learning, often by their kindly, genial, sympathetic bearing, naturally exercise a powerful influence over the minds of their pupils ?

Many of the Pastorals deal with the question of "Immoral Literature." No responsible man can be on the side of immoral literature, for that means also stupid literature. But after having mobilised public opinion against Immoral Literature, the attempt is being made to utilise the same forces against Democratic Literature. It must have come as a shock to many a staunch English Home Ruler to find that "Reynolds's Newspaper" was confiscated in bundles and burnt in the streets of Dublin and Limerick under the plea of Immoral Literature. Nor does the process of intimidation stop there. Every kind of literature likely to weaken faith has been forbidden. The Bishop of Dromore says :

The reading matter, if not directly opposed to Christian doctrine, is sure to be un-Catholic in tone and sentiment.

In this case he is speaking of publications of low intellectual quality ; but we have seen the same argument applied to the subtle works of the learned Bergson ; and it has been, and in places still is, employed to denounce the study of Darwin's theories. What sort of atmosphere are we in here ? A phrase that often rises to the lips of Irishmen is that of "insulting to our intelligence." Is it not insulting to the intelligence of Irishmen to treat them throughout life as mentally deficient, and to say, for example, that no Nationalist in Ireland shall read "Reynolds's Newspaper," the staunchest of all the champions of Home Rule in England, the pages of which are enhanced, moreover, by the contributions of the eloquent T.P. ?

understood, seems to me to have been a permissible exercise of the authority of the Church, if the recognition or the disallowance of marriage should have effect only as coming within the discipline of the Church. In other words any association whatever of men and women, voluntarily formed, has a right to make its own rules, even capricious and retrograde rules, and to say, no one who disobeys these rules shall continue to be a member of this association. But no association, and least of all a Christian Church, has the right to enforce obedience to those rules by influencing people by spiritual fears and then interfering with them in their mundane affairs. The notable M'Cann case was debated in the House of Commons, but as usual in that assembly the duty of eliciting the truth became secondary to the play of party politics.¹ A charge which made considerable

Mr. Bart Kennedy, a travelled man and original thinker, of a genius all his own, writing in March 1905 said :

Ireland is under the shadow of an insolent and arrogant priest power, the heel of the priest is on her neck.

. . . My attention was first drawn to the power of priests and the way they use it here in Galway. It is not too much to say that the people here are in positive terror of the priests. They can call neither their lives nor their minds their own. When they speak of the priests they speak in whispers. Even people who are not Catholics are afraid. It is dreadful to be in a place where people are afraid to speak. The *priests rule everything and interfere in everything*. The hand of God as represented by the priests falls heavily upon Galway. And these priests stand high above criticism—no one shall dare to speak to the hierarchy of Ireland.

It is serenely above all other judgment but its own.

And who that reads what is here written, reads steadily and with eyes unafraid, can believe that I have not established my assertion that in the world of politics (for in this book I deal with no other) the power of Rome stands sheer against Democracy ?

¹ In the M'Cann case the speeches of Mr. J. H. Campbell, K.C., and Mr. Joseph Devlin were both characteristic and both good. They

impression was followed by a speech which swept the matter out of sight to the stirring music of applause. I was far from satisfied myself; and had there been many such cases, had the matter been pressed as was apparently the first intention of Rome, the cause of Home Rule would have received a damaging blow.

The following Decree of the Pope, *Motu Proprio*, was a more serious matter. It ordained, amongst other things, that no Catholic should bring an action against a priest, to recover damages at the ordinary law courts, under pain of excommunication.¹ It is difficult in these years of grace to enter into the frame of mind of one who would consider such a

may profitably be read by students of Parliamentary oratory in the pages of Hansard. I will not, however, enter into the M'Cann case further, for when any of these matters become questions of party warfare it is difficult to form, or to persuade others to accept, an equitable judgment.

¹ The *Motu Proprio* Decree has been the most sensational of the recent pronouncements of Rome. A Home Rule publication to which I have more than once referred thus disposes of the matter:

THE "MOTU PROPRIO" DECREE

After *Ne Temere* comes *Motu Proprio*. The latter is not a new Decree, and it is not an exacting Decree; it is merely a definition of one of the phases in a Decree that is as old as centuries. It originally asserted "the immunity of clerics," which no clergyman now claims; but it reappeared in a modified form in 1869. The Bull in the modified form has therefore been nominally in force for over forty years, and no human being has been able to point to a case of one Protestant or even one Catholic, having been damnified under the Decree to the extent of one penny during all that period. The people of England never heard of the Decree although it was reissued nearly half a century ago, and they would not have heard of it to-day if the Tory Party had not conceived the idea of using it (as the "Pall Mall" puts it) "as a battering-ram against Home Rule." That fact, in itself, shows the utter hollowness of the whole outcry.

Decree as just and acceptable. Can any Irishman, placing his love of country above all else, believe that this Decree was intended to aid the Irish cause ?¹

I beg leave, however, to reject this argument. It is true that the Decree is an old one, but in a letter written to the "Freeman's Journal," and dated 29th December 1911, Archbishop Walsh speaks of the "Decree recently issued by his Holiness." Moreover, if it was not intended by the Vatican to apply to Ireland, why promulgate it in Ireland ? I think we are face to face with one of those indefensible manœuvres of Rome, such as we have already seen so often, to check the progress of Home Rule, and to defeat it by prejudice.

After reading two long letters of the Archbishop of Dublin I am not at all easy in my mind, however willingly I pay homage to his powers of casuistry. I believe on the contrary that all Nationalists should take seriously to heart the words in a letter of a good Home Ruler, the Rev. H. C. Morton, who writes to the "Daily Chronicle" on 2nd January 1912 :

Dr. Walsh's "explanations" in no sense hide the glaring facts that Rome in 1911 has reaffirmed that all Catholics can be called upon by the Vatican to hold clerical offenders free from prosecution in civil courts, and neither to make laws which the Vatican judges deem to be injurious to the interests of the Roman Church, on pain of excommunication.

Many Liberals wavering on Home Rule will be decided by this Decree, and only one thing can save the Home Rule cause, viz. : a definite and official disavowal by the Nationalist Party of the whole of this monstrous claim on the part of the Papacy.

Perhaps the ostensible indifference of the Irish people has supplied a sufficient answer to the Rev. Mr. Morton's demand, though I think it would have been better had we on our part replied in a clear cut, unequivocal, refusal to accept the dictation of the Pope in this regard.

My eye falls on a newspaper report of a case in which Alderman Meade, ex-Lord Mayor of Cork, obtained substantial damages against the Rev. Father John Ahern for a slander involving the Alderman and his sister-in-law. The verdict, however, dates from 13th June, 1910. If later it might have had more significance in regard to the redoubtable *Motu Proprio* Decree.

¹ The statement that the priests in general place their religion first and their country second will I think be disputed by no one, for they themselves will assert it and will hold this doctrine as their dearest pride.

I quote as typical an extract from a letter, dated 26th August 1910,

It is precisely one of those acts that furnish the pretext of Freemasonry and of Orange lodges. Had the

from Father John Curry, parish priest of Drogheda, to the "Freeman's Journal" :

Lord Justice Cherry has spoiled his very interesting speech in Waterford by the enunciation in it of a most unworthy and unchristian principle. Says his Lordship :

"Every Swiss, whether he is a Protestant or Catholic, is first of all a Swiss, and his first duty is towards his country, and I ask you, whether you are Protestant or Catholic—and I know there are both here to-day—to feel first that you are Irishmen, and that your first duty is to your country, and you can do consistently with it what you think is right for the promotion of religion."

The principle thus announced I regard as objectionable to Catholics and Protestants, and I venture humbly but vehemently to protest against it, and against the dissemination of it by the learned and well-meaning Judge. Individually and collectively, we are bound to place our religion before all earthly considerations.

The spirit, so commendable from the priests' point of view, of subordinating everything to religion nevertheless gives a handle to the enemies of Home Rule. The following extract is from a debate in the House of Commons of 6th May, 1912 ; Mr. J. H. Campbell, K.C., is speaking :

Three months ago the Cardinal Archbishop of Armagh was able to declare that the genius of the Roman Catholic race had circumvented the machinations of the English Nonconformists, and to-day he was glad to see and to know that this University was practically exclusively Catholic.

MR. STEPHEN GWYNN : Will the right hon. gentleman give the words of the quotation because he is now misrepresenting what Cardinal Logue said ?

MR. CAMPBELL : I am speaking exactly what he said. I have not got the exact words by me.

MR. S. GWYNN : What Cardinal Logue said was that the Catholic people will make this University Catholic.

MR. CAMPBELL : That is exactly it. He said, "To-day it is almost exclusively Catholic, and in a very short time it will be exclusively Catholic," and he said that was done "in spite of the so-called safeguards and guarantees of the Nonconformist conscience."

Irish people shown a disposition to accept such a Decree in slavish obedience then not only would Home Rule have gone by the board, but every upholder of freedom and justice would have acquiesced in that conclusion.

I do not believe that the Irish people are intolerant. But before discussing that point a little let us hear a word on intolerance in general. Voltaire said that England was the country which had a hundred religions and only one sauce. Now all these hundred religions, in as far as they mutually contradict each other, cannot be all true. There is nothing in that bare fact, however, to indicate that they may not all be false. We find, moreover, sects of which the origin is recent, such as the Peculiar People, the Plymouth Brethren, the Countess of Huntingdon persuasion, the Swedenborgians, the Mormons, the Johanna Southcote's persuasion, the Upstanding

If, however, this be considered as attaching an undue importance to the words of our opponents, let the following be read from one of the most experienced and strenuous of the champions of Home Rule. I take the report from the "Daily Chronicle":

Mr. John Dillon, M.P., made an important speech on Saturday on the right of the Catholic laity to exercise their own judgment in political matters. The occasion was a dinner given at the Holborn Restaurant to Mr. Charles Diamond in recognition of his services to the Irish National Cause.

Mr. Dillon said that if Catholics allowed political direction to be taken out of the hands of political lay leaders then the Catholic schools and institutions would be reduced to the level that they were being reduced to in France.

In the Dumfries election the priests undertook to deliver the Catholic vote without allowing the laity to express an opinion. Mr. Dillon described this action as an outrage and an insult. In the High Peak election an even worse spectacle was witnessed. There Canon Hawkins informed Catholics that they must vote for "My dear Profumo" without exercising their judgment as to the policy they should pursue.

Glassites, as well as those more dignified by antiquity, Mohammedans, Buddhists, or Zoroastrians. Parnell, I am told, was one of the Plymouth Brethren. The famous scientist Faraday was a Sandemanian, and the great Newton beclouded his fame by his attempts to interpret the Hebrew prophecies according to the data of modern science.

Yet in these matters who is to be the arbiter ? The most childlike and simple beliefs, the most repugnant and inconceivable, have been equally held ; and over all this province hangs the remark of a deep and candid philosopher, Locke, who said that there is no error that the human race has not at some time or other adopted.

But let us come to the believers, and wrestle with them for tolerance. I know the case of an old servant maid whose faith was impregnable. For heretics of all kinds she had but one fate—eternal damnation, though in her vernacular it sounded more domestic and familiar. When she was told of the greatness of a certain illustrious lady, a pillar of the Protestant Church, whose material power, at least, had visibly grown, and whose earthly prestige resounded throughout the world, she had but one reply : “She’ll roast.” This was said without emphasis, simply with that quiet satisfaction which comes from a sense of inevitable happenings blended with a feeling of justice.

Hell, we know, is one of the proudest possessions of our race, for we have fought for it with impetuous courage and fanatical zeal, transcending the spirit of devotion shown in the defence of our hearths or in the opening of paths to freedom. But that even being granted, is it not enough ? To roast is serious,

and eternity is, mildly speaking, a long time. Now let the most fanatical believer place his hand among burning coals for a second or two; then let him think of the agony prolonged, prolonged so far that the senses reel in the effort to conceive the duration. Is our believer still unsatisfied with the punishment of heretics? Does he wish to add to this the loss of a milch cow, or the deprivation of a seat on the Urban Council? Really, this is not doing justice to himself. We begin to suspect the unshakable quality of his faith. Faith must be more than adamant, or it is already precarious. And the man who changes hell for boycott at a country store is himself far on the slope of perdition. Cling to hell, if you will; but do not belittle hell; let hell suffice.

“Toleration” is a word that has seen too much service. What is the position of many reasonable men in regard to it? That an infant is born into the world, stamped Catholic or Protestant as by a law of nature, and thenceforth for ever determined in his destiny; that these religions, which have grown up in human memory, must be accepted each by its devotees as eternal; that these beliefs that have come to man by thought must never be submitted again to thought; that when difference of opinion becomes accentuated by ephemeral politics the religion of Christ enjoins on us not to cleave to fellowship, but to cleave our fellow from chin to chine, or, in these gentler days, to ruin him in business, and that when we refrain from doing so, we are entitled to assume airs of spiritual pride and vaunt our “toleration.” A pest on such toleration! Ireland will never be happy until it has forgotten that wretched word, and until we recognise that,

claiming the right to practise our own religion in peace we have no right to interfere in any degree with the religion, or even what we may deem to be the want of religion, of another. We do want toleration as the goal; we want freedom and justice.

I do not think Irishmen as a rule are inclined to molest others simply on account of their religion, but also I do not think the whole problem is summed up in these terms. In the newspapers and on the platforms the battle of Home Rule has waged round the question of toleration. Wilful misrepresentation has come into play. I have known the county (Clare) of which I am one of the representatives in Parliament held up to obloquy on that score. It would be easy by giving a list of offices, both under the control of the County Council and the other local councils, to show that though the great majority of the members of these councils are Catholics, they have frequently appointed Protestants to important and lucrative positions. But there is evidence more decisive of the state of feeling in County Clare, and that is to be found in the situation of Protestant shopkeepers in the large towns. Some of these are the most prosperous citizens in the locality, yet they all depend on the support of their Catholic neighbours. We have here a sure test. For whereas a public appointment is made under the scrutiny of the whole country, and the candidates and their qualifications are known to all, yet a shopkeeper depends from day to day on his customers, and the least ill-wind, if it became general, would suffice for his ruin, and that ruin would be silently accomplished.¹

¹ With respect to the attitude of the people of Ireland towards "toleration," the case of County Clare, in which the population is

In this book I desire above all things to respect the truth in what I have observed, for this reasoning

98 per cent. Catholic, may be regarded with interest. Out of a great mass of testimony I select for the sake of brevity extracts from three letters. They were written in reply to the statements of a few members of the Clare Unionist Club, Mr. H. V. McNamara, Colonel O. C. Westropp, and the Rev. Mr. McLaurin, who, at a meeting of the Hollywood Unionist Club, in County Down, painted a highly charged picture of the condition of Clare. The first letter I quote is from a Protestant landlord of County Clare, Mr. R. J. Stacpoole. It is dated 5th October 1911 :

I have read a report of the Unionist meeting at Hollywood, and what was said there by my fellow Clare Unionists. In justice to the people of Clare I consider that I, a Protestant, am in duty bound to make public the fact, that during that part of my lifetime I spent in this county, no Roman Catholic has ever in any way interfered with, or upbraided me, on the subject of my religion—and I know others who will say the same.

Religious intolerance, as far as I can gather, unfortunately does exist in some parts of Ireland, but surely one side is as much open to blame as the other, and why not strive to put an end to it instead of to foment it? I can only add that I think it the greatest pity that the subject of religion should be brought into political matters.

The second is from the Secretary to the County Council, a Protestant. The letter appeared in the "Clare Record" of 14th October 1911 :

Adverting to previous letters written on above subject, I would like to state publicly as a county official of fourteen years' standing, that the word religion has never been mentioned to me officially or otherwise by any Roman Catholic in this county. The Clare County Council, who are the premier authority, have had, since the passing of the Local Government (Ireland) Act the deciding of two elections in which Protestant candidates presented themselves for election. These two candidates were both elected, which does not go to show religious intolerance on their part.

I am proud to state that I have as many sincere and true friends Roman Catholics as Protestants.

If we would only judge our fellow man by his works and not by his religion it would be a much happier country to live in. The third dated 15th November 1911 came from Mr. H. B. Harris,

has often occurred to me amid all the tactics, diplomacy, and so-called cleverness of politicians,

J.P., an old and highly respected Protestant gentleman, since deceased :

I fear Ireland is becoming almost intolerable just now, especially South and West, owing to these discussions on religious intolerance. If there were any justification for such a cry one would not feel so much, but residing as Protestants in the County Clare, in the midst of a Catholic population, we are living evidence of their good sense, good-nature, and kindly disposition. My best friends, outside my own family circle, are Catholics, and it is, indeed, painful for me to meet my neighbours with this charge of intolerance appearing in the public press from day to day, and made by those who should know better, and who are themselves recipients of much kindness and consideration, and from whom they derive their income in nearly all cases.

There are also hundreds of business people scattered all over Ireland who could not succeed without the patronage of their Catholic neighbours, and in districts, too, where Catholics represent even more than ninety-eight out of every hundred of the population, so that if Catholics are intolerant they don't display it towards Protestants, because were they to do so Protestantism would long have ceased to exist in the South of Ireland. And having such a vast area as there is in Clare in the occupation of Catholics we still enjoy life, free from annoyances, meeting with our Catholic neighbours in fair or market, dealing in this, that, or other shop without any friction, sitting together on the bench to administer the law, and all meeting at marriage functions, christenings, and funerals, just as if we belonged to the same church, giving honour to whom honour is due, no matter what his or her creed or politics might be.

These letters form an indication of the character of the people of Clare, but they do not dispose of the whole problem at large. Willing to hear all sides I read the following on "Irish Freedom," which a Tory publication describes as "the most able, truthful, and treasonable of the Home Rule Press" :

No amount of tolerant speeches, no number of reasonable speeches, no acceptances of broad bases of nationalism, avail for an instant against the silent, practical riveting of sectarianism on the nation which goes on.

It is not enough, I repeat, to "tolerate" Protestants, and it is already disquieting when a man vaunts this toleration. There was

that the most astute policy is to choose a good cause, and hold it up to the daylight even though in this

a time when a good man might vaunt himself for not burning witches ; but the existence of this virtuous restraint was a symptom of a state of mind which we have ceased to respect. So it is with "toleration."

Before I became a Member of Parliament I was an author, and a student of science. I had suffered imprisonment for my championship of liberty. Nevertheless, and in spite of all the annoyances which a man of thought endures in a realm haunted by mediaeval ghosts, yet on the whole, bearing these matters as a human burden in our life of to-day, I felt fairly free. I acted freely, talked freely, wrote freely ; my aspirations for Ireland were free. After my election, possibly because being more conspicuous, I began to feel the presence of invisible bars thwarting act, thought, and expression. This referred not only to politics, nor to matters ostensibly of ethics, or of philosophy ; I found the invisible chords infringing on my appreciation of letters, my love of art, my opinion of marriage, my study of physical science. I began to see a new depth in a saying which I once heard Rodin utter, that modern artists were generally inferior, because it took forty years to work through the incubus of false tradition.

Has this anything to do directly with "toleration" ? Yes. For I maintain that every man, who is an upright and honest citizen, has a right to proceed about his work unmolested, without having to kowtow to the authorities for a certificate of "toleration" ; and this should be true whether he be a Catholic, a Protestant, a Jew, or a Fire-worshipper. It should be true even of such a recalcitrant Catholic as described by Mr. W. P. Ryan in his "Pope's Green Isle" ; why should this man, toiling for the regeneration of Ireland, be forced to adopt the wiles of an intellectual apache hunted and haunted by Bishops ?

Or to bring a case within everyday consideration. Suppose a Protestant be elected—as I am glad to find often in Clare—to any of the local Councils. And suppose this Protestant, or indeed any man, in any public capacity whatever—suppose such a man to criticise a priest, or even a category of priests, even perhaps with occasional lapses into injustice, what then ? That is a possibility which we poor politicians have to face every day of our lives. We generally ignore abuse, and meet argument by argument. Is that the attitude of the priests, of all the priests ? Do they not feel that if one is struck, the whole body must line up to his defence ; so that to attack some parish boss is virtually to attack the imposing array of the Hierarchy ? And what would be the position of a Protestant, who would take such a

way the weaknesses of the position may at times be revealed. If knowing of a certain fallacious line of reasoning I remain a fervent Home Ruler, what fear have I of indicating what seems to me unconvincing? Hence I have come to attach no great importance to the argument that because Protestant members sit for Catholic constituencies the fear of priests in politics is illusory. That bare fact, in itself, is evidence of little. In some cases it may prove that the priests are all-powerful; for, as I have already stated, the defeat I suffered at my first election was altogether due to the influence of the priests, who, however, might have proudly boasted of their "toleration" since they had elected to represent them "a firm Protestant but doubtful Christian." If the Protestant be a stranger having no foothold in the constituency, and if he owe his election solely to the support of the priests, then it seems to me that the case may be even more disquieting than that of the invariable election of a Catholic. The only sure test of the absence of undue influence is when a candidate runs on popular Nationalist lines but nevertheless for some reason or other incurs the hostility of the great majority of the priests. Such conditions occurred at the Parnellite split, and un-

stand and deliver such an attack? I say that it is useless to suppose that even "toleration" is complete until such a man could count on meeting no other force than the force of argument, delivered publicly, and on public grounds.

I recommend these considerations especially to Nationalist Irishmen. If such words be treated as hostile to any Irish cause, then I say that the spirit evinced, tried by the standards of civilisation itself, will bear with it the condemnation of that Irish cause. If these words be approved, then already by that fact a step will have been taken towards the greater glory of Ireland.

fortunately the Parnellites were rarely successful.¹ Whether there has been much change since then is

¹ In the days of the Parnellite split the "Westmeath Examiner" made itself obnoxious to the clergy. I find the following reference to the quarrel in the "Weekly Independent" of 17th February 1894:

The "Westmeath Examiner" is fighting a great battle for civil liberty, and liberty of the Press, under the very shadow of the bishop's palace in Mullingar. The article which it publishes in its defence against Dr. Nulty's unwarrantable and illogical attack is dignified and forcible; whilst the extracts it gives from the bishop's denunciation—passages which even the tottering "Free-man" feared to publish—are enough to make men ask are we living in the age of Torquemada?

Who can believe it possible that such a pronouncement as this was made by Dr. Nulty? Who can believe it possible that a bishop of the Catholic Church should pronounce the reading of the "Westmeath Examiner" a sin which called for the refusal of absolution? Here are his words, as taken from the "Examiner":

"As long as men continued to read this they were not fit subjects for the Sacraments. He is not, although he may believe he is. He may go to confession to strange priests, but a priest who knew his theology would not give absolution. If he did, the absolution is null and void, and certainly a priest could give absolution only to a penitent who is disposed, and any man who reads that newspaper after this condemnation could not be supposed to have contrition and the purpose of never offending God any more. As long as he continued the reading of that newspaper he cannot be forgiven."

Not long afterwards appeared this paragraph:

The Rev. Father Drum, Adm., of Mullingar, has declared officially that the reading of the "Westmeath Examiner" is a mortal sin—particularly in Mullingar. The Coercion Act created new crime. This was considered infamous. Father Drum creates a new sin. Mr. Hayden, the proprietor of the journal, is an estimable man. He has never written one word against faith or morals. He has only waged a relentless war against a rotten political policy. Yet, to read his paper is a mortal sin—especially in Mullingar.

It should be observed that the "Weekly Independent" was at that time one of the most advanced of Nationalist newspapers, and that its editor was a Catholic. The editor of the "Westmeath Ex-

a matter of opinion, there has not been much opportunity of testing ; but I am inclined to think that we may assume progress in restricting the undue authority of the priests.

Hitherto I have spoken of priests in a somewhat vague and general manner, as if they were all of a type. Nothing could be more false, however. I have known many to be men of ambition, others men of reflection, some even of saintly fervour. Moreover I have known them to speak of each other, and their human weakness, with freedom and piquancy. Let me attempt to sketch two or three pictures which may be taken as fair representations. Here is a priest, a young man, Father Raftery. He is tall, not intellectual, he has red hair, and green socks, and as he stoops to tie his boot lace he displays a lissom ease in his athletic frame that may make one fancy that as a "broth of a boy" he might have earned renown in the fistic ring. His eye is clear, his complexion good, as of one free from vices ; he does not oppress us with a manner of piety ; his conversation is cheerful, even humorous ; but he is a devout believer, a missionary at heart, his fervour ; however, showing in the kindness of manners, the gentleness of tone, the self-denying devotion to good, all of which qualities are reinforced by association with that superb physique.

Add that such a young man may have come from

aminer" was, I believe, and is still Mr. John Hayden, now a well-known member of the Irish Parliamentary Party.

I am informed that after the death of the Bishop the attacks ceased, and have never been renewed. These attacks therefore responded less to eternal principle than to the political animus of certain priests, but that did not prevent them using in this temporal quarrel the authority derived from their spiritual office.

peasant stock, that his sympathies, his affections, his aspirations, are those of the people from whom he has sprung and amongst whom he lives, that he is not only active, intelligent, but that he is the repository of learning in the neighbourhood, that he is foremost in the promotion of good works, whether of charity or of social or political upbuilding, and that his holy office enhances the force of all his words; is it a wonder that such a person is not merely admired and followed, but—the *soggarth aroon*—veritably loved by his flock?

Or again, here is an old priest, Father MacOlave. Age and experience have made him patient; from his whole bearing and appearance arises the suggestion of that parental authority indicated in his familiar title. He is over seventy years of age, but he is still active, for day by day he imbibes a fresh stimulus—the sight of some good to be done or grief to be assuaged. His mind is keen, he seems to remember everything, except to dwell on his own ills or to minister to his own comfort. Destitute of personal ambition, he has yet been honoured. He is now a Canon; but that to him seems less a matter of pride than as a passport which enlarges the scope for work. The good-will, the paternal sympathy for all, the kindness of his simple nature, has become apparent in his outward form, and as the passer-by sees the figure slightly bent, the white flowing locks, but notes the energetic manner, the pale features but cheering look, the mildly beaming but beatified eyes, he recognises the truth of his epithet: “The Saint of ——”

These are not the only types. It is not difficult to find a parallel for the following: A coarse and

worldly man, with his round little figure, his puckered eyes and red face ; narrow, illiterate and rancorous ; appearing at public meetings now and then, and at times of crisis, for instance, always on the wrong side ; not winning by sweetness and light, but urging in bad temper, so that " you could scrape the venom off his face." Such is Father Crabtree.

Or again, Father Pyke, a man of considerable ability and force, tall and broad, without being athletic, with an eye that shows intelligence and power, but also the spirit of a man who never forgets an injury nor forgives a rebuff ; active in mind, yet, by having lived too long in a narrow groove, displaying an energy broken up into a hundred different channels of public work or gossip, and mastering all with prolixity of mere detail, wielding considerable influence, ambitious for power, dominating most of his brother priests, gradually becoming recognised as a sort of local boss where wire-pulling tells, and where driving power is decisive ; judging the people according to his lights, holding them in no great respect, working through their self-interest, little scrupulous as to means, and never neglecting the advancement of his dependents ; soured and intolerant, and even while dealing with public matters, active, capable and useful servitor though he may prove himself, yet unable to look through any other medium than that of his own aims, feelings, prejudices, resentments, or unpardoning memory of scores to be paid off.

Such a man as here described is more likely to be potent in a small community than either of the three other characters I have indicated. The question of toleration is not the only problem in view, for a leader of this type is sure to be masterly and in-

tolerant in regard to Catholics who oppose his will, and he will not hesitate as to the delicacy of the means of scoring his triumphs. If he be thwarted or beaten on any public ground, if he be criticised as is the lot of all public men, he is inclined to be not merely resentful but to consider a personal check as an affront to his office, and an attack upon the Church.

Such notions are not unknown in any degree of the Hierarchy. Certain of the bishops seem to think, and with a fair degree of truth, that they are the real Government of Ireland¹; that County Councils and the like are useful servitors for dealing with the detail work of sanitation, road repairing, and so forth; and that the Members of Parliament merely divert the attention of the masses and amuse the gallery; but that on large issues or on critical occasions, in questions of education or at the turning-point of politics, then the real Government, the Church, steps in and decides.

In this spirit of arrogance on the part of the powerful and authoritative Hierarchy of the Church in Ireland lies the main argument against Home

¹ Apropos of the claim of the Hierarchy of Ireland to be the real Government, I find this little note:

When the Vatican Council assembled forty-three years ago, seven hundred and sixty-seven mitred heads were ranged round the chair of Peter. They represented thirty different nations, some having provinces ten times larger than Ireland. Yet the Bishops of Irish birth and blood in that august assembly outnumbered those of any other nation by twenty-four. When Cardinal Manning saw the long army of Ireland's mitred sons sweeping in procession through the streets of Rome, he cried: "If there is a saint in the high sanctuary of heaven that has reason to be proud to-night, that saint's name is Patrick."

At that time Ireland was one of the poorest countries in Europe, and one of those in which general instruction was the most backward.

Rule, and, say what we will as Nationalists, it is an argument of validity. It is not an argument sufficient to overthrow Home Rule, but it should be sufficient for those who have been entrusted by the people with a mandate, to induce them to stand up like men and make it plain to the whole world that the priests will be kept firmly within their province, and that, rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's, the men of Ireland will take into their own hands the management of Irish affairs.

Putting the priests in their proper place by no means disposes of the influence of clerics in Ireland. The Ulster bigot has grown on congenial soil, and he has reached a rare beauty of development in his peculiar genus. He has something of the wit and fire of the Irishman, the dourness and purpose of the Scot. He has all that "airnestness" which since the days of John Knox has been the chief quality of great preachers. He is rugged, arrogant, rigid, and narrow. He scoffs at the infallibility of the Pope; he never for a moment doubts his own. He wrestles with himself to be fair, and so he is according to his lights; the mischief is that his narrow soul is badly illuminated, and he holds as his dearest possession the bars of the spiritual prison through which the beams of light faintly pass. He calls it an obligation of his creed to be kind to all men; but then a Papist, he thinks, is hardly human.¹

¹ "By their fruits ye shall know them"! We have already seen that County Clare, so much abused on the Tory platform, has been generous in electing Protestants to honourable and to profitable positions. From a mass of information regarding Belfast I select this one item, on the authority of "Home Rule Notes":

There are 437 salaried officials in the service of the Belfast

I have visited Belfast, admired its clean principal streets, looked upon its slums with astonishment,

Corporation, and only 9 of these are Roman Catholics. The sum paid in salaries is £68,723, of which the total received by the 9 Roman Catholics officials is £765. Moreover, until a Conservative House of Commons stepped in and compelled a redistribution of the City Wards, no Catholic was allowed to be a Member of any Public Board in Belfast, and there was not one Catholic employee under the Corporation. A Roman Catholic has never yet been elected as Mayor or Lord Mayor of Belfast.

The Belfast Poor Law Board presents a similar record. This Board spends over £10,000 a year in salaries, and in its official list of "Officers Required to Give Security"—that is to say, of the holders of higher-class appointments—there appears the name of only one Catholic who receives £45 a year.

All material happenings have an origin in the spirit, and the following extract from a Report upon Home Rule presented to Ulster Presbyterians shows the spirit of enlightenment there prevalent:

It will be for ever impossible to fight Home Rule successfully as long as it is contended or admitted that Romanists and other open enemies of the true religion ought to have political power. We regard the so-called Catholic Emancipation Act as the "first plague spot" of the Home Rule evil. From the time of the passing of that Act, which gave the Romanists the Franchise, dates the beginning of their power to threaten the liberties of the Protestants in Ireland.

Carlyle was at one time interested in the American statesman Daniel Webster, with his "rugged amorphous" face; but Emerson in reply described Webster as "soaked in the rum of party." That phrase seemed to me to explain many difficulties. In looking over the following extracts from the addresses of clerical gentlemen in Belfast, the reader may enquire in stupefaction, with what sweet wine of life do these Christians regale themselves? It is not without misgiving that I reply: the Religion of Love:

A sleeping giant was no match for a vigilant enemy, and so when Protestantism slept Rome was wide awake. Under the plea of liberty they claimed equal rights with Protestants. Hence idolatrous and Paganised processions were attempted, and politics were made the vehicle of their influence and authority. Education must be settled to suit their convenience, and the Ten Commandments written by the finger of God must be changed at the dictate of the Vatican, not only for Roman Catholic chil-

given due honour to its energetic citizens, listened to the grating accents of the successful man, tipped the

dren, but to be held up and dangled before Protestant children. How was it that they must blot out the words, "Thou shalt not have any graven image"? The Coronation Oath had been altered lest their sensibilities be offended. Those arch-fiends of oppression dare talk of toleration and freedom! Coming from the City of Cork, where he had attended the Methodist Conference, he (Mr. Collier) thought of that hymn: "And are we yet alive to see each other's faces." If they had dared, the Nationalists and Roman Catholics would have wrecked the place. An officer of the State said to one of their city magistrates as he was passing out: "For God's sake, don't go or they will have your life." Those were the gentle lambs, and so Rome was using every influence and every power to make her way to break the iron wall of an Imperial race, and to subjugate Protestantism to the Vatican.

The above has been taken from an address delivered in Ulster Hall on 6th July 1914, by the Rev. H. G. Collier. My authority is the "Ulster Guardian," from which several of the notes on this question have been obtained. On the same authority we learn that the Rev. C. E. Keane, M.A., declared:

It is a well-known fact that there is a Jesuit on the staff of every paper in the three kingdoms except one.

The Rev. Dr. Macaulay is a Moderator, I believe; this is his moderating language in February 1914:

But under a Home Rule Government would they have the same security as they have now? Might it not, for example, be made a punishable offence to say that the Roman Catholic Church was an unscriptural and erroneous Church? He would not be at all surprised if that were done under a Home Rule Government, and he would not be surprised that it might be enacted that no one should get a public appointment unless he conformed to the worship of the Roman Catholic Church.

According to the "Lurgan Mail" of 28th February 1914, the Rev. R. Ussher Greer, M.A., Episcopal Rector, delivered a lecture in Donacloney Orange Hall on the subject: "An Orangeman: Why?"

It appears that for twenty years the reverend gentleman has been "a member of the Supreme Degree of the Red Cross." His talk was Supreme, though apparently more tinctured by the Redness than by the Cross:

What (he said) has done us more damage than anything is the

German waiters, and received a smile from the German maid, the outposts of a still more provocative

rotten-hearted Protestants who sit on the fence. And proceeded to urge that if Orangemen refused to recognise as a Protestant anyone who did not come and take his responsibility at the present time, we could have won in this business long ago.

On first contact with the Rev. S. Cochrane of the Fisherwick Presbyterian Church, I thought he was cross-grained, but on further reading I revised my opinion; I remembered a saying of Fox on Dean Swift: no one could be an ill-tempered man who wrote so much nonsense.

Here is something of what the Rev. S. Cochrane said on 6th July last:

Cruel and unjust outrages were being perpetrated against their Protestantism and against their citizenship. The movement supported by the present Government was one of the most scandalous conspiracies ever conceived against the rights of a free people, and they would search history in vain to find another instance of a great and powerful empire and a settled Government responsible for such dastardly wrongs as were associated with the contemplated enactments of the British House of Commons in reference to the future rule of Ireland.

In the House of Commons even the most stalwart of the Ulsterman deny that they are merely fighting for Ascendancy; but the Rev. F. W. Austin, Rector of St. Columba's, Knock, has rushed in where Captain Craig and Mr. William Moore have feared to tread. In a letter to the "Belfast News-Letter" of 7th January 1914, he says:

We Irish Covenanters are still treated to sermons and speeches in which we are frequently told that "we seek no ascendancy." How then, is the Church of Rome to be kept at bay? Why are we such strong Unionists? If we are not aiming at the ascendancy of Protestantism in some corner of Ireland what are we aiming at?

Here we have the real note. That letter has a ring of battle, with the "j'y suis, j'y reste"—I am here, I stay—defiance to fate!

The Archdeacon of Down is a kind of local War Lord. He talks to the Roman Catholic population like the German Emperor to Belgium. Here is his ultimatum of 8th March of this year of grace:

The quarrel is between us and the Government. If the Roman Catholic population of Ireland stands aside and allows us to settle our difficulties with the Government, not a single Roman Catholic in Ireland will be injured by us. But if the Roman Catholics of Ireland join in any attempt to force us to accept Home Rule,



people. I have gone further ; I have looked into the origin of Belfast's industrial greatness and the

then, by their own action, and to our regret, they will have taken the initiative against what we believe to be our just rights, and they will only have themselves to blame if they suffer in any way for their action.

The Rev. Mr. Greer, whom we met with recently, seems to be a stickler for political etiquette, a *Légitimiste*, as they would say in France ; for he bends even the facts of history to fit in with that mood of mind. He told the people of Donacloney :

that William of Orange took possession of the Throne as lineal descendant of the Kings of England.

Macaulay, however, asserts that the Dutchman owed his title solely to Parliamentary sanction. The Orangemen are not always so scrupulous as to successions. The Rev. Dr. Patterson, on the 4th October 1913, contemplated the chance of taking an independent stand :

A man might divorce his wife, but he could not compel her to marry another man of his choosing. They had made their choice, and if they could not stand under the British Throne they would stand on their own feet, but to a Dublin Parliament governed by Rome they would never surrender.

But the Rev. Dr. Patterson appears a pale effigy beside the Cromwellian Rev. Mr. Walmsley.

"The Inniskillen Impartial Reporter" of August 15 states that at a Relief of Derry anniversary gathering at Castle Irvine, Irvinestown :

Brother Rev. Mr. Walmsley said he did not think the day would ever come when Mr. Asquith would return to Ireland, accompanied by the King, to open an Irish Parliament. If that day did come to pass he (the speaker) would feel himself justified in not regarding him as King any longer.

But again even Brother Rev. Mr. Walmsley is but a feeble replica of the Rev. John Flanagan, who flourished on Orange platforms in the sixties.

At a meeting at Newbliss, Co. Monaghan, on the 20th March 1868, he made a celebrated speech, in which a phrase occurs that has since become classical. The "Northern Whig" of the following day reports him thus :

If they ever dare to lay unholy hands upon the Church 200,000 Orangemen will tell them it shall never be. Protestant loyalty must make itself understood. People will say, "Oh, your loyalty is conditional. I say it is conditional, and it must be explained as such. Will you, Orangemen of Ireland, endorse the doctrine

appearance of her armies of sweated workers. A little too much is made of the wonderful racial

of unconditional loyalty ? (Repeated cries of "No, never.") It appears wonderful that there is one thing upon which we can confidently throw ourselves, and which has been overlooked by nearly all speakers—I mean the Queen's coronation oath. She should be reminded that one of her ancestors, who swore to maintain the Protestant religion, forgot his oath, and his crown was kicked into the Boyne. (He then read the oath, and the questions put to the Archbishop of Canterbury at the time of the coronation.) Will any minister dare to ask the Queen to perjure herself ? Will any minister come and ask us to surrender our rights ? We must tell our gracious Queen that if she break her oath, she has no longer any claim to the crown. Let us not put any trust in man, but trust to God and ourselves :

Put your trust in God, my boys,

And keep your powder dry.

The following is taken from the "Home Rule Library " :

CONSPIRACY TO EXCLUDE QUEEN VICTORIA

In 1825 the Orange Society was dissolved by Act of Parliament, but was reconstituted three years later ; and in 1835, forty years after the establishment of this organisation, it had secured the Duke of Cumberland as its "Grand Master," and was promoting a conspiracy to exclude Queen Victoria from the British Throne, and to secure the crown for their Grand Master. This menacing and seditious conspiracy led to the Parliamentary inquiry of 1835. That Select Committee was composed of 27 members, of whom 13 were Conservatives, 12 Liberals, and 2 neutral ; and only 2 of the 27 were Roman Catholics ; and the report after deploring "the baneful and unchristian influence of the lodges" proceeds :

"The obvious tendency and effect of the Orange Institution is to keep up an exclusive association in civil and military society, exciting one portion of the people against the other ; to increase the rancour and animosity too often unfortunately existing between persons of different religious persuasions ; to make the Protestant the enemy of the Catholic, and the Catholic the enemy of the Protestant."

In consequence of the grave nature of the disclosures made by the Select Committee of 1835, the House of Commons, on the motion of Lord John Russell, unanimously prayed the King

qualities of the blend of the Irish and Scotch. Let us give the fullest value to them, but let us not always take the Belfast man at his own valuation, with that arrogant emphasis on the "I" and "me," and the outrageous: "Now, mark you me!" which characterises his conversation. If these be the chosen people, then God thinks little of the minor graces of life.

It has been given to me to meet men in many lands, and to observe the presentation, even the pose, if you will, of men who have witched the world with bold and brilliant feats. Of all these forms I like best that of the French nation—"decadent," as it is called in benighted latitudes—with its courtesy, politeness, ease, which need not exclude reserve fire, nor masculine force. It is not in Belfast that we find the champion boxer, nor the "loop-the-looper," nor the most brilliant mathematician, nor the supreme chemist; and the point is worth emphasising, for in many countries, as in Belfast, there is a tendency to find that uncouthness and incivility denote strength, and so these undesirable possessions are kept artificially alive. The Belfast man's rudeness is a confession of secret weakness.

to put down Orange Societies; and in reply, the King called upon his loyal subjects to aid him in doing so.

I could quote many other documents, but it is unnecessary to pursue the theme. Having spoken frankly with regard to Priests in Politics I thought it only right to point out to citizens of good-will that it behoves us to look on all sides of the question. Yet after all I do not want to quarrel even with these Ulstermen. They have excellent, though misdirected qualities; and we would have something valuable for Ireland, if, preserving that energy and force of character, we could rob it of much that is self-seeking and merely arrogant, illuminate it with the clear beams of reason, endow it with common sense, and direct its fervour to the common weal.

There is no suave confidence, but rather a covenanting threat in his voice, when he tells you that Belfast is the Athens of the North. Certainly the parade of roughness is here excusable, for no stranger, unprompted, would have touched upon that comparison. No one but George Bernard Shaw could put Pericles on the stage asserting that Athens was a Southern Belfast !

Yet there is a little world of history in that accent of Belfast, and this is the siren voice that has brought the Tory party in England to destruction. And the sweetest songster of all is that thing of light, and wit, and gentle power, that angel of mercies, that large-souled champion of progress, William Moore.

I believe it jars upon the ears of the more enlightened members of the Tory party to hear, at every turn of Irish politics, the note of hatred of Nationalist Ireland, this peevish impatience of any symptom of good-will or better relations, this raucous expression of prejudices, this revival of the feuds and feelings of the past. The exploits of Bloody Mary seem to these gentlemen to have happened a month ago, and good Queen Bess might have come to town on Wednesday last, such is the temper of religious heat in which they discuss our affairs of to-day. They fling King William at our head, but for my part I care so little for these polemics, that I feel perfectly free to appreciate, eclectically, the good qualities of William, even to the extent of testing again my distrust of politicians and my prejudice against Kings. But after all, William the Silent was not an Irishman, not even a Belfast Irishman, and there has always seemed to me something incongruous between the arrogance of loyal Ulster, their assump-

tion of superiority, and the shortage of native leaders. Perhaps part of their admiration of the silent Dutchman arises from the fact that he was silent enough never to say what he thought of them.

Sir Edward Carson is not silent, but though he talks his voice is that of a Southern, and this unexpected boon has charmed the listening ear of Ulster. The native expression is found in its choicest quality in the Orange lodges. Looking at the matter as impartially as I can, it seems to me that some sort of lodge was imperatively called for to stop the criminal career of James II ; but that event happened long ago. Generations have passed away, the Protestants in Ulster have again established their ascendancy, and yet we find these Orange lodges in the full blast of their activity. Why ? I will in turn appeal for impartiality. Is it not clear that under the cloak of religion—the religion of love—these Orange lodges, these political organisations, these century-old aggressive intolerances, have had little significance as a bulwark against the encroachments of Rome, but a real and business-like meaning in regard to the distribution of the offices of profit ?

Ascendancy is not a mere sentiment. It means that the area of competition has been limited. It means unfair privileges, sinecures, rewards, and insurance against incapacity. It means that from a grasping father to a semi-imbecile son the grip may be held on emoluments. Have the Protestants in the North, where they are in the majority, ever given the Catholics fair play ? Of the hundreds of offices in the control of the municipalities, from stately sinecures to lucrative posts, down to the humblest billets, how many are held by Catholics ? Nothing

of importance beyond that of a crossing-sweeper's job. Does that represent the relative ability of the people? If it did, does anyone imagine that there would be desperate efforts to retain Ascendancy? If a boxer looks in contempt on a rival, he does not demand that the rival shall fight with his right hand tied behind his back. But Ascendancy asks more than that, it requires the obliteration of the opponent.

The Belfast man knows full well that if Ireland had a fair Constitution, and if all posts were thrown open to competition, and all rewards given on merit, then the bright and quick-witted youngsters of the South would play a fast and lively game with their sons, and often score the winning points; for, "mark you me!," Nature does not love the dour and cross-grained style, nor are stiffness and rigidity the signs of strength, physical or mental. Eliminate the undue influence of the priests! With all my heart. But let us eliminate, step by step, the undue influence of the Orange pulpit, that "drum ecclesiastic" which beats out so strangely its contents of charity and love. Eliminate the undue influence by which these Orange prelates have stampeded and captured the English hierarchy. Eliminate the undue influence of that hierarchy, which in proportion as it is losing its hold upon its flock in spiritual things, clings the more desperately to its prerogatives, and seeks to justify its existence as a vast political organisation.

That organisation has almost consistently in modern history placed itself in the path of progress, not to march steadily and determinedly therein to those ideals of fellowship and communion preached by the Founder of the religion, but ever to oppose the

aspirations of Democracy and thwart the onward movement of civilisation itself. That organisation is presumptuous, dominating and proud, although the Sermon on the Mount teaches humility ; that organisation is avaricious and rich, although the New Testament condemns laying up treasure on earth ; that organisation flouts the will of the people, and stands accused by the doctrines that should be the breath of its life.

I am amazed when I read the sermons of high ecclesiastical magnates, be they Bishops, Archbishops, or Moderators, or what not of titles of pride—amazed to find the conception of the Deity that prevails in their minds—a Deity, made in their own image, endowed by them with their passions, prejudices, and narrow-mindedness ; a Deity of disorder, scorn, and hate ; a Deity of parochial gossip and futile resentments, as when the Bishop of London called on the Creator to smash the Parliament Act.

I have turned from these wretched preachings in which the holiest of names are flung into the mêlée of a party strife, I have lifted my eyes to the heavens, I have gazed into the infinite space ; I have questioned the mystery of the stars, I have stood struck with awe yet humanly raised by that feeling ; and I have sought insight into the march of things, the secret of the laws that wield the world, all these forms from the delicatest shape of flowers even up to the stupendous architecture of the universe unbound ; and knowing how puny is the effort of man, have yet felt reverence for those whose thought has striven to pierce the veil ; and I have seen how wonderful is the work of science that here and there flashes its beam of light, that gives us glintings of

an organic whole, and fills our mind with stray caught notes of harmony.

Shall I return to speak now of clerical intrigues, of the privileged exercise of exalted powers, of all the hubble-bubble of their mean religious bickerings, manœuvres, violence, and wrong? No. Eliminate undue influence of priests, eliminate undue influence of Anglican prelates, of Nonconformist divines. Yes. This is difficult. Yes, but already to have stated the problem is to have made a step towards its solution. It is not impossible that a newer generation may grow up, not believing, as if their life depended on it, that the world is a difficult mountain path, which at their birth divides into two ways, one the Catholic way, the other the Protestant way; that the choice rests neither on goodness nor badness, nor light nor darkness, simply on accident, the accident of birth; but that on that accident depend the glory of Heaven, the certainty of Hell; and that not this alone, but that we must give of these destinies a foretaste to our friends and enemies; and in view of the deficiency of celestial attributes deal with brimstone only.

No. The world is something other, though the mists of our time have obscured it. And even these two paths lead to a fair and open plain where those separated by fateful accidents may reunite in sympathy, in affection, and in fraternal help.

CHAPTER VI

IRISH ORGANISATIONS

ORGANISATIONS are indigenous on Irish soil. Irishmen are generally considered difficult to discipline, nevertheless they have a notable talent for organisation. And so it happens that when an Irishman of education and ability finds any outlet for the exercise of this faculty he produces exceptionally good results. One can cite, in passing, Lord Anthony MacDonnell, whose reputation as an organiser in India has qualified him to offer weighty advice in regard to the settlement of the Irish question. It is not only that the Irishman has a good conception of the formal character of organisation, but he puts into the work a certain zeal and a kind of mothering care.

Speaking then of modern times which have a real bearing on our present situation we find in 1782 a remarkable organisation of Volunteers, to which reference has been made in the first chapter. They were brought into existence ostensibly to protect the Irish from an attack by a foreign foe during England's troubles with America and France, but they soon began to appear as the most eloquent factor in the appeal of Ireland for an independent Parliament. What is known as Grattan's Parliament was the result. The Volunteers were disbanded by their

own motion. That really meant that Ireland had thrown away the weapon by which she had gained her success ; the fall of the Parliament was only a question of years.

The next organisation which we have to note is that of the United Irishmen, of which Wolfe Tone was the leading spirit. This was a secret organisation, for secrecy has always exercised a fascinating spell on Irishmen. At all times these secret organisations have been infested with spies, and the suspicion and distrust so engendered have been potent causes of disruption in nearly all the organisations that have successively held sway in Ireland. The United Irishmen flourished from 1796 to 1798, their career being virtually ended in the desperate insurrection in 1798, and by the death of Wolfe Tone in a prison cell.

The spirit of the United Irishmen remained in the country, but in default of any leader of special character and talent the organisation degenerated into various small sectional bodies, of which the Whiteboys were typical. With varying fortunes but never with any great political significance the Whiteboys continued from 1800 until about 1860.¹ Similar organisations were those of Ribbon Men of various types, and these were secret organisations, even with an excess of secrecy as far as the rank and file were concerned. Many of those who were initiated knew little of their own organisation beyond the names of those who had introduced them, and a vague indication of some higher authorities from whom they received orders. Such an order might take the form of killing a man at a fair. The Ribbon Man had to do the work, though not know-

¹ The Whiteboys were first founded in Tipperary about 1761,

ing the origin of the order nor the motive by which it was inspired. These organisations were sometimes perverted from their original intention and were cunningly made use of by the landlords themselves for such ends as personal revenge.

A more serious public organisation was that of the Catholic Association which held sway from 1809 to 1829, and which pointed to Catholic Emancipation as its own justification. The organisation with regard to tithes filled the years between 1829-31. The great Repeal movement continued in force from 1840 to 1846. O'Connell's methods were found too slow by the fiery Young Irelanders, and the movement really ended in the blaze of their abortive insurrection. In 1852 a Tenants' Rights organisation was formed principally on the initiative of Richard Finton Lalor, whose brother led the miners at the Eureka Stockade in Ballarat in 1854. The movement of Finton Lalor did not attract great attention at the time, but in his propaganda will be found the germ of nearly all the ideas which have since been adopted, and many of which have been realised by various movements of land reform, and land taxation.

This movement was followed by that of the Fenians—the Irish Republican Brotherhood—the organisation which more than all was deeply rooted in the spirit of the Irish working people. This was a secret organisation. The most active worker and the acknowledged leader of the cause in Ireland was James Stephens. He was, I believe, a commercial traveller, and he used the facilities he had of travelling from place to place to found on sure lines his formidable "Brotherhood." The system was simple,

but capable of development. It might be briefly described in this way : A local leader who had been initiated would enroll a number of men bound by oath of a somewhat elastic character but with the well-understood indication of rebellion when the time came. This local leader would be a centre. A number of such local leaders would again form the elements of an advanced stage of the organisation. For them there would be appointed a higher centre represented by a man chosen by themselves or appointed by higher authorities. Just as the first leader was responsible for all his local men, so this centre was responsible for all the local leaders. This system of building was continued until one reached the summit of the system, and James Stephens was in Ireland the leader of all.

The Fenians in many ways mark the beginning of recent Irish history. For one thing, this organisation practically abolished the custom of faction fighting, which had prevailed for centuries in Ireland. No story of Ireland is complete without some reference to faction fighting, for it is there that the psychology of the people may be well studied. Carleton's descriptions are especially vivid. He does not forget the humorous elements in the situation either, for it is only an Irishman who can find the real smack of humour in these wild incidents. The feuds took place sometimes between village and village. They were arranged and planned as a football match is now ; indeed they were the sport of a virile people full of pristine energy. The weapons were black-thorns, and there was a certain etiquette in their employment and in the rules of the game generally. The two sides fought with desperate fierceness but

generally with the most perfect loyalty. Combatants were often killed but these deaths were hidden and the law had no hold. I have met men who have known of these faction fights personally, and one incident may be cited as typical. A leader in a faction fight was so badly beaten that he was carried to a neighbouring hospital apparently on the point of death. The rival leader managed to see him, but only for a moment, long enough, however, to utter one word : "Secret." The other who seemed to be at his last gasp had only energy enough to make a sign of acquiescence. As a matter of fact he recovered and lived to be an old man, but he never revealed the names of those who had almost done him to death.

It must have been a hard wrench for the peasantry to give up this alluring sport, but that fact indicates with what a tremendous grip the Fenian organisation had fastened on their minds. The plans of the Fenians became shattered before they had time to become fully developed for action. And so it happened that my old friend, John O'Leary, was sentenced to twenty years of imprisonment, four of which he actually served under vile conditions and sixteen of which he spent in exile, although his actual transgression of the law was nothing more than technical. Stephens was imprisoned, but he was released from prison by means of a daring and romantic plot, one of the confederates of which I afterwards met in New York where he lived as a reputable and popular citizen.

Stephens returned to Ireland not long before his death and I once had the opportunity of meeting him in Dublin. He had an organising head. I have

seen such a head in capable business men holding under their control a complex system, such men as traffic managers, heads of departments, or the like ; I have seen such a head in a great German chemist, and in a French mathematician. Under happier auspices Stephens might have been a man of science—a well-shaped, amply rounded dome, a forehead large but not too large to disturb the harmonious proportion of cerebral activity, nor to destroy the symmetry of the compact frame and regular features ; a countenance not particularly impressive, rather resembling that of a bearded German professor, the eye of an overseer, still marking the leader and indicating what he must have been in his early days, a man of restless energy and ever busy plotting brain, prolix of detail, yet firm in carrying out a bold and well-planned scheme. John O'Leary told me that Stephens in the height of his activity was an imperious, self-willed man, brooking no opposition from subordinates, critical, intolerant, bad-tempered, masterful, impatient, but wonderfully capable for his own particular work. When I met him, however, he spoke in the calm reflective manner of a philosopher, estimating with judgment the value of things and giving his opinions with ponderation and good sense. John O'Leary told me that that was a sign of breaking up : “When Stephens began to speak well of others I saw that his will-power was going ; when he was altogether good-natured, his work was done” !

I will leave the matter with that. I do not think that I have attached undue importance to the Fenian movement. The Irish Republican Brotherhood did not cut such a wide swath in history as

their merits warranted. What it required was that after the work of organisation had been so far perfected some greater leader with a new kind of talent should step in and use the instrument so fabricated. To compare great with small, as Milton says at times, it required a genius to play the Alexander following upon the Philip of James Stephens. But perhaps the difficulty would have been too great even for a Philip and an Alexander, for the framework in which Irish physical force has been compelled to work out its destiny has hardly at any time held scope enough for success.

The Fenians were followed in the early seventies by the Home Rule Federation of which Butt was the leading spirit. Isaac Butt was a Protestant of Conservative leanings, of exceptional talent as a lawyer and of wonderful power as an orator even in that land of oratory—Ireland. But he lacked the essential—force of character. Butt was always an impecunious man, although at one time he must have gained big fees at the Bar. I have heard all sorts of stories about him in Ireland and elsewhere which to English notions indicate a somewhat “racketty” or “harum scarum” existence, but which to the Irish mind is rather softened down by that atmosphere of sympathy which we find again in Murger’s stories of the *Vie de Bohême* in Paris. He would drive up to the Four Courts in an outside car, and arriving at the end of his journey would fumble in his pocket; if a lucky coin turned up the cabby might get four times his fare, if there was no coin there, and that was quite normal, the cabby got the smile of the Irish leader. I have heard too that when Butt was

arrested for debt, and while locked up for a short time, he required some stimulant. His persuasive tongue had won over the constable, but even the constable could not open the door. Finally this device was hit upon—the officer poked the stem of a long church-warden pipe through the keyhole, he poured whisky into the bowl, and Butt imbibed it at the other end.

The name of Butt is still popular in Irish political circles, and in some histories he is held up as a model of statesmanship particularly for those qualities which indicated his lack of real power. I was once in conversation with an Irish politician who was praising the qualities of Butt. I said to him, but after all when the actual events are beginning to get remote and things are seen in their true perspective, history demands: What has a man actually done in the fabric of progress? Now what did Butt ever do to advance the Irish cause? This question left my friend silent for two or three moments, and then he replied in a characteristic Irish phrase: "Dam'all!" That is Irish for nothing.

Butt's rule was succeeded by that of Mr. Shaw, who believed that the best policy for Ireland was that the Irish Party should show itself as a model of behaviour and trust to the good-will of England. Mr. Shaw disappeared and left no trace.

We now come to the part which really definitely marks the beginning of modern Ireland; we discover the figures of Davitt and Parnell. Davitt founded the Land League in 1879 at Irishtown in Mayo. It was a league devoted to the destruction of the landlord system, and the means employed were those of "agitation" as it was then understood in Ireland,

an agitation diversified by a great many adventures of an exciting and occasionally of a tragic character. Meanwhile Parnell had gained a complete ascendancy over the Irish Party at Westminster and at length he captured the Land League, although at the beginning the League had been set up in defiance of Parliamentary methods and had become established as a sort of rival power to his own. Michael Davitt who was the most unselfish of patriots had imbibed many philosophical notions which practical politicians called "viewy," and for which the great public mind had certainly not been sufficiently prepared. The most notable of these was Land Nationalisation. Davitt and Parnell came into collision more than once, and in these attacks the stronger authority of the Parliamentary Leader bore down the opposition of the Tribune of the people. The Land League was suppressed in 1881.

In the meantime the organisation of the Invincibles had been established. This was an organisation formed by a small number of determined men bound under a stringent oath, and with secrecy so close that no man of the rank and file knew what was the source of the commands which he obeyed; the leader was known simply as No. 1. The principal modes of operation of this organisation were terrorism and assassination of those whom they thought to be the enemies or oppressors of Ireland. The culmination of their exploits was the assassination of Mr. Burke and Lord Frederick Cavendish in Phoenix Park at a time of day when a polo match was in progress not far off and when many loungers and passers by were in the vicinity. The story of this event and of all that arose out of it has been told in many books.

This tragic incident threw Parnell into consternation, principally because in a moment it drew aside the veil from an under world of plotting and hatred of which he himself had had no cognisance and of which he could not sound the depths. As a consequence he placed his resignation in Mr. Gladstone's hands. Reviewing the whole circumstance it would seem that the organisation was really restricted and quite localised. It is still a matter of dispute as to who was No. 1. In America I met two men each of whom in turn was designated as No. 1, though I am inclined to think that neither was. The veritable No. 1 was, I believe, an ex-officer of the Southern Army during the Civil War, a daring fellow who had faced death in too many shapes to be daunted by the risks of such an organisation, and whose whole style was calculated to impress men of the Joe Brady stamp and make them his unquestioning servitors. I dwell on this for a moment because when Irish agitation reaches a certain temperature the rise of men of this stamp in some form or other should always be held in calculation.

As the Land League grew in power means of action were devised which had not at first been contemplated. In a memorable speech at Ennis Parnell affirmed, though he had not originated, that system which was afterwards known as "boycott." In Kilmainham Gaol he, in company with others who were also imprisoned there, signed the "No Rent" manifesto, although as we now know Parnell was brought against his will to affix his signature to that document. Here it may be said that the image of a great strong inflexible leader, always foreseeing events, planning combinations and movements and

activities, and always directing the movements of his organisation—that is an image that did not respond to the reality in Parnell's case, nor probably in the case of any other great leader. Parnell, strong and dictatorial as he was, was again and again carried along on the current of movements of which he was a nominal leader, but whose forces he could not control.

Looking into the matter narrowly it will be found that there was very little which Parnell actually created ; in almost every case he adopted what had already been set on foot by others, and as we have seen he was not infrequently forced to take a part contrary to his own judgment and desire. It would be equally false, however, to suppose that he was a mere figurehead. Whatever may have been his faults even as a political leader, there can be no doubt of the service which his great and masterful personality rendered to Ireland at the most critical stage of her development. It is necessary to judge of a man not by undue construction of any passages of his career or incidents of conduct or character, but by the complete scope of his accomplishment. Regarded in this manner Parnell seems to me to have been the greatest leader of whom Ireland can boast in the whole line of her history.

The National League founded in 1884 took the place of the suppressed Land League, and it continued in activity till the "split," which followed as a consequence of the revelations of the divorce case in which Parnell was involved. Under the National League the famous Plan of Campaign was evolved. The original suggestion is said to have arisen in the fertile brain of the late Mr. Henry Labouchere.

Roughly speaking the mode of procedure was this, that the tenants instead of paying their rents should put the money into a common fund. They thereupon offered the landlord equitable terms, and if he refused and proceeded to evictions the combined fund was used in the defence of the first victim attacked.

The National League was succeeded by the National Federation which was founded in 1891 and lasted, though with waning vitality, until about 1895, and that again was succeeded by the United Irish League, which still exists and which is still powerful, but whose authority is being replaced all over Ireland by that of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

In Ireland the Gaelic League has accomplished a great work with which is especially associated the name of Dr. Douglas Hyde. To recount its activities would require a volume, but in a recent number of a provincial paper, "The Waterford News," I find the following paragraph which seems to me to sum up the matter concisely and well :

" In 1914 we celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of the Gaelic League : we have now completed twenty-one years of constructive national effort for an Irish nation, for the perpetuity of Irish sentiment, for the realization of the great ideals of our forefathers and the cause of Gaelic civilisation. That we have succeeded in making a large section of the people of Ireland take a serious interest in their country ; made the grand old tongue of our ancestors respected throughout the land ; knocked a good deal of the gilt off the shoneens and the West Britons ; and induced a number of wealthy aristocrats to do something positive for Ireland—is a mag-

nificent testimony to the tenacity of purpose of the men who, twenty-one years ago brought a new soul into Erin."

Of all the past leagues of which we have made mention since the days of the Fenians, none of them were secret except that of the Invincibles, and not one imposed any religious test. Indeed the only organisation during the last hundred years which I can find having any definite religious stamp was that of the Catholic Association founded in 1809, with the exception, of course, of church organisations formed as benefit societies. The Ancient Order of Hibernians was originally of such a character, but gradually in Ulster in view of the intolerance of Orange Lodges and of the whole system of Ascendancy it was thought advisable for the Hibernians to use their organisation in the way of direct antagonism to these forces. In public affairs recently, however, that organisation has spread to the South and West of Ireland, and so rapidly that some special cause must be sought to account for this remarkable display of vitality. The expansion may be found in part in the furious attacks launched against the organisation by Mr. William O'Brien who denounced the Hibernians under the title of Molly Maguires.¹ For it is a trait

¹ There was a small organisation in America in fairly recent times, the members of which entitled themselves the Molly Maguires. The organisation was founded in 1854, in the anthracite coal mining district of N.E. Pennsylvania and continued till 1877. Whatever may have been its origin, the organisation acquired influence by the successful conduct of a strike of miners, but it became known at length, from 1865 onward, as a veritable nest of bandits, whose aims were robbery, and who did not shrink from murder. The organisation was very secret and close, limited to Catholics, and it ruled by intimidation. For a long time it baffled the State authorities, but as must inevitably happen in such cases, espionage and treachery, followed by

of character that must never be lost sight of in dealing with Ireland that although the people can be led they always refuse most obstinately to be driven, and as the Ancient Order of Hibernians is under the control of Mr. Devlin the attacks of his political opponents were taken as a challenge, and the reply was the extension of the Hibernian organisation.

This was of course not the only cause of its expansion, the near establishment of Home Rule has undoubtedly acted as a great stimulus, and for two reasons as far as I can judge. One of these is the natural desire that men of good faith should step into the positions of authority, and another is perhaps the somewhat vaguer but always insistent feeling that the new Government should have a good backing of resolute men who in case of need could provide some form of physical support, if not of "physical force" as understood in the former and more strenuous times.

I do not speak of these matters with any certainty, for this development of the Ancient Order of Hibernians is still too recent, and there has been no great occasion yet to demonstrate its power. Moreover as the organisation is secret, its manner and intent can only be known to the general public by overt acts and decisions, and such acts, for the main part, seem to be on the same lines as those of the

suspicious and panics, brought about the downfall of the Molly Maguires. The break up was greatly due to the firmness and energy of a master of industry, F. B. Gowan, and the determination of a detective, James McParlan, who joined the organisation in order to learn its secrets. Some of the members fled in time, the leaders who could be seized were duly hanged, and that was the end of the Molly Maguires.

United Irish League which has undoubtedly rendered great services to the Irish cause. Many of the Irish Party, are, I believe, members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. I am not a member, because at the threshold I have been stopped by considerations which have prevented me looking further. The Organisation imposes a religious test, it requires that a member be a Catholic, and that he give good proof of diligently practising his religious duties. I resolved from my first entry into public life that I would do whatever lay in my power to minimise the asperities of religious differences in Ireland, that I would endeavour to secure for Protestants complete equality of treatment in those cases where they were in a minority, and not more than equality where they were in the majority ; in other words I wished to see the question of religion placed beyond the purview of appointments to public offices, and I desire, as I have already said but which I may well repeat, that the very word "toleration" should be forgotten, that we should cease to esteem it a virtue not to oppress a man on account of his religion, and that in the place of toleration complete independence and freedom should be the law and the spirit of the people. I would rather disappear from Irish politics altogether on account of my cleaving fast to this principle, than win, if it were possible, the highest place, the highest emoluments, and lustre which might be the reward of renouncing these principles. I will leave the matter there.

My intention has been not to form a catalogue of Irish organisations, but rather to indicate successively the prevailing spirit that has produced the principal

organisations of modern times and the mode of their establishment. The detailed history of these organisations would be instructive, but it would be voluminous. Several books have been written on the Fenian movement alone, and from none is it possible to gain a vivid picture of the entire reality.

The Gaelic Athletic Association is a powerful body, but though it is not unaffected by politics, yet its main objects are sufficiently indicated in its title, so that it is not necessary to refer to it further here.

The All—For—Ireland League was founded by Mr. William O'Brien in the course of his fight with the Irish Parliamentary Party. It includes many men of influence in Ireland, Lord Dunraven, for example, and its objects might be summed up in the watch-words: Conference, Consent, Conciliation. I will not enlarge, for it would be difficult to approach either the persuasiveness or the force of language with which its founders and its members have advocated its claims.

Quite recently another organisation has sprung up, and has spread still more rapidly than the Hibernians, with a rapidity in fact which reminds one of the American phrase "setting the prairie on fire." This is the organisation of the National Volunteers. Their creation has been the reply of the Nationalist parts of Ireland to the establishment in such extraordinary fashion, as we have seen, of the Ulster Volunteers. The movement in Ulster was founded in broad daylight, not as in the traditional Irish style in secrecy; on the contrary with an excess of advertisement which in the early days constituted its main strength and principal mode of

action. The object of the movement was to establish a Provisional Government backed by physical force sufficient to resist any attempt of the Imperial Government to bring into reality the Home Rule Bill, if it should in the usual way become the law of the land. The Ulster Volunteers were recruited, they were equipped except in regard to arms, they were drilled and paraded, they were officered by Army officers, they were controlled or patronised and encouraged by public functionaries, by Justices of the Peace, and by Privy Councillors. Their leaders preached sedition and promised rebellion. The Government, duly informed of all these proceedings, took no notice, officially at least ; they were again and again taunted and derided on the floor of the House, still they showed no sign. Finally came the great gun-running exploit, which suddenly changed a movement, picturesque but comparatively harmless, into a formidable danger for the government of Ireland. Though the threats of civil war were sincere they appeared in an air of unreality, they smacked more of a penny dreadful than of serious business in the year 1914 ; the introduction of thousands of rifles and millions of cartridges and the placing of these in the hands of fanaticised volunteers have increased the chances of a civil war, which may be as fierce and bloody as in the end it will prove to have been futile. I do not say that such an event will take place, or even that it is probable ; I assert that it is possible.

The gun-running might have been prevented by the exercise of a few obvious precautions. The Government had intended to take steps which, even more elaborate than those necessary to prevent

gun-running, would have been effective in preserving Ulster in peace. Having resolved, they began to blunder. Difficulties arose in their path—the created difficulties which weak men always find. I will not dwell too long on this painful episode, for it would wreck a pathetic hope of mine, to hold in entire respect the wisdom, power, and judgment of the great figures of British statesmanship.

We had the example of the ruler of the Army—one of the best of men—forced by circumstances to plead with the officers under his authority as to the extent to which they would obey the commands; we had vague intimations of the influence of higher powers unnamed if not unknown, and whose authority we could only guess from acts unaccountable otherwise, of responsible ministers. Parliament was laughed at; powerful ministers became like pawns; the Government was turned from its task by the cries of its adversaries, and in place of the spectacle of great statesmen coming down to the House and asserting the Law, we had a succession of gentlemen explaining incongruous situations by improbable statements and assuring the world that at no time had it been their intention to do the duty that lay in their path. And when at length that admirable feat of gun-running, carried out under their noses, had laughed them to scorn, we had certainly that promise of vindication, which never materialised, and also a speech from the one man of action in the Cabinet who roundly scolded the Opposition for an hour and a half.

Such no doubt were the reflections of the lively youths of the South and West, who now form the rank and file of the National Volunteers. I say

youths, for though the Volunteer movement from the beginning had some notable men at its head, Mr. Eion MacNeill, Sir Roger Casement, Mr. Kettle, the O'Rahilly, and others, there was such a spontaneity in the uprising of this body that evidently the Volunteers acted less on persuasion than on their instincts of Irishmen ready to fight.

The Volunteer movement is only at the first stage of its career. Who can foresee its part in Irish history? Already the inevitable "fissiparous" tendencies have become manifested. Undoubtedly at the beginning there was amongst the Volunteers a strong infusion of the Sinn Fein element and Sinn Fein ideas. At the same time the work of the Parliamentary Party was reaching a crisis, and it was on all grounds inadvisable to divide the forces of the country. The original Provisional Government consented to a joint control, admitting nominees of the Irish Party in equal proportion.

The outbreak of the war found the Volunteers hesitating as to their line of action. A certain pro-German feeling became manifested. A considerable number of the men were, however, called to the colours as reservists. The move of Sir Edward Carson in offering the Ulster Volunteers to Lord Kitchener for service abroad put the Nationalist Volunteers in great difficulty as to an appropriate reply. Many impelled by military ardour joined the Army in the regular way; the great majority declared they would stop at home and defend the country in case of invasions. The passing of the Home Rule Bill again changed the situation. The Home Rule Bill had found its way to the Statute Book, but with the condition of delay of at least one year—twelve

months fraught with possibility of change of vast magnitude.

The Ulster Volunteers having gone to the war, to fight for the Empire and win distinction for themselves, would return to Ireland stronger in position than ever. It could not be expected that officers of the Army, who before had shown great unwillingness to coerce them, and who now hailed them as comrades in arms, would be inclined to proceed to their suppression. Such being the conditions, Mr. Redmond adopted a course which the great majority of Irish representatives considered wise in advising the Volunteers to go to the front also to assist in defeating the common enemy. I will only mention an early proposal of my own to raise an Irish Brigade trained on Boer lines for service at the front; this project was not supported. And so it has happened that within a year of their inception the Nationalist Volunteers, or as many of them as have been influenced by the Irish Party, have been placed under the command of officers the majority of whom are no doubt hostile to their foundation, to their hopes, and to their ideals.

That is one of the strange contradictions such as are met with so frequently in Irish history. Many of the Volunteers, even whose reason was convinced by the arguments of the Irish Party, found this dénouement too abrupt, and revolted. Some of the most authoritative of the original founders of the movement issued a Proclamation denouncing Mr. Redmond's tactics and expelling his adherents; he replied by reconstituting the governing body. Certain aspects of this affair will become clearer in considering the organisation of Sinn Féin. I will say candidly

that those who from the first have adopted a pro-German or anti-English attitude have been consistent; but they have lacked judgment and their policy would lead to disaster in Ireland. That policy is a policy of physical force and rebellion, but when no steps have been taken to prepare rebellion, and when no effective physical force is available, such a policy is simply mischievous.

CHAPTER VII

SINN FEIN

No account of the present situation in Ireland would be even in the roughest manner adequate if it did not allow full weight to the Sinn Fein movement. The phrase Sinn Fein may be here interpreted, it simply means Ourselves, and that already indicates the spirit of the programme. In so far as it holds out a hope of future self-reliance, Sinn Fein is excellent, but as has so often happened in Irish history, a good programme, good intentions, zeal, ambition, self-sacrifice, have been lessened in value by reason of other elements imported,—narrowness of view, incompetence of plans, dissensions, recriminations. Like most movements of the kind which have appealed to the patriotism and a sort of inner spirit of the Irish people which really contains also the secret of their ultimate fate, Sinn Fein at first received enthusiastic support; it promised independence to Ireland, fostering of industries and enterprises, the re-establishment of the Irish language, restoration of Irish traditions, and even old Irish dress, and the re-constitution of the Irish nation.¹

¹ For an exposition of the policy I have gone to the fountain head, the National Council. The statement begins:

The National Policy of Sinn Fein was outlined in November, 1905, and is based on the principle "that the Irish people are

Here already in the very attractiveness of the programme we find ideas tending to reduce it to failure.

a free people and that no law made without their authority or consent is, or ever can be, binding on their conscience." It asserts that the General Council of County Councils presents the nucleus of a National authority and urges it to widen its activities from the exercise of purely consultative powers to the formulation and direction of lines of procedure for the whole Irish nation.

The assertion of the existence of an Irish Constitution, the denial of the legality of the Union incorporating the Parliaments of Ireland and England (acknowledged *de facto* by the advocates of Unionism and the Home Rule Parliamentary movement): the denial of the right of the English Parliament to legislate for Ireland, the withdrawal of voluntary Irish support from the armed forces of England, the advocacy of the establishment of a Voluntary Legislature comprising representatives of the Rural, Urban, and County Councils, Poor Law, and Harbour Boards, agricultural, commercial, and industrial interests and the Irish members elected to the English Parliament—these are the main political features of the Sinn Fein programme.

This is certainly a bold conception, but the programme is not impossible. Something similar has been realised, for change the term Ireland to Ulster and the National Council to the Provisional Government, and this part of the policy of Sinn Fein is seen to embody in other forms the principles adopted by the Ulster Tories.

It must be remembered, however, that they had the advantage of a Government, which as a consequence of its neglect of duty allowed the administration of the law to become a mockery. Sinn Fein could never have counted on such misfeasance. The Ulstermen, moreover, had vast funds at their disposal, and these were essential to the carrying out of the programme. Sinn Fein only asked for an income of £800 a year, and this modest sum was not forthcoming. It will therefore be seen how far from reality were certain parts of their programme, such as "the establishment and maintenance of an Irish Consular system, the re-establishment of an Irish Mercantile Marine, the development of Irish Sea Fisheries, and Irish mineral resources, the control and management by an authority responsible to the Irish people of the transit systems in Ireland, the nationalisation of Irish Educational systems, and the creation of a National Civil Service comprising the employées of all bodies responsible to the Irish people."

This is only the outline of a programme which includes also re-afforestation, arterial drainage, reclamation of waste lands. Most of these

Nothing is more captivating and nothing is less practical than to talk in these years of grace of bringing back customs and traditions, or even costumes, that may have been appropriate to an Irish nation one thousand years ago, but which take no account of the conditions of our own times. In the brief glimpses we have taken of the "good old times" we have seen many things which well might make the least reflective pause; it is only necessary to point out that in the full possession of their system the leaders of their day brought the country to ruin and eventually found themselves unable to put up any sort of defence against the invader.

Is it not better to take a leaf from the book of the Japanese, who are desirous of preserving their race and nation and of guarding intact what is really essential and vital in their ideals, yet who, after deep thought, determined that they must cut themselves adrift from many fetters and strike out once for all resolutely into the paths of progress? They were eclectic in their regard of the world, they studied other nations, they did not hesitate to adopt what they thought was the best in each; they recognised that our modern civilisation differed from their own and other great civilisations of the past mainly in the works of science, and all that that implies; they set themselves to work with fervent zeal. It became the veritable spirit of guidance and of co-operation, amongst the young Japanese—the ideal of the advancement of their country. One generation sufficed

schemes are excellent, but to carry them into effect would require the expenditure of millions. Some of the projects have been taken in hand by the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, which utilises considerable funds voted by Parliament.

to produce a revolution, a revolution none the less important and far-reaching because carried out in peace.

I saw in his old age the great organiser of this movement, Marquis Ito. As I looked upon him with his stunted frame, his big head, his Mongolian features, his yellowish brown complexion, straggling beard, and muddy coloured eyes, bleared and blinking, gazing with curiosity, yet with an air of always responding to some constant inner reflection, shining at times with a strange light; when I looked upon this old Mongolian type and considered the gigantic work which he had performed I felt, as so often, that such men are partly inconscient instruments of progress—"he moulded better than he knew"—and I felt too what internal resolves must have preceded his great decision, how he was dragged back by all the traditions of the feudal system, by all the memories of what he had been taught as the history of Japan, by all of the contempt of the foreigner, the hatred of aliens which is too sedulously preached to all of us, how it would have been easier and smoother, and at the outset far more popular, to be carried with the crowd than to obey the intimations of that inner signal, than to fix his eyes steadfastly on the great ideal and to march towards his goal with clear purpose, firm step, and never flinching courage.

I saw by his side a young count of the Empire, tall, straight, handsome even according to our European model, alert and cordial in manner. I contrasted him with the Marquis Ito, and even while admiring the air of progress which emanated from his personality, I could not help feeling he was inferior in some respects to the great leader in whose

train he had come, and this feeling was not dissipated even when, with veritable American spirit and in a voice which showed me that he had imbibed many notions in the States, he said to me : " I will be busy with the Marquis for some time, but I say, old man, come round and have a yarn later. The old boy is not much of a man of the world, you know, but I want to see a little of Paris."

In all this is there no lesson for Ireland ? Is there none in the still more famous story of Peter the Great ? Is there none even in the story of Cromwell ? Let us be eclectic, also let us not seek for shallow popularity or clap-trap applause, but let us brace ourselves up to the full to the duty we owe to the people. At the outset I find there is a great centre of good in Sinn Fein, although my principal contact with the movement has been through the reckless abuse poured upon myself and also on the Party to which I am now a member ; but these matters are trivial when we come to consider the best policy of a Nation. The spirit of self-reliance is already excellent. The spirit of internal development, of rehabilitation from within, must be the animating principle of all projects for the real advancement of Ireland. On the other hand a continuous vituperation of England, even though it should win applause in certain quarters, is neither good nor just. Even according to the valid programme of Sinn Fein itself, when Ireland becomes developed, when Ireland has launched out upon her own industries and enterprise, England would be the best customer for her products. To allow sterile quarrels and antiquated hates to stand in the way of such an advantage is both puerile and unpatriotic.

The Sinn Fein party issued a newspaper called "Sinn Fein" which at one time promised to be powerful and stimulating; it was the successor of a paper called "The United Irishman," and that was, I believe, the lineal descendant of a journal published in France, founded and edited by Miss Maud Gonne and styled "Irlande Libre." "Sinn Fein" was edited from the beginning, I believe, by Mr. Arthur Griffith, himself a good writer possessing many of the qualifications of a capable journalist, but apparently lacking in that which is most important of all to a leader of a political party, the power to grow, to develop, to absorb, to assimilate, to become great, to lead the way to the future.

"Sinn Fein" at the beginning was a very lively paper, rather than what our Yankee friends would call "a real live paper." It scintillated with wit, it glowed with humour, it effervesced with ideas. There truly was found an "outcrop of young enthusiasm"—Carlyle's full phrase contains the word foolish before young, but though time and fate might afterwards apply that term to "Sinn Fein" one would indeed have been hard of heart who could have said so at the beginning. Yet even there the elements of vitality were lacking. The outcrop of brilliant ideas need never have been harvested for us in Ireland. We have always had more than we have known rightly what to do with. Our education has always been too literary, not sufficiently scientific, and we have always been too much inclined to be satisfied when we have given emission to a brilliant idea or coined a rhetorical phrase. That has been the bane of Irish politics. It was one of the causes of Grattan's failure.

What I would like to see in these leaders of Ireland's hope, such as Sinn Fein promised to be, is something more of the training and the faculty of the engineer. For the engineer having decided on a work to be carried out proceeds then by a process of analysis, to which certainly he is helped by established rules and formulæ, to work down until at length he arrives at the ground on which he stands. Then he develops a definite programme, in which the steps, retracing in the reality his analysis, proceed from that standpoint, and where everything he does tends to advance steadily and consecutively to the structure which he has projected; finally in this regular and methodical manner the work ordained is completed, and then we hold a big celebration and give vent to more or less commonplace expressions of joy. Some leaders of Sinn Fein are too apt to begin with such expressions, displayed in coruscating flamboyance, but leading to no solid work.

One discouraging feature at the very beginning of the Sinn Fein movement was precisely that which to its followers appeared the most attractive. That was the harping on the Hungarian policy as it was called. It appears that at a certain point in the history of the Austro-Hungarian Empire the Hungarian delegates quitted the Imperial Parliament, and as a consequence of this step relations between the two countries became so critical that Hungary obtained Home Rule, the Austrian Emperor being styled King of Hungary. Sinn Fein argued that Ireland should adopt the same policy; that is, that the eighty-three members of the Nationalist party should abandon Westminster and devote themselves to the establishment of the Irish Nation.

There is nothing more misleading in political questions than arguments drawn from the analogies of other countries. It has been my own fortune to live for a considerable time in foreign countries and to have the opportunity of noting how the structure of the social and political system depends on a complex of factors which in one country are different to those in another. It is impossible to transport any of these factors or any combination of them and graft them immediately on to the system of another country. Moreover, what we may be tempted to admire in another country and hold as characteristic may indeed be characteristic, but may be precisely the difficulty which that country is endeavouring to escape from in its onward progress. Thus, for instance, taking the model of the mother of Parliaments, where the system of two chambers has grown up with no logical plan, but by a series of historical incidents, we have seen the same model in its formal aspect introduced into other countries, as in France and in the Dominions, and becoming a cause of weakness and indeed of ridicule.

Even in reading the arguments of the late Mr. Gladstone on the analogies which support Home Rule, I confess they seem to me, though I agree with the ultimate conclusion, as specimens of faulty reasoning ; and in fact subsequent history has given them its condemnation. The institutions of a country are not only determined by accidents of history, but by a thousand factors in the character and the temperament of the people. To make the analogy really effective, therefore, it would be necessary to analyse to such a degree as to make plain the manner in which the position was determined by these factors,

and to compare these with the correspondences in the other country point by point. Even then the argument would be precarious because there are factors such as the temperament and aspirations of the people which admit of no definition and which are indeed not constant quantities. I will go further and say that while history is an instructive study to those who read with discernment, and with the very active exercise of judgment, there is nothing more misleading nor overbalancing to weak minds. It is pitiful to hear, as I have heard, distinguished Irish scholars whimpering on obscure facts about the battle of the Boyne or on the persecutions of Elizabeth, and drawing therefrom conclusions tending to retrograde moves in England or Ireland.

To come down to a point I think the Dublin Sinn Feiners failed to show their usual wit or humour in regard to this portentous panoply of the "Hungarian Policy." When the Hungarian delegates left the Imperial Parliament they were the representatives of a people hardly less in numerical strength than the Austrians; a people accustomed to war, trained and armed; and they left at a time when the position of Austria was not too secure in regard to the European balance of power. The departure of the delegates simply meant civil war. It was like the withdrawal of ambassadors when the tension between two countries is at breaking point.

But translate that for a moment to Irish conditions, and look at the matter seriously. I say seriously, expressly, because this is the pith of Sinn Fein's action, and if its general policy apart from this delusion had been advocated with large mindedness it might have played a considerable part in Irish

affairs. The policy was first advocated when the Conservatives were in power. Think of the feelings of Mr. Balfour, as Prime Minister, when he learned one morning at breakfast that the Irish members had gone home. It takes no ordinary Sinn Feiner, but a mind superior to the sense of humour, to imagine the great casuist thrown into consternation by this fact; and it requires something more than the artist's faculty to picture the heroic delegates returning to their homes, with the brass bands hesitating between "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and "Nothing in My Hand I Bring!"

Or again cast the mind back to the condition of affairs on the establishment of the Union. We have heard a good deal of the iniquity of the English Government. We ought to insist rather on the ignominy of the Irish Members, but taking the iniquity at its worst, what would have been thought if in addition to depriving Irishmen of their own Parliament, Pitt had also refused them any representation at Westminster? There would indeed have risen a cry to make the welkin ring. But that is precisely the position to which the Sinn Fein policy would reduce the Irish people. So far from the Government in return promising them autonomy, or the heaven-sent boon of a King of their own, I am inclined to think that it would begin by running rapidly through Parliament a Bill for the redistribution of seats which, without any compensation, would reduce the number of members, and so get rid for ever of the tantalising, and often dangerous, opposition of a large Irish Party.¹

¹ Sinn Fein at one time held up as an example to follow a certain Marcellin Albert. There had been a great falling off in the sale of

The Hungarian policy, we have noted, was really an intimation of war in reserve. Such a war would

the light wines of the South of France, and the small vigneron were cast into dire straits. One of these, M. Marcellin Albert, raised a furious agitation which blazed for a time in the newspapers. The popular champion made his way to Paris, and sought an interview with M. Clemenceau, who was then Prime Minister. M. Clemenceau, ascertaining that he was "hard up," paid his fare back to the Midi, and that was the last heard of Marcellin Albert's agitation.

The difficulty of interpreting the events that arise in a foreign country is recognised when we read accounts of the politics of this nation as seen through German spectacles. It was believed apparently in Imperial circles that Ulster and Women's Suffrage would prevent England stirring a finger in the war.

Most of the incursions of Sinn Fein into the domain of Foreign affairs have been unfortunate. At the outbreak of the great Continental war a section of the Sinn Feiners in Dublin and in certain of the country districts favoured the cause of Germany. I have even heard proposals put forward for a "Triple Alliance: Germany, Austria, and Ireland." In what form they expected that mutual aid would be given, I do not know, for I have heard the same people ridicule the notion of sending Volunteers out of Ireland, and assert that if the German forces landed they would defend the territory "inch by inch."

Another proposal I heard made by a representative man was that in return for Ireland's neutrality Germany should set up an Irish Republic. Germany, however, would not be in a position to exhibit her gratitude in this form unless she had first conquered Great Britain. And if she set foot in Ireland she might show resentment, as in Belgium, to those who contested her right of friendly invasion, and fought her "inch by inch."

Contemplate for a moment Germany victorious on land and sea, treating England as a subject province, and bringing back to Europe the mediæval regime of Kaiserthum—I can imagine the Teuton to fear God and nothing else in the world, except indeed the unquenchable aspirations for Freedom, the subtle play of the ideas of progress. In these circumstances the Irish Republic could not long remain a peer and ally of the German Empire. I do not write in any aversion to the idea of an Irish Republic—Heaven forbid—but I wish to point out the tendency of some leaders in Ireland to refuse to see facts, to shrink from raising their minds to a great conception if it runs counter to a petty and personal prejudice. Yet, though sometimes by many

have been disastrous to Austria. In conditions of the kind the policy of Hungary is generally likely to be successful. When there is no war in reserve and no materials of offence or defence, such a policy is not super-statesmanship, it is ridiculous. It may seem strange that clever men should harp on this string. We must, however, remember the words of

zigzag courses, the common sense of Ireland eventually finds its own manner of expression. I do not care to dismiss any movement or any phase of Irish life till I have endeavoured to pierce to its hidden spring, its true psychology. And after all, what lay at the bottom of the pro-Germanism of the Irish was no especial love of the Celt for Teutonic ideals, but the deep-rooted dislike for England. Let us face that frankly. It is too much to ask every honest peasant in Ireland to be a philosophical historian. England is known to him not by the glories of her science or her literature, not even by the boasted freedom of institutions, subject to various cramping mediæval forms and prerogatives ; England has been made known to him by the arrogant village police-sergeant, by the red-coated soldiers brought in to evict him, to demolish his home at the instance of a spendthrift and tyrannical landlord ; England is known to him by a century of tradition of struggle and suffering, by popular songs and stories told by the fireside ; by a feeling of resistance, of safeguarding himself by "physical force," or when this failed on a larger scale, by his own violence, the obstinate rage of the patriot defending his patriotism, the faith, as Michael Davitt called it, of Nationalism ; the instinct of the mortal creature to resist the destruction of its being, its individuality.

This feeling cannot be well combatted by mere brute opposition, by sneers, nor even by the formal show of reason. Yet there are circumstances in the history of a nation where a persistence in the mood of obstinacy means destruction. A way out must be found. That will come in the feeling that the clash of force, the petty battles on narrow issues, do not sum up the life of a nation. A derivative must be found in education, in progressive enlightenment, eventually in science ; the horizon must be enlarged ; not hatred to England must be encouraged, but honest rivalry and healthy emulation ; and a destiny must be pointed out where the great qualities of the Celt may have free play, even though it be eventually in full co-operation with those not less great of the Teuton.

There is a glory there. Forward, Young Ireland, to the work !

Michael Davitt about physical force as a "faith." It is perhaps more extraordinary that these politicians should have found an audience willing to listen to them, especially one so quick witted as the Irish. Some deep explanation must be sought for this condition. I think it will be found in something not unsympathetic to lovers of Ireland. It is the feeling of resistance, the desire even against impossible odds still to fight on, to shut one's eyes to the prospect of defeat, to cling to the last shred of hope, to be prepared for struggle and self-sacrifice rather than definitely to abandon the spirit which has animated their breasts. That spirit, it seems to me, should be kept alive, but it should be guided not in the direction of disappointment, but to an avenue where there will be full scope for courage, energy and vigour, and fruitful reward in the progress of Ireland.

Then again if there had been any remote hope of feasibility in the Sinn Fein programme as sketched by its leaders, it would have been defeated by the narrowness of view and petty tempers of some of these politicians. The great objection to physical force always has been that there is not sufficient force available. In the days of the United Irishmen the fact was made evident. That was the time when Wolfe Tone and his confrères were plotting to make an impression on Napoleon Bonaparte and to concert plans with Carnot, the organiser of victory. They had told Bonaparte that there were four hundred thousand United Irishmen enrolled, organised, and drilled, and no doubt they believed it. A good many of that vast host were Ulstermen. The Ulster man retains the imaginativeness of the Irishman with the capacity for arithmetic of the Scot. Consequently

his imagination runs into figures. I recollect a good Ulster man, a Fenian, who managed to preserve the national characteristics of a fiery soul, encased in a solemn appearance. He used to say that he had a hundred thousand men all of good standing. This formidable army only existed in dreams. There is nothing more fantastic than the dreams of your stern John Knox-like ironside.

And so to return to Bonaparte, that acute young man did not believe Wolfe Tone and still less the others. He had an instinctive feeling for *rameis*, being a Southerner and capable of indulging in it himself on occasion. But mainly he was a man of action, and he knew that for action he must look to the reality of things, and he had already made his own enquiries and worked the matter out in some detail. He was able to astonish the Irish delegates by throwing into the midst of their somewhat vapoured ideas the exact information, which was new to them, for instance, of the state of the cannon at Waterford. Had there have been many men of the stamp of Wolfe Tone, Bonaparte would I think have done business with them, but as it was he weighed the chances and decided on his Egyptian campaign—a still more grandiose dream of which in history we see only the unlucky tentatives.

From that date the chance of Irishmen pursuing the policy of physical force has steadily declined. Nor have they advanced with the rise of the Sinn Fein party. I could never see in the Sinn Fein programme any attempt to create or build a force. Certainly there was a good deal of what the Yankees call "shooting off their mouths." The paper "Sinn Fein" was generally readable, less perhaps in what

should have been the solid parts of the fare than on account of the amusing squibs and pasquinades of the irreverent young writers, some of them apparently æsthetic young women or advanced damsels enjoying the first fling of their emancipation. Or now and again some new poet, Padraic Colum, James Stephens or The Mountainy Singer, essaying their first arms and giving lively promise of their future power. Then again the inevitable personal abuse and recrimination, and then sometimes, athwart all this, something that made one grieve to see so much good rendered valueless—some article or series of studies showing sane views on Irish affairs, displaying a larger conception than that of most politicians, a veritable apprehension of what the life and activity of the nation should be, or throwing forth helpful suggestions towards a great policy of development.

Then again Sinn Fein, this expositor of all that was sterling and staunch in Irish politics, sometimes wobbled grievously. At first it was militant, and apparently anti-clerical; at a later part it seemed to revel in the very odour of sanctity; then this mood of innocuous blessedness gave way to overtures to the politicians. It became tentatively the supporter of Mr. William O'Brien. But the most fatal flaw in all its principles was its own high standard of perfection. The *morgue britannique* was a pale complexion of the soul compared to the pride of the Sinn Fein leaders. The exclusiveness of the Carlton Club withered before the restricted circle of these saviours of Ireland. There is a French proverb—and the French are not unlike the Irish—*Il n'est pas de pur qui ne trouve un plus pur qui l'épure*. It may be roughly translated: There is no high patriot

but finds a higher patriot ready to call him a hired patriot.

And so watching the progress of the Sinn Fein party with no little curiosity and with great sympathy, I have regretted that the circle of the Brahmins has continually decreased, a decrease materially represented by the progressive exiguity of the paper. Thus at the present moment the true and veritable saviours of Ireland might be counted on the fingers of the hand. One is reminded of the Scotch parson who declared that there were only two elect—himself and Tonal, and who added reflectively, "I'm no sure thus o' Tonal." This is excellent for theology, but it is not good for physical force. The Sinn Fein programme was magnificent, but it was not war.

I remarked that the Irish were like the French. A French politician once said to me that a distinguished philosopher had remarked of his compatriots: What can you do with a country where the people drink red wine at the summer temperature of thirty-eight centigrade? That was a *boutade* not quite fair to the French; there is a great fund of common sense in the French, and Jules Claretie said that common sense was the back-bone of wit. Translating the analogy to Ireland we find that the summer temperature is not so high, but the pristine energy of the people, to speak of nothing more, compensates for that. Courage, impetuosity, intrepidity, recklessness to danger, are all excellent at times, especially in action, but much less in thought. The man who accomplishes anything, it seems to me, even in the dubious paths of politics, no matter how high may be his ideal or fervent his aspirations, is he who in forming a programme thinks

seriously, whether gradually or hastily, yet with judgment, with a very present sense of realities. His programme and his suggestions should be the scheme of a reality which will be presented in the march of events. A programme so edified is best even for the conduct of a fiery host, for it canalises their energies, maps out for them the conditions of victory, and eventually adds to their fire by a confidence which redounds to faith.

Can we not engraft in our politics something of what is excellent in Sinn Fein? I would be loathe to leave Sinn Fein with a depreciatory word, I would like to see its great principle reverberate through the land, I would like to see its little paper grow in size and expand in influence. But I would like to see it tempered, not with coldness or the mere shilly-shallying prudence which the politicians call wisdom, but with seriousness of thought, sanity, judgment, and a real determination which springs from a grip of realities.

I oppose whipping up hatred against England. Any attempt to boycott English goods, any attempt to foster ill-feeling between the two countries, is to be condemned, but I see no reason why Irishmen should not hold their own in their own country, grow strong, not merely in principles, not merely in intellect, but in position, knowledge, acumen, and energy, so that instead of trying to build up a miserable Chinese wall of seclusion, they may throw their gates open to Englishmen, meet them on equal terms, beat them often, take lessons from them sometimes, improve good understandings always, and eventually in mutual support find that each has advanced and strengthened the country he loves.

Mutual aid, co-operation. There one strikes to something deeper than the ephemeral passions of politics ; there we find a principle accordant with the universal movement of all things ; it is in the very constitution of the world and in the character of life that therein must be found the best terms of human intercourse. This, which is true in the wider scope, loses nothing of its value when applied to particular cases, as, for instance, to England and Ireland.

CHAPTER VIII

PARLIAMENT

THERE was once, if one can credit the records, a great Parliament. It was the representative of a people. It was constituted by a single chamber. The building was grandiose and appropriate, erected for the convenience of members; not they for its worship. These members were distinguished, moreover; they spoke freely and with eloquence; they touched deeply on the stops of life; but they came to practical issues; and in one brief session they disposed of a vast amount of business. That was in Hell, if we are to believe a certain John Milton, noted in Parliamentary circles as the secretary of Oliver Cromwell, and esteemed by a few as the author of "Paradise Lost," from which poem I get the reference. Incidentally, I may say that I have come to read "Paradise Lost" as a sort of spiritual autobiography, the record of the pilgrimage of the soul of Milton, and thus I recognise the characters. Beelzebub was Strafford, Belial was Buckingham with a touch of Charles II, as to Satan he was the picture of an unregenerated Milton himself.

I am not wantonly introducing discordant images. That vision of the great Conclave of Hell has helped me to keep my balance in the Great Inquest of the Nation, as I have heard Parliament called by two

remarkable orators, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Devlin; and I reflected—inquest, doubtless, because it sits on so many dead Bills.

Irreverent language! Yes, but that is the very point to which I mean to come. A man has already lost the sense of realities, he is in danger of losing his soul, when he begins to reverence—as so many Parliamentarians—the very furniture of the House, the seating accommodation—none too good—or the shabby strip of dubious material which marks the position of the “Bar of the House.”

Is it any wonder then that they have completely surrendered their intelligence to the invisible but potent influence of traditions of varied origins, and that they worship shams and humbugs that enthral their brains? Like so many new Saint Augustines they believe, “because absurd.” From this point of view the greatest speech ever uttered in the House of Commons was Cromwell’s, “Take away that bauble!”

Some years before I entered the House of Commons I had lofty opinions of the qualifications necessary for a legislator, so much so that like Rasselas in the Happy Garden, when told all that went to the making of a poet, I felt inclined to say: Now, I perceive that no man can be a Member of Parliament.

I thought that the legislator should be not only a man of high education, but endued also with that philosophic spirit as well as philosophic training that enables him to know the values of various forms of education, to see their trend and development, and the relation of that education to the character, resources, and circumstances of the nation: I considered that he should be not only a student of political economy, but one who had so well and

rightly grasped the principles of that science that he could apply them to every problem that arose in the complex development of a nation's industries.

And as the nation spends lavish millions on armaments, it seemed to me also that he should make himself so far familiar with the politics and characteristics of the other leading nations that he should be able wisely to interpret events. He should be a travelled man, who had made a voyage of observation; he should know the French and German languages at least. Then there were the local events of which he should have made a particular study. He should speak with gravity, with point and effect, but, if possible, not without grace of manner, or even a seasoning of Attic salt.

Above all he should have character. There he should be all steel. Independence of spirit, purpose, unflinching integrity; these should be his characteristics, not set forth aggressively or obtrusively, but, like Teufelsdröckh's learning, there necessarily and of course.

Now I have come to acknowledge—and I say it with a serious sense of regret—some of the qualifications of my model legislator seem ridiculous, others, and these principally the gifts of character, fatal, or at least with difficulty conservable.

And yet since I entered Parliament my respect for the institution has in some regards increased; for instance, in reference to the character of the individual members. I have found them as a rule serious, well-meaning men, courteous, accessible, and helpful. Moreover, the House is in its own particular mode a democratic body. A man is judged both on the floor of the House and in the social

intercourse within the House—speaking generally—more for his own worth and character than for adventitious circumstances of wealth or birth. I have sat at the same table with an aristocrat of high lineage, and a democrat whose origin was “wrop in mistry”; I found the democrat’s conversation the more interesting. This might not always be the case, for also I found at times it was possible to live on terms of social amity, or even in agreeable commerce, with men of diametrically opposite standpoints. Why not, indeed? In the old days, did not the duellists salute each other politely before submitting their points of honour to shrewd thrusts and cunning turns of the wrist? I have walked up Whitehall at midnight with one of the fiercest antagonists of the Cause I advocate, but we did not discuss politics. Certainly I would have made no objection to such a discussion, but it would have been useless if not vexatious. In important matters the opinions of members are not changed by arguments in the House. Once indeed a distinguished member told me that a speech of mine had turned his vote, and I was astonished. The subject, however, was the exemption of dogs from vivisection.

Yet speeches are listened to in the House, even the worst. There is no assembly more considerate to a bad speaker, nor is this entirely a case of “class interest.” The House gives a member credit for sincerity—almost pathetically offering him the solatium of its sympathy—and it is earnestly desirous of knowing a man’s point of view. On the other hand the House forms the most critical of audiences, for it has heard many good speeches—good speeches according to its own special standards. And it

listens to speeches with an intentness which at times has amused me, for though speeches do not alter votes they do give indications of the trend of those subtle dynamic currents which eventually determine opinion.

To sum up then we find in the House, as Byron long ago said of the Lords, not many orators but a great fund of critical faculty and a strong reserve of common sense.

Yet, as I have looked along the benches I have often felt how inefficient was the system of Parliament, for I perceived so much energy, and thought, and goodwill locked up, baffled, cancelled. The Party system is in great measure responsible for that condition. I have known a member of great natural ability, great experience, devotion to principles, come to me and say, when I expressed regret at his approaching retirement, "Oh, a dressed-up broomstick could have done all I have done in the House."

I think on the whole a dressed-up broomstick would have done better from the Party point of view, and have been more appreciated. A dressed-up broomstick is the valued Party-man; given wealth, it reaches the haven of the Lords.

On the other hand during a division I have known a Whip to run after a recalcitrant member in a lobby and attempt even with force to bring him to the other lobby. When he failed I heard him use language which was not only such as may be covered by the term "unparliamentary," but such also as give a glimpse of his peculiar standards of public morality.

In one of her stories, "Castle Rackrent," Maria Edgeworth gives the reflections of an old retainer; to wit, that it was very honourable of the landlord

to vote as he did, for it was altogether against his principles, but he had got the money for it. This vein of irony amused me intensely when I first read it, but time has apparently blunted my zest, and the House of Commons has so often rebuffed my innocent impulse, that I have been compelled to reconsider the situation. The flowers most difficult of cultivation in that hotbed are—truth, candour, consistency.

Special standards are set up, a special jargon has been invented to set in relief as shining public virtues what in the private man would be called cowardice, hypocrisy, denial of justice.

A distinguished member arises and declares that a certain policy is fraught with various ills, of which the "Breaking-up of the Empire" is the least terrific; to follow that policy would mean the betrayal of a National Trust; but since the majority of the Party have adopted it, he too will join them, and they may rest assured that this policy will have no more zealous advocate, no more loyal upholder.

This is the condensation of a type of speech that is always received with applause, and which it is customary to designate as a "statesmanlike utterance." That "British Genius for Compromise" has been so extolled in Parliament and on the platform that it has become regarded as the chief political virtue, and its scope of reference has been so extended that it sometimes includes compromise of truth, compromise of justice, compromise of honour.

The whole tendency of Parliament being, as we have here seen, to submerge the "private member," and to erect on his ruin the little hierarchy of the Cabinet; what sort of super-men have we there? In the first place there is nothing of Plutarch's men

about them. Plutarch's men were distinguished above all by character, and character, as Plutarch understood, would be fatal on the Treasury Bench. Let us hold the balance fairly. The old granitic character, even the great types of Cato or of Timoleon, if ever they really existed as we are taught to conceive of them, are gone : Your modern may have less money in the bank of character, but he requires more to hand of small change for the thousand and one contingencies of a complex world. Still less are the men of the Cæsar or Napoleon type suitable, men of great and daring spirit, who, above all, want to accomplish things. Here is a distinct gain, you will say ; we have had too many of these degenerates. We have reached a higher stage of evolution, and it is right to expect of us some finer development. And yet, and yet ! When I think of Napoleon Bonaparte, and cast my eye along the Treasury Bench, I am almost tempted to revise this position.

Napoleon Bonaparte, that degenerate representative of a nation that we were taught until recently to regard as inferior, as "decadent," that little man, I repeat, could sit in his cabinet for four hours in the morning and do more effective work, work that Englishmen most especially prize, material work, the building of roads and bridges, the organising of departments, more valid work in four hours than our Parliament, apart from routine matters, accomplishes in as many months, or even years.¹ Yes, you may retort, but

¹ Most of this chapter was written before the outbreak of the European War. We then had the spectacle of a rush of important measures through Parliament with maximum speed. Did that circumstance restore my respect for Parliament ? On the contrary, it seemed to me the final condemnation. A grant of a hundred million sterling was passed without debate and without control. Severe repressive legislation—

he was a wicked man, he was a despot, he made wars. Granted, if you please, with every crime of militarism and aggression that reads so damning against foreigners. But the fact returns, the stupefying truth, that this little man had accomplished great things, did establish large and enduring works, while our statesmen of the highest grade, our stars in this great imperial world gossip, potter, and fumble, and lose their nerve on the problems fit for local councils. There is something to be seen to, there !

When a Tory party is in power, the Government bears itself as the director of the nation's policy. With all my respect for the Liberals I have never been able to attain, with regard to them, such a high appreciation. They demean themselves like servitors. Yes, but is that not excellent, servitors of the people ? It would be excellent if they were servitors of the people, but their attitude is that of sacrificing the deepest principles of democracy in deference to the

I do not say that it was not necessary—was sanctioned. The appointment of one of the chief officers of the army as Minister of State for War was followed a few days later, in the absence of Parliament, by a virtual *coup d'état* under cover of military law, a *coup d'état* none the less real because the powers were directed to the security of the country, and were exercised with discretion.

Nevertheless this abdication of the rights of Parliament at a crisis, this vertiginous legislation in an Assembly that had after years of talk given no effect to its conclusions on matters of great importance, this and other circumstances connected with the crisis, such as the co-operation of the former opponents of the Government even in non-essentials, opened my eyes to a depth of pretence, even greater than I had supposed, in our current procedure. The two Front Benches now appear to me somewhat as the opposing barristers in a lawsuit, fighting their sham battles before a mystified public. Parliament as at present constituted stands condemned, for in times of peace it has proved itself a monument of inefficiency, and in times of crisis it has agreed that its best service is to efface itself.

influence of some unseen gods who loom above their heads. All that is meant by class-consciousness, prerogatives, traditions, superstitions, and, above all, that sacred radiation of power—court influence—is ever beating, as with subtle but remorseless little hammer-taps, upon their brains.

Let us return to our wretched little despot—even as Emperor, be it remembered, he printed on the obverse of his coins, *République Française*. He electrified his army, not only by the *éclat* of his victories, but by this phrase of more thrilling import : Every soldier in my army carries the marshall's baton in his knapsack.

That was over one hundred years ago and in a God-forsaken country. How far have we advanced in a century of light ? Will anyone say that even in this democratic House the soldier carries the marshall's baton in his knapsack ? What seems to weigh most in advancement on the Treasury Bench is family influence, territorial power, then wealth, clever subservience, and finally intellect. The complexion of the Government is shaded by that indefinable atmosphere, which—in spite of ourselves we must say it—suggests the words, *parvenu*. Liberal Governments in this country always carry the air of having risen to heights to which they were not born. They approach old abuses in a style of furtive audacity ; before prerogatives that flout the ark of their covenant they bow their heads in servitude ; and the glorious principles of freedom and progress that should vibrate through their souls like the trumpet of God's angel, they defend with doubts or, with apologies, discard.

Thackeray says somewhere that genius, devotion,

distinction, seem as nothing compared to calling a duke your cousin. And I am uttering no paradox, but merely saying what my term in the House of Commons has persuaded me, that in this great era of progress and reform the most potent of all public powers is the elusive but very real influence of the Upper Classes. It is felt by the Cabinet. It seems to have transpierced their fibres. From them it is diffused throughout the ranks of the Ministerial Liberals ; it is felt below the gangway in the aspirations of those who hope to seem ministrable or administrable. And so in politics all ways lead to the House of Lords. The few who are immune to these influences are the "cranks"—some of them—and the Ishmaels.

On the Front Bench the great men are not more than a few—I use this word, not I hope from lack of candour, but not to discourage good-will anywhere. I see many clever men, especially lawyers, many able, astute, and dexterous men ; few intellects, fewer still of what the Yankees call "big men," that is to say men of character, not necessarily of the Sunday-school type, but men capable of seeing things in large, men capable of taking great decisions, men capable in fact of "swinging a big line of contracts." And with one or two of them the swing is capable of carrying them to the other side of the contract.

I speak in no bitterness, still less in condemnation. But I think we should try to see men as they are, to sound their motives, feel the force of their aspirations, and to measure the scope of their accomplishments.

In this way I have learned to appreciate to the full the seriousness, the earnestness, of many good Liberals,

their public spirit and unwearied service, their attention to detail; and their judgment, their balance, their common sense, even their "moderation"; all these qualities I have sought to behold in their greatness. And I have felt, afar off, as Byron felt when Hobhouse dosed him with Wordsworth's poetry to prove it better than his own.

The *vade mecum* of the ambitious young politician would run thus: "The main thing is to get in somehow," as a famous admiral expressed it. For truly success covers many pre-electoral sins. Be clever. Be a lawyer. Regard politics as a game, but play it keenly. Make a serious study of the rules. Pay great attention to the forms. Saturate your soul with the respect of vestments and furniture. Speak often. Do not mind boring the House. Graces of style please many, but render nearly all suspicious. Vote regularly, vote solid. Be polite to all, not forgetting your opponents; you may want them, or they may want you, some day. Never think deeply, but think actively, think in detail. Say many things to injure the enemy's cause, none to hurt their feelings. Follow well, but be careful not to be taken for a sheep. On some doubtful occasion pour in a broadside on your Party, riddle a Minister with epigrams, carefully polished. He will not like it, but within six months he will invite you to dinner, and, when you show him your calibre, will help you to the Front Bench at length. Here, be safe rather than brilliant; avoid humour like the plague. A big man may permit himself a flash of wit now and then, only the most seasoned can dare to touch humour. Beside your special forte, read Blue books and magazines. History may help. Read also

Dickens and Shakespeare—the public like quotations from Shakespeare. Avoid French and German—you might be Minister for Foreign Affairs without either—and do not ever travel much abroad. A man of culture might well lose his prejudices, a politician cannot afford not to keep them. Avoid responsibility; cultivate this habit until it becomes like an instinct. Avoid facing any question fairly and squarely; there are so many chances in politics. It is true that the question may grow in danger; but then you may stave it off in your time; so much the worse for your successor. Or you may be compelled at length to deal with it, and your own reputation will rise by the magnitude of your task.

In all other matters do not be disturbed by the moralists; few heed them; or by the philosophers, they are not studied by men of the world. Cultivate a special code of honour, do not run counter to the prejudices of others; and to every sham, superstition, or hypocrisy you meet, doff your hat with respect.

Your great chances will come between half-past ten and eleven; the House has returned from dinner and is not yet preparing for sleep; speak with argument, if you like, but above all speak with point; rake over what your opponents have said, and smite them with what their leaders uttered ten years before. Draw them to interrupt—you can always count on some Rupert of debate—and slay them according to programme. Finish with serious platitudes, and on your strongest note, sit down!

Here is our man well on his way to the House of Lords. It may be objected that this is not an attractive portrait. But that is partly because it is represented in bare outline. Cover this with flesh and

blood, give it spirit and vitality, invest the original with a title and with dignity of office, let his name figure in honourable fashion day by day in the newspapers, and let ten thousand acts helpful to his career attest his usefulness, and then the presentation might well appear that of one of the nation's legislative heroes.

Certain it is, however, that even from a House well stocked with such as this, no truly great statesmanlike directive force could arise. Lovers of the House and upholders of the present system may well be content with this. They may say that the House should never take the lead in movements; that they should be originated in the country, and only brought within the portals of the House when forced upon it by the pressure of some great agitation; that then the House acts as a moderating and reconciling influence; that in the event of measures passing through the House they have finally nothing left alive but what is, if not acceptable, at least endurable by all.

That is what actually happens. The House of Commons is a great conservative force, if only by its faculty of delaying progress. But it has other retarding powers. It is a Constitutional morass into which the flood of a popular movement loses its impulsive impetus. That again might be advantageous if the House was really a model deliberative body; but it lacks many elements in that regard.

The threshing out of many intricate questions by rhetorical speeches, punctuated by partisan applause, seems to be the worst form of deliberation. It is true that we have the Committee Stage, but the conduct is similar, when, as in the case of large Bills,

the whole House is resolved into Committee. Moreover, the Bill in Committee is looked upon as the field for Party tactics, and the members vote, often without having heard a word of the debate, according to the Party Whip. Let us consider an illustration that at first sight may appear far-fetched. The Differential Calculus has been the mother of innumerable practical works, for the science of mechanics could have made no great progress without its aid ; and so finally we obtain wireless telegraphy—to cite but an example—as among its remote offspring. Or again the science of Bacteriology has not only transformed our conception of medicine but, in the direction of sanitation, has given rise to vast material works.

Suppose either of these questions had been introduced into the House of Commons as a party measure to be deliberated before 600 members, amid perpetual comings and goings, interruptions, and rounds of applause. Imagine what play a brilliant speaker would make of the recondite arguments, the strange nomenclature, the “viewiness” of this doctrinaire theory—the Infinitesimal Calculus. I could imagine him making the House rock with laughter on Differential coefficients and the absurdity of asymptotes. Then again in Bacteriology what abundant scope to shatter the Pasteur school by the sledgehammer of authority—how a powerful orator would roll out the authoritative names of the scoffers, and how he would cover with ridicule the advocates of a theory so new, so disconcerting, so devoid of all precedent, so un-English !

What I here advance is not altogether fanciful, for Lord Brougham, by virtue of the influence his political

authority had given him, laughed out of court the undulatory theory of light as expounded by Young, and inflicted material injustice upon that noble man ; and later a whole generation of ecclesiastics attempted to drive Darwin out of the field.

But there are many subjects presented to our attention of which the full investigation is as complex, and the incidence of any measures as various and as intricate, as those of the scientific theories indicated as illustrations. I need only refer, and but for a moment, to the question of Tariff Reform in connection with which much instructive material has been gathered, and, on one side or the other, not a little puerile argument offered. No—Parliament as a debating institution is ridiculous. It is no argument to say that it is the best that has been found, for popular representation is a recent development, and the Parliaments of the world have copied that of England, and without much discrimination. In France, however, the system has been improved in certain features, particularly by the establishment of Committees and Commissions, not for discussing projects in the style of a debating assembly, but for submitting them to study. There is a great difference. The French people have also been able to dispose of their business without resorting to all-night sittings which are our bane and our glory. There are times of great stress, as for instance, on the eve of war, when an extra strain is inevitable, though even then I doubt if anything is gained by these hysteric practices.

But in the piping times of peace, in normal months of happiness, or the possibilities of such, I have wandered through the lobbies at two in the morning,

or later, and still more exasperated by this folly, I have gazed upon my fellow members in inquiring sympathy, and seen them looking like somnambulists, and heard them talk like men hypnotised, and I felt that they were indeed being hypnotised, waylaid, and seized by all the ghosts of the lobbies, ghosts of the ridiculous precedents, traditions, superstitions, that haunt the place. And on one occasion I was constrained to say to a typical, stolid, John Bullish member: "No people in the world can beat the British for common sense. If we never performed these tricks, and the French did often, they would be laughed out of Europe." A Cabinet Minister, however, muttered confidentially: "It's all right. We have big things coming."

In that hope I resumed my pilgrimage; and in that hope my pilgrimage continues. Walking through a lobby may not seem the best way, especially when, in the Committee Stage, we may have twenty divisions following each other so rapidly that nothing serious can be done in the intervals, and we thus spend hours in walking, treading down obstructions in the form of amendments proposed.

Yet it is in these little adventurous happenings that a veritable strength is added to Parliament. Rubbing shoulders in the Lobby members get to know each other. At times while sitting on the benches in the lobbies they exchange confidences. There are moments which are propitious for heart openings. Such are found, for instance, in that intellectual calm when leaning over the taffrail in the doldrums, and such too in that mental debility in the vacuous hours after midnight. The conventional barriers break down, and the wandering spirit seeks

a resting-place. So it is that members have told me of gossip, anxieties, matters that have lain close to their souls, financial troubles, paternal hopes, difficulties at golf, marital problems, the temptation of honours, the doubts of a future state.

And all this while, as my Napoleonic friend assured me, we were on the eve of big things, and the while we voted, we knew not what, like men in a dream. For above all we are a practical people.

I have tried not to be led away by partiality for this Institution which we all admire, this collection of admirable men, this giant Mill of Gossip, this Sinking Fund of common sense, this Break Water of popular passions, this Repository of traditions which parade now like opera bouffe ghosts.

If I were asked, did I think the setting up of such an Institution in Dublin to be the consummation of Ireland's endeavours, I would say, No. We have been deluded to some extent by the vision of "Grattan's" Parliament, that imperfect invention which closed its career in obliquy. Still less am I enamoured of the Senate, that pinch-beck imitation of the House of Lords.

It has not even the support of the famous argument of "growth," that word that comes so freely to the relief of argument when the House of Lords is discussed, as though indeed, with the green bay tree still flourishing, we are to believe that nothing noxious ever grew, and that nothing superfluous can be kept alive.

When the Parliament Act was under debate I could not for the life of me understand how an institution could be vital to the state for three sessions, and become useless for four; how it was essential

that it should pronounce on our Bills, but that when it pronounced with reiteration, its verdict should be disregarded. The House of Lords either has or has not a mandate, or a legitimate prerogative entitling it to revise our legislation. If it has, then the mere fact of consistent exercise should not cause its forfeiture. If it has not, then its supervision, or its veto, should be abolished.

This is doctrinaire, not in the spirit of politics. It is sometimes offensive in politics to say that two and two make four. At any rate the effect of the Parliament Act has been that it kept the Home Rule Bill in being—and incidentally the Government in Office—for years; we find now that nothing definitely conclusive has been done; that the Bill so carefully drafted by the Government, so valorously championed, so terribly tried in the ordeal of public opinion, must be vitally changed. The fact is that the Parliament Act was steeped in low motives, if not dishonest intent. The House of Lords should either have been left to the enjoyment of its prerogatives, if they were lawful; or if, I take it, they were a usurpation, the whole edifice of their power should have been razed to the ground. But all the chicanery of politics intervened, and we had this Revolutionary Government stemming the tide of democracy, searching for precedents, and filling our souls with flatulence in vacuous pleas of Constitutional law.

In Parliament things are not what they seem; nothing is more misleading here than to take matters at their face value. It requires a little deeper psychology to pierce down to the real motive force, to find the mechanism that convinces by its real strength and cogency. Let us take one example.

The gun-running exploit electrified us all. It was serious politically, but there was also a strong flavour of Irish resource and dash that almost made a Home Ruler applaud. The Government had had ample warning. The precautionary measures would have been simple. Our rulers did at one time show a tendency to adopt them, but, alarmed at the outcry of their opponents, they came down to the House explaining in elaborate apologetics. The House was still unconvinced until the *Fanny* had landed her rifles. I remember the attitude of the Prime Minister when he came forward to the table to vindicate the outraged majesty of the law. He looked like an outraged majesty himself. He spoke like a Roman Senator of the austere Republican days. In words, not many, but clear-cut, wrought of granite mould, he pledged himself to punish this crime.

To the Nationalists especially those words must have come home with peculiar force. Mr. Asquith in the past had again and again shown himself a man of iron in regard to Irishmen imprisoned for participating in movements of physical force. Yet as I listened to these words I remembered his attitude of old without ill-will. Here at last we had a touch of that austere Roman virtue of a Plutarch's man, here was one in whom the feeling for justice has become a passion, a passion none the less profound because expressed in tempered tones. And there arose in my mind a conception of the stern majesty of the law, that thick-walled buttress of the nation, that palladium of a people, the greatest of all possessions. And I thought that the national respect, the inherent confidence in the law of England, redounded to the honour of the English name.

Here was a case, moreover, in which the culprits were no friendless Irishmen, mere enthusiasts or what not of riff-raff, but guardians of the law, Privy Councillors, associates even of those who wear the Garter itself ! So much the greater glory to the man whose acts would maintain the proud boast of England that there is one law only, one law for poor and rich alike. Not the Garter itself is a buckler against its dread, unerring justice. Mr. Asquith indeed stood high ; I beheld a vision of enlightened powers, that made Brutus a twilight saint, a massive strength that dwarfed the form of Calo himself. Happy England, art thou free and grand.

Let me enjoy this for a moment. There is no reader so cold as to deny me that high pleasure. For again and again, stricken by some incongruity of the British Constitution, my Australian irreverence or Irish levity has carried me away, and yet, with what pathetic effort I have returned, determined to respect, to admire, to rise on stepping-stones to the contemplation of virtues higher than my race, higher than my destiny, higher than my hope. And there—at last I beheld the realisation there embodied, there in that figure of oak, that face of bronze, that soul of granite strength. . . .

Here I must pause ! A musing mood has fallen on me, and athwart my moral sense come those lines of a young poet :

To bear all naked truths
And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty.

These are lines of Keats, who afterwards wrote : *I have no depth to strike in.* And in my mind has

become associated these two passages, the divine spirit of truth ; the fate of its inspired interpreter. And now I return to the Prime Minister. Mr. Asquith did not vindicate the outraged majesty of the law. He let the law go hang. He thought of the expediciencies of politics ; he talked of the discretion of the executive. Where was the adamant soul ? Washed out . . . Brutus ? Gone . . . Cato ? A disconcerting crank. And to me, alas, the Sisyphean task of rolling up the hill my respect for great granitic characters.

I have no desire to attach importance to this little episode, one of those innumerable little troubles of a Prime Minister's career, of which the successful negotiation earns the praise of "strategist," "experienced leader," "great parliamentarian." There is a special atmosphere in the House, and there are special standards.

Not long ago an intellectual Liberal speaking to me of a distinguished Liberal complained : "When Liberal ideas are advocated he seems wounded." That indicates a certain divergence of opinion as to the meaning of Liberal, and recalls an incident with which I will close these references. When I first came to London I was asked to write an article for a Scottish newspaper to "boom" Lord Rosebery for the Premiership. I had never seen Lord Rosebery, and what I knew of him had not made me an enthusiastic partisan of his claims. I had also resolved that I would never write anything for the Press which I did not believe. I solved the difficulty by calling to my aid a spirit.

I brought together all the facts that seemed to me to militate against the candidature of the noble Lord,

and I insisted on these with unction—his title, his pride in his title, as lifting him far beyond the common herd of Liberal politicians, his wealth, and the fact that he had not earned it, his respect for traditions, forms, and prerogatives, his dislike of far-reaching reforms, his Conservative instincts, the assurance that in his hands the great buttress of Things as They Are would never be touched. I enjoyed the tingling irony which ran through the screed, although I expected that I would be dismissed for producing the copy. But no. It duly appeared in the paper, and I was subsequently informed that it was highly appreciated by Lord Rosebery's friends, and that it had helped his position in Scotland. It may be news to him to know who it was that championed his cause. Since then I have had the pleasure of hearing him, and, not feeling the strain of the argument excessive, I yielded myself to the enjoyment of his art. Here was the best voice I had heard in public—the clear-cut syllables infused with just enough of the old Doric accent to give fulness and warmth to the rounded periods; the points, made like an actor, but with the avoidance of the actor's over-emphasis and pose; a sufficiency of argumentation—as much as the Gilded Chamber allows; the bubbling of humour, and the sparkle of wit, yet, withal, never once the broad and generous spirit of liberal thoughts.

Not many Liberals—and I speak of them because they ought to be the leaders of progress—few of them seem to raise their eyes above the party game, the chicane, and the strife. Fewer still have the style of great pioneers stepping resolutely forward, seeing ahead, winning their way to a new

land of promise, and determinedly beating down the obstacles that lie in their path. There are some ; all honour to them. But perhaps fewer still realise that although no blood be spilt—heaven forbid—we are veritably on the brink of a Revolution, that we are at the dawning of a day that will mark a passing from the old order to the New, that Home Rule, and Welsh Disestablishment, gigantic as these belated mastodons loom in our Parliamentary Museum, are not the whole of public life, but are being carried along on the waves of some vast progressive change that will test to their foundations even the venerated buttresses of the famous Constitution itself, that will fling much of its wreckage on the shores of the past, and will bear on to a future full of its own problems, beset by its own difficulties and complexities, but irradiated by the light of freedom and alive with the spirit of hope.

CHAPTER IX

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT¹

I ASKED an Irishman, who had considerable experience in public life, whether any faculty had been granted by Nature to Belfast men which rendered them more apt than Southerners to excel in business. On reflection, he said, nothing in Nature, but habits of business have given them a greater respect for punctuality. This was already much, but punctuality is less an inheritance than an acquired faculty. If this were all that stood in the way of the progress of the South, then we might well hope for the future.

The reply caused me to look more closely into the origin of the rapid rise and of the continued prosperity of Belfast. The problem that was of real interest to me might be stated thus: Is the commercial greatness of Belfast due to circumstances or qualities that cannot be reproduced in the South and West? Or, if that be not the case, what are the conditions necessary to insure that the South and West may also launch forth into successful business enterprises? Certainly I have never had much faith in that crude sort of sociology which labels certain countries or even races with fixed qualities, as if these were eternal laws, and says, for instance, the Ulster men are great, noble, energetic, far-sighted, highly intelligent honest men, but the Southerners are idle, lazy, thriftless, foolish, gullible, and stupid people.

¹ In reference to this chapter the maps and appendix at the end exhibit many details.

The same man may at one period of his career be full of energy and hope, and ability, and at another—and the change may be brought about by circumstances beyond his control—apathetic, listless, incapable. And conditions either of stimulation or of depression may be broad and far-reaching enough to affect a whole community. This leads to the expected discovery that the Ulster people were more free than the rest of Ireland from the harassing conditions of short leases, liability to disturbance, and consequent rack-rents. The Ulster leases, many of 999 years, have been long in practice. The Ulster custom gave security of tenure to the man on the land. Here already we meet with a factor of great importance in regard both to the character of the people and to the stability of business.

Students of political history know that in the eighteenth century the reputation of the Scottish working classes, notably in the Highlands, was that of an idle and feckless people—reputation, that is to say, among their enemies or those devoid of sympathy with their aspirations. An Act of Parliament called the Montgomery Act changed all that, and the main feature of the Montgomery Act was simply that it secured fairly long leases and offered inducements to the tenant to improve his holding.¹

In Ireland tenant farmers also were reproached with being lazy, reckless, and improvident. But many a man still living can tell of the danger to the tenant of showing any signs of thrift or prosperity, how when the agent was about the flitch of bacon must be hidden, lest that evidence of comfort might induce him to raise the rent. In these circumstances

¹ The Montgomery Act: 10 Geo. III. c. 51,

the poor man could hardly be expected to "take pride" in the appearance of his dwelling house. Human nature remains enduring and slow to change in essentials, but it is plastic in regard to manifestations which being superficial appear unduly important. No Acts of Parliament such as the Montgomery Act, or the various Land Acts passed during Parnell's time, have changed the character of the people, but they have changed the opportunities of development of that character. Hence with the disappearance of the hectoring agent and the dread of the rent-warner, the agricultural people of Ireland are beginning to show that they will remain second to none in industry and thrift.

The rise and fall of cities, as of empires, depend on a complex of causes. In Belfast another influence springing, however, from the same root was powerful in effect. The trade of Belfast was directly favoured, and that of competing centres in other parts of Ireland deliberately handicapped, or crushed out altogether by laws expressly passed for that purpose. The successful establishment of the linen industry was also favoured by a circumstance which has only an indirect connection with the character of the Ulster men. The climate of Belfast is unpleasant, but it renders the atmosphere, owing to the excess of ozone, favourable to the bleaching of cloth, and that circumstance was availed of in the critical early days. Still another cause, not at all under the control of the Northerners, gave a great stimulus to Belfast trade, and that was the deficiency of cotton materials in the Southern States of America during the great Civil War. Add to these causes the important condition that, with occasional outbreaks

or menaces of disorder, the Ulster population has been at peace with the Government of England, and that the leaders of industry have been supporters of the dominating parties in British politics, and it will be seen that the development of trade in Belfast has taken place under fostering conditions denied to the other parts of Ireland. Up to a certain limit, trade aids trade, and the foundation of certain great industries favours others.

These last arguments may possibly be used in the form of reproach to the other provinces of Ireland. And that reproach would be justified if trade were the be-all and the end-all of life, and the sole standard of greatness. It is not merely that a condition of strife and agitation is unfavourable to commerce in general, but it is also indirectly harmful in that it diverts the activities, the intelligence, the ambition, and the will-power of the young men of the community into non-productive channels. Only one great object could justify such expenditure of the life energies of the people, and that is a great national ideal which points the way to eventual unity and progress.

Yet I have a confident hope that after the establishment of Home Rule there will be a new birth of industry and commercial enterprise in the South and West. Whenever a nation has long struggled for some gain of political freedom, and that boon has at length been won, the change is found not in the political situation only but in an outburst of energy that vitalises every form of national life. So it will be with Ireland.

Such a forecast is not offered on supposition only. It is based on certain facts which will be recognised as valid by all having some acquaintance with indus-

tries in Ireland. The first of them is that the actual resources of the country have hitherto been but inadequately exploited. Also the markets are large enough for the utmost supply. The number of profitable enterprises and flourishing trades set on foot in Ireland within recent times is greater, and the turnover in money far more important, than most persons interested in politics imagine.¹

Moreover nearly all these industries, now working with hopeful prospects, are capable of great expansion. This indicates the true principle of development of the industrial resources of Ireland. That is to say, instead of endeavouring to found new ventures, unless in exceptional circumstances, the most experienced observers in Ireland are of opinion that every encouragement should be given to such industries as have been already established, and which, by showing some profit in the course of their working, prove that they are adapted to the conditions of the country.

Resuming the question of the causes favourable to Irish trade, I declare, though this proposition will

¹ An examination of a volume entitled "List of Irish Exporting Manufacturers," compiled and issued by the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland, shows over four hundred manufactures in hopeful condition in the country. The total value of manufactured goods was in 1905 above seventeen millions sterling, and in four years it had increased by nearly five millions. The total of Irish exports of all kinds was in 1905 nearly fifty-two millions sterling, and, with various fluctuations, has increased, according to the statistics issued by the Department, by more than two millions a year.

This discussion of Irish industries therefore must necessarily omit reference to many important forms of manufacture and trade. It is intended simply to direct public attention to the fact that Ireland has vast resources, not yet efficiently developed, and that public opinion, education, the intervention of the State, directly and indirectly, counts for much in that development,

be less acceptable to many, that the Irish people, not only in the North, but also in the South and West, have a remarkable aptitude for business. Of course it is easy to repeat the old sayings, and to cite Irish authors in support of the legend of their laziness, and shiftlessness, but such considerations must not be pressed unfairly. Any people, the most industrious in the world, would become disinclined to work if they had no security that they, or those dependent on them, could ever enjoy the fruits of their labour, or the profit of their enterprise. It is unnecessary now to revert to the harrowing tale of the deliberate efforts in the past of the legislature of England to embarrass or kill competing Irish trades. When these formal restrictions were removed various other causes, mostly political, combined to prevent a sense of security entering into the community. Gradually, however, as the result of great courage and great perseverance, various industries have become established, some indeed with English capital, but some of the most important as pure Irish ventures; and it has been proved that the development of one trade helps the establishment of another by introducing all those qualities and habits which may be summed up under the title of businesslike methods.

Irishmen everywhere make excellent managers and organisers, for in their dealings with employees they infuse a little more than usual of helpful human nature. Not only that, but put an Irishman in charge of a business that promises great things but which requires constant care and watchfulness at the beginning—I have seen such a man devote himself to his work with a veritable affection of the mind, nursing the enterprise, tending it, watching its progress with parental

solicitude, and taking the greatest pride in its growth. Such men, valuable in any community, are to be found in all nations ; but, as the Irish are at present backward in industry, there is need to recall the fact that there will be no dearth of captains of industry in Ireland when the occasion demands their services.

It is true that I have often seen Scotsmen managing businesses in Ireland, while the poor Irishmen were the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. But that is generally where the enterprise is in the first years of its life ; all that is implied is that the respective Scotsmen have had the opportunity, hitherto denied to the Irish, of learning the trade. But even when the Irish are only the employees it will be found that in matters where neat and deft handiwork is required they show remarkable skill. I believe one could refer to such firms as Kynochs at Arklow for verification of this statement.¹ The most flourishing

¹ Examples of Irish skilled work have increased in number of late years. Donegal and Kerry homespun and handmade lace and crochet are known all over the world, and amongst the more recent products may be mentioned the Donegal and Kildare carpets, and similar goods manufactured by the Dun Emir Guild of Dundrum, Dublin. Irish skill is sometimes accused of being more showy than genuine, but all the products of the new movement, while pleasing to the eye, prove good sound workmanship.

An English firm of glove-makers, one of the largest in the world, established a branch in Tipperary ; and after some experience the firm received a report, from which the following is extracted :

We think such difference that can be detected between Irish and English workers lies principally in the direction of the Irish girl being somewhat quicker but not so reliable as the corresponding class in England. On the whole, we are decidedly well satisfied with our trial of Irish women's labour, so far as it has gone.

The Royal Commission on Technical Instruction (Second Report, vol. i. p. 530) speaks of the great manual dexterity and aptitude of the young people.

industry in Dublin is that of Guinness, the famous brewers. There is something in this that reminds one of the saying of the Duke of Wellington that Irishmen fought best in the wine-countries. But of course it is not implied that the prosperity of the firm depends on the excessive drinking habits of the Irish. On the contrary, what with the growing temperance of the people, and the increased burdens of taxation, several breweries and distilleries have ceased to exist in Ireland, but barley growing has found encouraging outlets for other purposes.

The great staple of the country is, however, determined by its physical conditions. The Emerald Isle has always been famous for agriculture, and of late years great strides have been taken in opening up markets. Ireland is next to Denmark in the butter markets of Great Britain, and next to Russia in the supply of eggs. The Danes owe their superiority to their system of co-operation which has long been cultivated amongst them. As a sequence to this they practise winter dairying, and on that account they are able to hold their markets and their contracts throughout the year, whereas the Irish farmers must re-enter the market afresh every spring.¹ It is certain that Irish produce is not inferior to that of foreign rivals, and a fortune lies within reach of the

¹ Winter dairying is being practised now in some localities in Ireland, as, for example, at Thurles, in Tipperary.

The Department of Agriculture has made experiments in winter dairying at Drumholm creamery, and the results have so far been satisfactory. In regard to cow-testing the Department has employed the services of the special instructors to explain to farmers the objects and advantages of cow-testing. Cow-testing associations have been formed in various counties. There are already nearly seventy and their number tends to increase.

man who will systematise and work under the best conditions any one of these industries, as, for example, the egg trade.¹

The live-stock trade in Ireland has grown to vast proportions and has enriched many. But viewed from the national standpoint it is far from certain that the whole of the resources are made use of to the best advantage. If instead of sending live cattle it became general to send meat to England it would seem that the whole nation must benefit.² Such attempts as have been made in the South East of Ireland have been successful in regard to the trade itself; but if with increasing development tanning industries, and subsequently, with the abundant supply of cheap leather, bootmaking and harness-making industries became established, then with the resources already at command it is certain that the country could maintain a greatly increased population.

It would require a volume to set forth, even in moderate detail, the character of industries which are possible in Ireland; or which, already established on a small scale, are capable of much greater extension. The climate and soil of Ireland are in parts favourable to the growing of fruit, for in Armagh,

¹ The egg industry is becoming better systematised. At Dervock in Ulster a co-operative eggery is in good working order. The eggs are graded, carefully packed, and sent to a wholesale society in Dublin. Instructions in regard to the best system have been given by the Department of Agriculture at various other centres with satisfactory results.

² Opinions of experts on this matter differ widely. Mr. William Field, M.P., in a note inserted in the Report of the Recess Committee on the establishment of a Department of Agriculture and Industries for Ireland, declared against a "dead meat" trade. There are, however, abattoirs at present at Wexford and in Drogheda, and the Department of Agriculture has helped these enterprises, particularly by expert instruction.

which is not the county the best situated by nature, fruit growing has been made successful, and trades which depend on fruit, such as the jam making of Belfast, have attained considerable development.¹ Brave attempts have been made to deal with more sensitive products, and Lord Dunraven and Colonel Sir Nugent Everard have found their patient efforts rewarded with fame and profit.

The name of Ireland has not hitherto been much associated with bees, but bees live and flourish in many parts of the country, notably in the South West, and year by year, as anyone may verify who will study the Blue books, the supply of honey is steadily increasing. The export trade already amounts to a value of about one-third of a million sterling. Here again is an industry which will certainly become developed in the future, for its progress has been delayed by various obstacles certainly not insuperable, as, for instance, that of defective modes of marketing.² In quality at least Irish honey is capable of holding its own with the best.

¹ The Department of Agriculture carried out a series of experiments in establishing fruit plots in various places in Ireland. It was decided, however, that the best plan was to encourage the planting of fruit trees, especially apples, and to grant loans on easy terms to associations undertaking this work.

² It is difficult to obtain accurate data with regard to the bee-farming in Ireland. According to the latest statistics I have seen (a Parliamentary return of 1913) there have been fluctuations in the trade; but the average production for the last ten years has been nearly half a million pounds weight. Ulster with nearly 150,000 lbs. shows a slight lead over Leinster, which in turn is superior in weight and product to Munster. Connaught which is far behind accounts for over 60,000 lbs.

Three-fourths of all the honey is produced in hives possessing movable combs. Nearly three-fourths is section honey, and this shows a tendency to prevail more and more over run honey.

It is a somewhat disconcerting fact that in this agricultural land it is very difficult, and in most parts of the country impossible, to obtain native cheese.¹ But Ireland is full of apparent paradoxes, though, no doubt, a sound reason may be found for their existence by those who patiently seek for it. There is very little demand for cheese in the country districts, and though it would seem obvious that the necessities of the larger towns would keep in prosperity a cheese factory well established, yet those who have attempted to solve the problem practically have hitherto been unable to point to satisfactory results.

In taking a survey of Irish industries² over a number of years it will be noted that there has been a steady rise in most cases, and that many of the obstacles and defects that still remain to hamper development are remedial.

In 1837, when Queen Victoria began her reign, the distribution of industries was more even throughout the country than at present. Since that date the western counties have suffered relatively, while the North, North East, East, and South have made great progress. The defects of transport from the Western as compared with the Eastern coast account in part for the changes that have taken place. Nevertheless, Limerick, Galway, Clare, and Kerry possess industries

¹ Cheese is being produced successfully in Cork and in Kerry, and a few other places. The Department of Agriculture carried through experiments in the production of Caerphilly cheese at the Knockavardagh Co-operative Creamery in Tipperary and at the Shandon Dairy in Waterford. The results were encouraging. Comparative tests with Derby and Cheddar cheeses will be made. Cheese makers are being especially trained.

² I am indebted for many of these particulars to a paper read by Mr. W. T. Macartney Filgate at the Congress of the Irish Technical Instruction Association held in May 1914 at Killarney.

which were either not in existence in 1837 or which have been developed since to greater proportions. Since 1900 thirty-eight undertakings have ceased to exist and over a hundred new ones have come into existence. Five of those which have failed were brewing or distilling concerns, but fifteen belong to the woollen industry.

It would be instructive to search for the causes of the decline of such trades. Certainly there is no lack of opening for woollen mills, for whereas the export of wools has now reached the annual value of over three-quarters of a million sterling, yet Ireland imports woollen goods to the value of over a million. The woollen mills which show a prosperous trade are dotted all over the country from Blarney to Lucan, from Kilkenny to Athlone and Galway; and their rise seems often due to some local circumstance, such as available motor power, or to the business-like qualities and determination of a few citizens. Here, for instance, is an encouraging story of successful enterprise. Dripsey in 1902 possessed an old mill which was formerly unconnected with the woollen trade. In 1903 Mr. O'Shaughnessy, who had been trained to the business in America, started manufacturing woollen goods with eighteen hands and four slow looms. In ten years his staff had become quadrupled and the size of the mill had become doubled. It is now equipped with a modern fast-running plant, water power has been replaced by gas engines, the whole establishment is lit with electricity, the workers are housed in comfortable cottages, the goods go to all parts of the world, and are known by the title "Kathleen Ni Houlahan." A second factory has been started at Sallybrook near Cork, and the trade seems

likely to develop. Most mills in this industry are to be found in Munster, Leinster, and Connaught ; though, in Ulster, Antrim, Donegal, Fermanagh, and Tyrone, possess important factories.

The advantage of following up a line which has already led to a prosperous business is illustrated by many enterprises in Ireland. The linen trade which sprang from small beginnings has now increased to such an extent that Belfast can boast of the greatest linen factory in the world, the York Street Flax Spinning Company, which employs 4,500 hands. Other large companies operate in various parts of Ulster ; but taking in the whole of Ireland, and including therefore Balbriggan, Dublin, and Cork, there are 230 mills and factories occupied in spinning, weaving, bleaching, and finishing. The output has become so great that it is necessary to import flax from Belgium, Holland, and Russia, the home-grown crop falling far short of the requirements. Here perhaps may be found an indication for enterprise, for flax was formerly grown in large quantities in all the four provinces of Ireland.

This trade also illustrates the manner in which one industry gives rise to another, for on account of the convenient supply of linen, Londonderry has become the great centre for the production of shirts, collars, and cuffs, and thirty factories are in existence in the neighbourhood. A large rural area is linked to the city by means of homework. Thousands of hands—some authorities say 50,000—are connected with the trade in Londonderry, Donegal, and Tyrone, the majority being outworkers. Most of the hands are women and girls, and it frequently happens that there is no corresponding portion of work for the

man. At Londonderry a shipbuilding yard has been re-opened, and employment has there been found for thousands of men and boys. Such a circle of trades and of employments certainly forms a well-knit social community.

The war and the suggestion of "capturing German trade" has turned the attention of commercial men to Ireland in this regard. Amongst trades which could be established have been mentioned: buttons and studs, combs, brushes, gloves, toys, fancy goods in leather, artificial flowers, tapes, ribbons, braids, food products derived from milk.

The arguments point to the cheap and abundant labour available, the adaptability of the labour, the easy terms on which factory sites can be obtained, and various other factors which help to ensure success.

The question may be asked as to what advantage can arise from the discussion of trade prospects. By many practical men it is felt that success in trade depends on a complex of details, the importance of which can only be discovered in the actual working of the business itself. There is much reason in such a view of the matter, but the argument is far from representing all the elements in the question, even those which are entirely practical. Many of the factors which influence trade for good or bad are independent of the actual resources of the country, and are to some extent within the control of the people, and are influenced even by political considerations. The most glaring examples of such influence have been encountered already in Irish history, in those cases where the English Government passed laws levelled directly against Irish

trade. But in a hundred ways, more devious and more subtle in movement, political considerations may affect trade. Yet these striking instances are, on the whole, less important than the daily influence of such a subtle essence as education, that is to say, when education is properly understood as the training that fits a people for the battle of life.

Remotely the butter trade of Ireland has been affected by the ambitions of Bismarck. His doctrine of Pan-Germanism eventually caused a war of aggression on Denmark, which resulted in the loss to that nation of part of her territory. The Danes were left with a legacy of poverty and crippled resources, but with great assets in the forms of intelligence, energy, and the capacity for co-operation. The story of the commercial rise of Denmark is full of interest to Ireland ; we should talk less of the Hungarian policy and more of the Danish, especially as the rivalry of the Danes is brought home year by year in the loss of lucrative markets. The Irish butter trade in Great Britain was, in 1912, worth over £4,000,000, but these figures were surpassed by the Danes. What is evidently required is that the methods of the Danes should be studied, and the lesson inculcated into the minds of the Irish farmers.

That work has already been undertaken by the Department of Agriculture, so that here we meet with a decisive example of the influence on trade that may be due to political action, and hence to public opinion, and to education. The Department sends out a number of instructors (eight at the time of writing) to show the farmers the best means of production and marketing ; the work of these instructors is supplemented by thirty-three other instructors

employed by local authorities in order to improve the methods of butter-making for the consumption at home. In Denmark a system of cow-testing is in use by which the value of the produce of each cow is estimated in relation to the cost of maintenance. The milk is also standardised. By working on these principles the Danes are able to form an accurate knowledge of the economies of every farm, and to obtain the best results with given resources. It is believed by experts that when the Irish farmers work on similar lines, the butter trade may become trebled, and so rise above £12,000,000 per annum.

Then as to eggs. Columbus discovered America and used an egg to show how easily it was done. Ireland has a more cunning discovery yet to make, that of the egg itself. The egg will yet sing through Irish history like an enchanted lyre. Note that already Ireland supplies more than one-third of all the eggs imported into Great Britain, the value of the Irish produce being in 1912 no less than £2,900,000, these figures being beaten by Russia only, with £3,900,000. Mr. George Russell, the famous A.E. of Irish literary circles, who is yet keener on agricultural matters than the most experienced of farmers and sounder than the most bucolic, has touched his harp in praise of the Irish egg. Yet there is much to be done for the egg. The days are past when the thrifty housewife of the country, endowed with too much family pride to allow herself to send up a meagre parcel, kept the eggs until their numbers became respectable but their savour only too redolent of the days that are gone.

That the egg trade is capable of great development becomes apparent from a study of its upward

tendency within the last few years and a consideration of the vast extent of the markets available. In 1904, Holland, for example, exported to Great Britain only 100,000 great hundreds (the great hundred being 120). At that time the export of Ireland was 5,738,000 great hundreds. In eight years Holland had increased her trade tenfold; Ireland had advanced certainly, but at a much slower rate, the export being 6,313,000 great hundreds. The quality of the Irish eggs had improved and the prices paid had increased from 7s. 1½*d.* per great hundred to 9s. 3*d.* per great hundred. The total market in Great Britain had increased from £5,406,000 at an average price of 6s. 4¾*d.* per great hundred in the year 1900 to £9,590,000 at 8s. 10¼*d.* per great hundred.

Here again the Department has been of assistance to agriculture, for it has sent out thirty-six instructors to teach the farmers the best method of poultry-keeping. Endeavours are also in progress to produce the best standard eggs, and for that purpose over 6,000 dozen eggs of superior breed have been distributed to the farmers. The trade in poultry as distinct from eggs has also reached considerable proportions in Ireland. The poultry comes mostly from Kilkenny, Carlow, Wexford, and Waterford, and Northern localities; but in spite of the restriction of the area the trade in 1912 had reached the value of £1,037,000, and that was four times the value of that of Russia.

The total value of all foodstuffs, including liquids, produced in Ireland and consumed in Great Britain in 1912 amounted to £30,000,000, and this is only equalled by the supplies from Argentina. The total Irish meat trade in the export of meat or live cattle

to Great Britain is more than one-third of all that arrives there from abroad. Moreover since 1904, the first year for which statistics are available, this trade has steadily advanced. In 1904 the total value was £16,000,000, in 1913 it had amounted to £23,000,000. Those who have been inclined to take a hasty view of the importation of fermented and spirituous liquor in Irish economy may be reminded that as against these impressive figures the value of the total export of porter, stout, beer and whisky, although great, is not relatively overwhelming. In 1912 it amounted to £2,000,000, exclusive of duty, and the trade in whisky showed signs of a decline.

It may be surprising to find that potatoes, identified as they are with the joys and griefs of Ireland, show inferiority in the export trade to such prosaic products as lard, condensed milk, or yeast. The value of each of these mentioned is above £250,000 annually. That of oats is £400,000, of fruit £140,000, and of fish £450,000. Fish and fruit are of special interest here, for the trade in these products is capable of considerable expansion. The export value of the sea fish taken off the Irish coast by Irish fishing-boats is over £300,000 per annum. The mackerel product amounts to 15,000 tons, of which one-third is consumed fresh in Great Britain and two-thirds cured, and sent in considerable quantities to America. Herrings amounted to 25,000 tons, of which one-half is cured. The kippering industry is at present not large, but it is steadily progressing. Shell fish give an annual yield of 80,000 tons, and Irish oysters are valued at £8,000.

All these figures, substantial as they are, could be greatly increased. The Irish fishermen are admir-

able in the handling of their small crafts, but fishermen of other communities, Scottish and Norwegian, have been quicker to adapt themselves to scientific progress, and by trawling off the Irish coast they have hurt the chances of the native fishers. There have been outcries at times against what is described as unfair competition, but the true solution of the difficulty is to put Irishmen in a position to hold their own against the most enterprising rivals. Some of the older fishermen have shown themselves reluctant to change, but at present a number of Irish boats up to forty tons are equipped with engines of the latest pattern—with internal combustion auxiliary engines—and these have done good service.

There are many ways in which the Department and the Congested Districts Board have been able to help Irish fishery. Such a business as mackerel-curing, for instance, has the value of its produce greatly improved by the adoption of the best methods, and expert instructors have in these cases been of considerable service. Any one, however, who knows the condition of the Irish fishing industry will agree that the harvest of the sea offers the prospect of returns doubled and trebled, if Irishmen take every point in their favour.

That the fruit industry in Ireland is capable of considerable extensions becomes apparent from the fact that the trade in Armagh has steadily increased. What has been done in the North could be repeated in other parts of Ireland. In the valley of the Suir apple-growing is carried on profitably, and the Blackwater cider has an excellent reputation. The Gormanstown district of Co. Meath has long been known for its raspberries and damsons.

There are relatively few flowers in Ireland. The smiling beauty of an Irish day, as when the sun shines out after a shower, has always appealed to the spirit of the poets of Erin. The suggestion of a garden comes to the mind. But in the old rack-renting days the cultivation of a garden meant also the suggestion of comfort, and consequently the squeezing of the poor tenant to pay the landlord. With the settlement of the land question and with the sense of security that has arisen, flowers have begun to blossom forth, and soon these adornments of the cottage will delight the eye everywhere.

But in several parts of Ireland a serious trade in flowers has been set on foot, and here there is plenty of room for hope, for the market is vast. Holland exports bulbs to Great Britain of the annual value of over £250,000, and the total exports approach £1,000,000. Yet Ireland is as well adapted as Holland to this trade. At the farm at Rush, County Dublin, commonly known as "Holland in Ireland" over a hundred hands are employed on 45 acres, and £2,000 are paid in wages. From this farm flowers have been exported all over the world, to Australia, New Zealand, India, Japan, and even to Holland. At Lissadell in County Sligo may be seen 25 acres of daffodils, and gardens devoted to alpine, herbaceous, and rock plants. Over a hundred hands are employed and the trade is steadily increasing.

Of other industries in Ireland we find ship-building, but the celebrated firms of Harland & Wolff (with its "record" output for 1914) and Workman, Clark & Company carry on their operations on so vast a scale that, short of a volume of description, this mere reference to enterprises hardly matched in the

world must suffice. The question arises as to whether the establishment of such mighty works is possible elsewhere in Ireland. Certainly nothing stands in the way but temporary and removable obstacles.¹

Biscuit-making in Belfast and in Dublin has produced a considerable industry. The exports to Great Britain are set down as £250,000, but this represents only a small part of the total exports. The firm of Messrs. Jacobs in Dublin employs 3,000 hands and exports to the value of £500,000 per annum.

Amongst the progressive trades which show that the Irish artisan is apt in matters of handicraft are those of the renowned Kilkenny woodworkers, the glove-making in Tipperary and Cork, the tanneries of Limerick, Cork, and Belfast, the boot factories incidentally referred to, the pipe-making industry of Dublin, the pottery manufactories of Belleek, the glass manufactories, though it be of bottles only, in Dublin and in Belfast,² works for locomotives near Dublin,³ and motor-car factories in Belfast.

Another industry which has been profitable to

¹ The Liffey can show several important industries connected with shipping. One of the most promising is the Dublin Dockyard Company which commenced operations in 1902. They now employ over five hundred hands and pay up to £1,000 a week in wages. One of the earliest steamers built, in 1908, was the Irish fishing cruiser *Helga*. Since then two cruisers for a similar purpose have been delivered to Canada.

² The glass manufacture of Ireland, at one time highly reputed, was one of the industries intentionally killed by English legislation. Waterford glass with its peculiar tinting was once highly reputed. It should not be difficult to re-establish the manufacture of glass here, and also in Cork. A scheme is now on foot for extensive glass works in Ireland.

³ The factory near Kingsbridge, Dublin, employs 1,600 hands, and turns out engines, carriages, and trucks for the Great Southern and Western Railway.

many, but of which the great possibilities do not seem to have been well considered, is that of horse-breeding. Hitherto the main trade has been in the production of horses sold at a low price, and giving no considerable margin of profit. The great field is found, however, in the breeding of blood stock. The success of Irish racehorses has shown that the conditions of soil and climate suffice to bring out the qualities of breeding of the best horses. Capital is required to carry on this business on an extensive scale and in a systematic fashion; there seems little room to doubt that capital, so employed, will be found eventually to bring in a large return.¹

Ireland is not rich in minerals, and Lord Dufferin once declared that the first injustice to Ireland had been achieved in past geological times when she was deprived of coal and other mineral treasures.² Never-

¹ The Department of Agriculture have recently made a beginning in fostering horse-breeding. Its scheme was adopted by every county in Ireland except Meath, the council of that county desiring to have Clydesdale stallions contrary to the advice of the Department.

² Some readers may be surprised to learn on the authority of Professor Hull, of the Geological Survey, that there are 30,000,000 tons of available iron ore in Ulster; and over 200,000,000 of workable coal in Ireland.

The distribution is :

Leinster (Castlecomer)	.	.	118,000,000 tons	Anthracite.
Ulster (Ballycastle, Antrim)	.	.	12,000,000	„ Bituminous and Anthracite.
„ (Tyrone)	.	.	30,000,000	„ Bituminous.
Munster (Tipperary)	.	.	24,000,000	„ Anthracite.
„ (Clare, Limerick, Cork)	.	.	15,000,000	„ Anthracite.
Connaught (Arigna).	.	.	10,000,000	„ Semi-bituminous.
				<u>209,000,000 tons net.</u>

Dean Swift was interested in the coal question, and he tried some experiments, using Kilkenny coal and Whitehaven alternately in his

theless Ireland is not destitute of coal, for at present the annual output is 90,000 tons, valued at £50,000 and the industry gives employment to nearly nine hundred hands. Anthracite is found in considerable quantities, and even gold is obtainable here and there in remunerative quantity. And yet withal, emigration continues at the rate of 30,000 per annum.

Let us consider one case of failure, for even more clearly perhaps than in successful enterprises we see the possibilities for good or ill that Government and social conditions may exercise. Near a small village in County Clare called Doonagore excellent slate is obtained such as is useful for paving footpaths or flagging floors. An industry was started which gave employment for about three hundred men. In due course labour troubles arose. At one time such an occurrence would have been made the occasion for homilies on the incapacity of the Irish for regular and co-ordinated work, but of recent years England has led the van in strikes of gigantic size carried on in obstinate temper, and causing grave concern to the Government. The question of labour troubles involves a thousand factors of conditions of life, education, taxes, and temperament of the people, the degree of cohesion in organisation of the workers, the activities of the leaders, chance occurrences, as well as the state of trade, involving also foreign competition. Let us pass over this, after remarking that these labour troubles helped in part to bring the trade to an end.

grate. He concluded in favour of Kilkenny, and wrote vigorously in favour of the local product. (See "Drapier Letters.")

The coalfields of Ireland employ nearly 900 hands and produce over 90,000 tons a year. The principal workings are at Castlecomer, Wolfhill, Gracefield, and Arigna.

But there were other causes. The port of shipment is Liscannor, and Liscannor bay opens out into the broad Atlantic. The tempests of the Atlantic need no exaggerated description; they have won their reputation; at Liscannor they are sometimes superb. At Liscannor, however, the rocky bed of the sea becomes shallow and crumpled enough to break the force of the waves, and this circumstance has made it possible to build a little sheltered harbour where a small seagoing vessel might be moored in safety. This possibility has not been quite fulfilled by the little dock-like enclosure which the Government actually built, for the disposition of the rocks and the masonry is such that in rough weather the water racing round the elbow of the harbour sweeps into its entrance with such speed and volume as to wash out any vessel which is not strongly secured. When secured the vessel pounds away up and down, with the great risk of bumping a hole through her timbers or plates. In these circumstances application was made to one of the Castle Boards—the Board of Works—which concerns itself with such matters, and the Board finding that it had a loose sum of money decided to improve the bottom of the harbour. The apparatus employed broke at an early stage of the proceedings; then came some difficulty about supplying the defect, the crew and the workers meanwhile being paid, “for watching the ebb and flow of the tide,” as a local authority expressed it; and at length it was found that the sum of money available was exhausted, and nothing more was done.

The result was the same as if the official order had been given: Pound away until the money is done, then clear out. It reminds one of the cele-

brated plan of attack of Napoleon Bonaparte's commander at Toulon : " I will bombard the town for three days, and then carry it by the bayonet," though even here we had the promise of an ultimate success. It might be said that the action of the Board was reasonable ; they worked while they had money, and then stopped. That is true. But an engineer lays his plans to accomplish a certain work, and not merely to exhaust a credit. In the whole history from first to last there is a suggestion of that incompetence which we meet with so often in the governing of Ireland, and which is the more hopeless because allied often with good intentions.

My reason for dealing with the question of Irish trade developments was, however, to strike an encouraging note with regard to the future. Irish vitality is wonderful. And so, I have no doubt, the quarries at Doonagore will soon be in full blast again. I know an English firm which, having examined the whole property, decided that the undertaking was full of promise. They postponed the investment of capital in the affair on various grounds which, however, could all be included by saying that the state of the country did not yet offer all the security desired.

To sum up the whole question : We find that Ireland is a country of great resources,¹ many of which are only in the infancy of their development ;

¹ Consider, for instance, the question of afforestation. In Ireland the bareness of the country is one of the most striking features of the landscape. The country is beautiful in spite of this, but wherever the eye rests on a clump of trees or the remains of an old forest, the natural charm of the landscape is greatly enhanced. This is, however, merely the sentimental side of the question. It is well to consider the practical utility in detail. Holland has given the world many examples

labour is abundant, and the Irish labourer is both hardworking and intelligent; the handicraftsmen

to copy in agriculture and nearly thirty years ago a Danish expert, Mr. D. Howitz, was sent to Ireland to study the question of afforestation. He submitted a report which was laid before the House of Commons, in which he said that the question of tree-planting was one of vast importance and that Ireland instead of having a population of 5,000,000 should have 25,000,000, if this industry were determinedly taken up.

Mr. Howitz estimated that there were 3,000,000 of acres in Ireland available for profitable tree-planting; the profit that would accrue he set down at £3,000,000 a year. It should be noted that no less than £25,000,000 worth of timber is imported every year into the United Kingdom, and according to a high authority on the subject, Dr. Nisbet, it would be possible to grow as much as £18,000,000 worth on the soil of Great Britain and Ireland. Ireland was at one time well supplied with trees, as is evident from the old Irish names, signifying wooded places, which abound. But the trees were cut down for various reasons and no general order was in force for planting. Over a hundred years ago the Dublin Society paid bounties for tree-planting, and this gave a new impetus to the industry. Then the troubles of the Union came, and the bounties were discontinued.

The question has seriously occupied the attention both of the Government and of private individuals. Among those who have been most active in the private sphere are Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Castledown, and Count Moore. Lord Castledown established a saw-mill near his demesne, and this gives employment to a great many in the neighbourhood. In Kilkenny the Hon. Otway Cuffe helped to establish a wood factory, and the Kilkenny woodworkers are now famous all over Ireland.

The Irish Forestry Society has revived interest in this subject and given a great stimulus to individual efforts of tree-planting. An "Arbor Day" has been established, and this has become popular throughout the length and breadth of the country. Many thousands of trees are planted on Arbor Day, and children in the schools are instructed in the value of tree-planting. The intelligent appreciation they display is a good augury of the future. Of the total area of Ireland about 1·4 per cent., or less than 300,000 acres, is under woods; as compared with England 5·3 per cent., Scotland 4·5 per cent., and Wales 3·9 per cent., Ireland is at a great disadvantage. The utility of tree-planting does not rest with the profit of the timber. Woods on the Western border form a protection from the Atlantic

show patience, skill, and deftness in their work ; Irishmen are good organisers, keen in enterprise, and

gales, and the value of all the land so protected is increased whether the land be cultivated or used for grazing.

It is well, however, to call attention to another aspect of this matter, viz., that the cost of fostering this industry may be in excess of the return. In a recent number of the "Irish Review" Mr. Justin Phillips delivers, figures in hand, what without punning might be called a powerful philippic against the system at present adopted in Ireland. It will here be sufficient to quote the beginning and end of his article :

In considering the various activities of our Department of Agriculture we cannot fail to be deeply impressed by the enormous amount of energy and money now being expended by that body on the development of afforestation. In their report, issued in 1908, the Departmental Committee on Irish Forestry advocated the preservation of existing woods, and the creation of a new forest area as a sound investment for the nation. Also, at the request of the Department of Agriculture, the Development Commissioners recently sanctioned a grant of £25,000 to aid this work, and during the past year a Chair of Forestry in the Royal College of Science has been established at the expense of Development Funds.

In conclusion I state emphatically that expenditure on afforestation is altogether unjustifiable, because the accumulated value of the cost of purchasing and planting afforestable lands, when added to the accumulated value of the annual outgoings for supervision and rates, will be such that the sums received from the sale of timber under present conditions will barely equal a tithe of the accumulated sum. Afforestable lands would, if used for ordinary agricultural purposes, produce considerably more wealth than if used for forestry, and therefore afforestation must ultimately prove to be a most unsound investment for the nation, a drain on our natural resources, and an injustice, not alone to the Irish ratepayers, but to those landless men who would willingly put afforestable lands to a productive and profitable purpose.

How can views, apparently so contrary, be reconciled ? Mr. Phillips, in taking note of the length of time which must elapse before tree-planting can give a return, calculates on the initial expenditure a possible income furnished by compound interest for that time, and he

zealous in business ; captains of industry will be forthcoming in proportion as trade is developed ; the Government can do much to aid and foster Irish trade, and of late years the Department of Agriculture and Fisheries and the Congested Districts Board have some excellent work to their credit ; the spirit of co-operation, of which Sir Horace Plunkett has been the pioneer, and which the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society has greatly aided, teems with promise for the future ; the general spread of education, the enlightenment of local bodies will secure the elimination of bad methods, and the progressive improvement will be stimulated by the solid gains that accrue ; the Government might still do more as, for instance, by a thorough geological survey with regard to mineral resources ;¹ but the great boon is yet to come when

sets this on the other side of the balance. The question, however, arises as to the limits allowed to such a mode of assessment. Further he criticises the Department of Agriculture on the score of costly administration. That evil could be reduced if by intelligent understanding throughout the country Irish farmers were induced to plant lands not otherwise so profitable. It is undoubted that a great amount of the country at present remains useless. Similar remarks apply to projects of reclamation of land, schemes of drainage. It is possible to squander money on these objects ; it is also possible by good economy to render them available for the income of the country to a degree greater than is generally suspected.

In the "Nineteenth Century," September 1914, appears an instructive article on "Afforestation and Timber Planting in Ireland," by Mr. J. Nisbet, Forestry Adviser to the Board of Agriculture, Scotland. This expert points out in what way afforestation schemes could be advantageously carried through in Ireland.

¹ During the year 1912-1913 the Geological Survey of Ireland continued the mapping of areas in Ireland on the scale of six inches to one mile. A detailed investigation of the horizons on which coal occurs in the Leinster coalfield was begun. Soils were investigated in regard to their crop-bearing powers. This is work in the right direction.

with Home Rule there will be infused into the country a new life of hope, energy, determination, future-looking, and confidence; and with that again the steady influx of capital.

Many instances might be given of the successful promotion of industries even by what some practical men might be inclined to call artificial means. Würtemberg, a country one-fourth the size of Ireland, was in 1850, in the words of Dr. von Steinbeis, "purely agricultural and impoverished by over-population." Its condition was "deplorable." Dr. von Steinbeis set himself to solve the problem of introducing industries. He succeeded, and Würtemberg is known all over Europe for its manufactures, which include textile fabrics, gunpowder and blasting powder, and Mauser rifles. It was said recently that a pauper could not be found in Würtemberg. These last words, however, were written before the war.

On our side I find in the "Irish Homestead" of 13th June 1914 an article by Mr. T. Wibberley from which I cite only this paragraph:

Rape possesses both a higher feeding and manurial value than do mangels. The most up-to-date tables published on the matter have been recently compiled by Dr. Crowther, of the University of Leeds, reference to which will show that rape contains digestible albuminoids 1·5 per cent., digestible fat, '6 per cent., carbohydrates 6 per cent., with a starch value of 8 and albuminoids ratio of 1 to 5 and a manurial value of 4s. 3d. per ton, whilst mangels contain '1 per cent. digestible albuminoids, '1 per cent. digestible fat, and 9 per cent. digestible carbohydrates, starch value 7, albuminoids ratio 1 to 92, and a manurial value of 3s. 5d. per ton.

For my own encouragement I have read these words so often that the ideas they bring float through my mind like a Beethoven Sonata. There is hope for a country that can think on those lines.

Bravo, Wibberley, c'est la vraie agriculture!—that is the true way to work a farm.

CHAPTER X

EDUCATION

The antique Persians taught three useful things,
To draw the bow, to ride, and speak the truth.

I HAVE begun these notes on Education by a reference to my old friend, Byron, and already this may seem to the purists too frivolous an entry. But Byron in his light style often, and especially in "Don Juan," throws a radiant beam to the depth of things; his judgment there is good, his characterisations of men have the touch of inner verity. On the other hand I have known many shallow and pretentious sayings, many futile and false things, proclaimed with solemn mien and stodgy utterance. I am speaking of education, I am speaking even of Irish education. I want to clear the ground so that we may set up proper standards.

In the House of Commons I have listened to an address on education which might have been delivered to a congress of carpenters, for it dealt mainly with the details of buildings; I have heard another that was more fitted for a vestrymen's meeting, for it was occupied with the gossip of Anglican and Non-conformist interests in a little Welsh school. And this too at a time when the greatest need of the State is education, and when it requires a clear view of education from top to bottom and bold decisive

action to stave off those symptoms of decline which are not absent even in this mighty nation.

In Germany—and this is the secret of Germany's greatness, wherein she has been great—at the beginning of last century William von Humboldt was entrusted with large powers in remodelling the education of the country. He was a man of extended views, and of liberal culture, and the scheme with which he endowed Germany has sufficed to make the Fatherland pre-eminent in science and its products, and to hold that great asset firm in the face of difficulties of many kinds which have beset her path.¹

At the outset, then, I will say that education in Ireland is bad. I judge by results. It is useless to retort with the brilliant record of Irish boys at school, lists of prizes, scholarships, and the like, for these are the very matters which I desire to put into the crucible. As well might you say that Chinese education is good, because by the prizes and preferments that result the young Chinese is launched into the path of the mandarins. What then is the test? One test is the position in which, as far as education has effect, the nation is placed as against other nations. Another is in the estimation of the higher products of education, the distinction obtained in the arts, in literature, and particularly in science.

By any of these tests the education of Ireland stands condemned, and it is the duty of those who love Ireland not to cover up the issue by a fanfar-

¹ A study of the progress of Technical Education in Germany will reinforce this argument enormously. An article in a recent number of "Nature" (12 November, 1914) reproduced the "Revue Scientifique" (21-28 November, 1914) by Sir William Ramsay, indicates Germany's great energy in respect to industrial developments.

onade of rhetoric, but calmly to recognise the fact, and determinedly search for the causes of failure. Certainly that is not to be found either in the lack of desire of parents for the education of their sons, or in the deficiency of the children themselves. The struggling Irishman of less than moderate means seems generally keener to provide a good education for his children than the man in a corresponding situation in England. That statement, which appears as a result of observation, may be verified by statistics : 5 per 1,000 of the population go to higher schools in England, 6 per 1,000 in Ireland. It must be remembered that the difficulties surmounted and sacrifices entailed are much greater in a poor country like Ireland, than a country where prosperity is so widely spread as in England.

I do not intend to enter into a discussion of the details of the Irish system, for that might run to volumes, but rather to point out certain broad governing principles. The control of Irish education, as indeed of all forms of public activity, depends on the Castle System. There is a Board of National Education which has in charge the system of elementary instruction throughout the country, and there is a Board whose function it is to control within certain limits, or to guide by rewards, what is called Intermediate Education, that is to say intermediate between the elementary education and that provided at the Universities. These Boards are both the offspring of the Castle, the members being nominated by the Lord-Lieutenant, and hence, as in all public business in Ireland, we ultimately reach politics as represented by the British Government of the day.

For the Board of National Education there are

twenty members, ten of them being Catholics and ten Protestant. In the event of equal votes on any subject, the decision is left to the Resident Commissioner. The Resident Commissioner is Dr. W. J. M. Starkie, a Protestant, a representative of Oxford and Trinity College, a man of considerable academic fame and one who at the beginning of his career exercised almost autocratic power. I have heard it stated that this power was not always wisely exercised in regard to the fostering of Irish education, that Dr. Starkie gave too much importance to certain personal notions of his own, and that his influence was felt too much in the way of criticism rather than of stimulation. It is only fair, however, to say that these words were uttered by one not in sympathy with Dr. Starkie's school of thought, and on the other hand Dr. Starkie in an address delivered in July 1911, in the Queen's University, Belfast, makes out a good case for his ideas.

However, the failings of Irish education depend less on Dr. Starkie than on the general system. Here we come to a singular result of Castle rule, for while English Tory politicians complain that Home Rule will mean Rome Rule and reproach the Irish with being a priest-ridden people, we find that it is the Castle itself which imposes the rule of the priests in elementary education.

The managers of Primary schools are the parish priests. The managers are appointed by the Board, but it has become the custom to appoint them on the recommendation of the Bishop, and so it comes about that almost automatically the parish priest becomes the manager of the school. The manager has the power of dismissing a teacher subject to the endorse-

ment of the Bishop. To estimate the effect of that authority in a country parish requires no great effort of imagination. Practically the whole control of primary education in the Nationalist part of Ireland is in the hands of the clergy. The clergy vigilant in defending their privileges everywhere are particularly jealous in regard to education.

The Secondary schools in Ireland number something less than 500, but of these some are small private schools, others are training colleges, or the like, and it is found that less than 300 come under the influence of the "Intermediate Board." The total number of pupils is nearly 20,000, the boys being nearly twice as many as the girls. The intervention of the State through the Board of Intermediate Education is virtually limited to the distribution of the funds available for that purpose. The income of the Board is about £80,000 of which some £33,000 comes from interest on securities derived ultimately from investments of £1,000,000 obtained from the disestablished Irish Church. A sum averaging over £46,000 is obtained from what in Ireland is called "whiskey money" being the quota allotted to education out of the State revenue on customs and excise.¹ This money is allocated by the Board partly in scholarships to the students who have been most successful in the examination prescribed and conducted by the Board, and partly in fees granted to the schools according to the results of the examinations. It is permissible for any one to open a

¹ I am informed by the Intermediate Board that its average income for the three years ending 31st December 1913 was £82,776 18s. 3d., of which the Local Taxation (Customs and Duties) supplied £46,566 15s. 5d.

Secondary school in Ireland, and to compete for these monetary rewards. As a matter of fact, however, the greater number of these schools, especially the more important ones, are in the hands of the priests.

A typical example is this: A seminary capable of holding from 60 to 100 students, is established in a county. The fees received from the students are insufficient to maintain the school, and the deficiency is made good by voluntary subscriptions in the county, taken once a year at the churches. The revenue derived according to results from the fund of the Intermediate Board helps to support the general expenses. Nevertheless the total sum available throughout the country is insufficient to provide for satisfactory intermediate education, and Mr. Birrell, the Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, decided recently to supplement the funds by an additional grant of £40,000 per annum, of which the capitalised equivalent may be taken as £1,000,000. Was this benefit received in an appreciative spirit in Ireland? No; at least not on the part of those authorities most intimately concerned in the work of education. For to this gift was attached the condition that for every fifty pupils in a school there must be at least one lay teacher. A storm arose. Heated correspondence in the newspapers ensued, and with that exaggeration which sometimes manifests itself in Irish problems, the good Mr. Birrell with his well-intentioned boon found himself held up to the world as the insidious arch enemy of Irish happiness. In consequence of the criticisms on his scheme Mr. Birrell has in fact slightly varied the original terms, and now it is proposed that there shall be as many lay teachers employed throughout Ireland as will

average one for every fifty pupils. The agitation of protests produced by the suggestion of introducing lay teachers has hitherto prevented the scheme becoming effective. Nothing could better indicate the importance of this question of control, and the manner in which the Hierarchy regard the whole question of education; for a poor country like Ireland, accustomed of late to look at the Treasury for financial aid, does not light-heartedly reject a gift of £1,000,000.

But then, there was the lay teacher! There was that advanced guard of Satan himself. "The school-master is abroad," cried Brougham once in a burst of democratic enthusiasm. To the Bishops that announcement has been a signal of alarm. "The lay teacher is coming," rings out, as once before through the citadels of Rome that rumour of panic: "Hannibal at the Gates!" What is the secret of the dread of that personage, always so ill-paid and generally so modest—the lay teacher? I once had a conversation with an influential public man who interests himself in educational matters, and I opened thus: "Is there a Catholic and a Protestant way of making a pair of boots?" He reflected deeply before replying. There was something, not so much in the bare question itself, as in its form, which disquieted him.

He replied at length: "Perhaps not."

"Well then," I continued, "is there a Catholic and a Protestant way of solving quadratic equations?"

Now he answered brusquely. The cloven hoof had been displayed, and he refused to be led along the dubious path of Socratic interrogation. "Perhaps not," he said, "if you fasten your atten-

tion on quadratic equations ; but what is necessary to preserve is a Catholic atmosphere about all the teaching. Thus, if once you begin to allow lay teachers to enter, then you might have algebra taught by a Free-thinker, who while instructing them in the solution of quadratic equations might drop a word or two of the poison of doubt in their ears, and so unsettle their faith for ever."

This was of course the true doctrine, but it left me terribly unsettled as to the healthiness of that belief. In that regard we have come to degenerate times. Where is the robust faith of a Torquemada or of a Calvin, or of a John Knox ? Each of these in his turn was ready to extirpate with fire and sword the demon of heresy—in its protean and contradictory shapes—but neither was afraid for the Faith.

A Torquemada of our day would no doubt think it desirable to burn at the stake any unfortunate caught reading "The Origin of Species," but he would hardly dream that this book of the devil could prevail against the story of Genesis. But here was an excellent and public-spirited man who having accorded to him that these tender lambs of fifteen to nineteen should be kept unspotted from the world, except for a few fugitive hours of algebraic instruction, saw in that concession the crumbling of the whole edifice of religion.

It was of a tender lady that Shakespeare tells us whose nurturing was so delicate that not even the winds of Heaven might "visit her face too roughly" ; but here in the year of grace 1915, centuries after the invention of printing, we are to preserve our intellectual youth from the dangers of thought, and to nurse them like so many moral cripples to the

threshold of man's estate. Consider too that corresponding notions prevail in many well-regulated Protestant homes where the youths are not allowed to surmise that a Catholic may have some elements of good; and observe the effect when these two surcharged electric conductors are brought close together in the public domain.¹

¹ Those who think that the Faith can best be preserved by sheltering the Irish mind from the rude contact of reason may do well to ponder on the following extract from the "Weekly Irish Independent" of over twenty years ago, at a time, therefore, when the lay teacher had not appeared on the horizon. The "Weekly Irish Independent" was edited by a Catholic, and the article was written by Alexander Blaine, a Catholic, formerly Member of Parliament for Armagh. My cutting, however, I find comes from an American paper, "The Irish Republic" of 17th February 1914, which quotes it and heads it "The Truth." The paper was owned and edited by Catholics and whatever its merits and demerits, was always fiercely clamorous for Irish rights:

The want of education and scientific training weights our people immensely in the race with foreigners. If one half the money expended in recruiting an ecclesiastical staff, vastly overmanned, for a diminishing and starving people, were given in teaching science instead of metaphysics, what a great change could be wrought in a short time. The complaint that Irishmen in other countries get merged in the mass of foreigners would cease. An American Catholic Bishop writes: "At our last public session we had sixty or eighty priests collected from all parts of the Union. I asked if there were anyone present who could say if he knew of any congregation in the country where there was a large proportion of native Catholics out of settlements exclusively Catholic, and no one could name even one!" (See "Irish Ecclesiastical Record," May, 1872, page 34.) He also says: "It is only a remnant of the children of Catholic emigrants that is saved; the mass of them are lost to the Church." The reason is manifest—Irish Catholics are very far, indeed, from being the equals of Americans in ordinary education, and the disparity is vaster in scientific knowledge, and technical skill. Inferiority induces regrets, and breaks up hope and courage. Listlessness succeeds where energy should prevail. The children of those emigrants take a natural pride in being Americans. They refuse to have a lower status than their fellow-countrymen.

We have reached such a state of affairs that one observer has declared that there are three solutions to the Irish question—Pax britannica, the Ascendancy of Protestants, the Ascendancy of Catholics, with the proviso that these last alternatives must be fought out in bloodshed to the extinction of one side or the other. This picture, though exaggerated, throws into relief the factors at work, and the evils of the situation. Pax britannica, what with expansive programmes, and weak heads in execution, has become a little insecure of late. On the other hand we must find a solution that will obviate any chance of the much predicted “civil war.” That indeed would be no solution at all. There would be much blood-letting, some splendid valour, not a little ferocity, and generations of feuds, bitterness, and rankling memories. This may seem a theme widely divergent from that of education with which we started, but this chapter would have missed its intentions, did it not become apparent that these questions are all organically linked, and that the full solution of the grand spectacular problem must already be commenced by the overhauling of the educational system.

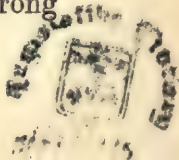
We do not want to see Ireland divided into two hostile camps of which the banners are religious creeds. We want to unite the excellent business capacities, the steadiness, and the grit of Ulster, with the fertility of ideas, the vitality, and the intelligence of the South. And to accomplish this we must at every turn where the problem is met with endeavour to eliminate the causes of religious strife.

To return to the more immediate question of the

educational curriculum in Ireland, we find that it is too much impressed by the letter that killeth. Efficiency in languages, for example, is altogether tested by written examinations, and undue stress is placed upon grammatical niceties. One is here reminded of Huxley's saying of education at large as conceived in these isles: "They study to pass, and not to know; they do ~~not~~ pass, and they don't know!" If ever there was a case where this epigrammatic verdict had full strength, it is surely in the case of living tongues being taught as dead languages.

Everyone can find in his own experience facts sufficient to show the foolishness of such a method. At school I had studied Latin and Greek for years without much advantage, but somewhat later when I resolved to proceed to Berlin, I saw clearly enough that if I wished to understand German and to hold converse in that language I should have to hit upon some different method. I adopted a rational course of training and soon had acquired sufficient knowledge of German to serve my immediate purpose of study at the University of Berlin. Before I left the University German had become as facile to me as English. At a later period I was desirous of reading certain mathematical works—those of Euler and Jacobi—portions of which had not been translated into English, though they were available in Latin. For the purpose of this study I acquired in a few months a better working usage of Latin than I had learnt, and lost, from the years of school and university work.

I have the words of one of my colleagues in Parliament who has devoted much attention to the educational system in Ireland, and who knows all its strong



points and all its weak points. He said: "If I had to start as a Secondary teacher in Ireland, I would get the examination papers of the last ten years, and make a study of them. In this way I would become familiar with their style, the lines on which they ran. I would also study the Inspectors, and find out their fads, whims, and cranks, for each one has his little pet hobbies which he rides to death. I would then look over my pupils to find what special aptitudes bearing on examinations they manifested. Then I would concentrate their efforts on the examination, and grind, grind, grind them, as if that examination were the sole object of their existence. The pupil would get scholarships; my school would get fees; and the country would get a few young men reduced to mental impotence."¹

This was a humorous way of putting his finger on the objectionable features of the system, but there is no doubt that the recipe so given is followed pretty closely by many schools which have become famous in Ireland in consequence. The same informant told me of the saying of a young girl of fifteen, who

¹ A distinguished Chief Secretary once said that when you asked persons connected with education in Ireland what was the chief defect of the system, they immediately began telling of the insufficiency of their salaries. Certainly if they were National school teachers they would be justified. Into these matters, however, and the thousand details of administration, and of the character of the courses, examinations, and the rest of that order of ideas, it is not possible within these limits to enter.

I find in reading carefully the Inaugural Address (delivered by Dr. Starkie, on 3rd July 1911, on the occasion of the inauguration of University Extension Lectures) in the Queen's University, Belfast, that he sees clearly the evils of the examination system (which indeed he helped to remove in the case of the Primary schools) in regard to the Intermediate schools. All through his educational work, he has been hampered, he says, by the Government.

had entered one of the higher schools, bright, intelligent, and full of good spirits, and who after some months of the severe drilling had become dispirited and apathetic, and who declared: "I only live for the chance of holidays, and in the knowledge that school time will some day be past!" To change the system, he believed, would nevertheless require one of the greatest revolutions of modern times in Ireland. The problem must be tackled by the Education Minister of the Irish Parliament.

I have not much belief that any Minister of Education will lead public opinion in the matter. Ministers of all classes nowadays seem to gain a reputation not by leading the country, not by guiding themselves by these great public needs that arise in pursuing a policy of progress, but rather by all sorts of shifts for avoiding grappling with great questions, by sailing with the temporary winds of opinion, by smooth ways and compromises with falsehood, and particularly by the avoidance of "incidents," or what the French call "histories." Therefore it is necessary to call public attention to the fact that herein lies a problem, and that all is not well with Irish education.

I have spoken of the great work done for Germany by William von Humboldt. It so happened, however, that William von Humboldt had certain advantages which are much to hope for. In the first place he had broad and enlightened views, and in the second place he had a free hand in carrying out his work. And so it happened that in a few months he was able to stamp upon the whole educational system a character which has remained with it ever since.

That system I would not like to see adopted in Great Britain or Ireland without great modifications. Indeed in Germany itself its deficiencies and lack of modernity have become so apparent that a new educational reformer has arisen, Dr. Kerschensteiner, whose task in part has been to supplement elementary education in the case of those who are precluded by poverty, for example, from pursuing their course at a Secondary school or Intermediate school. He seeks to find an outlet from what are known as the blind alleys of employment, as when a young boy is employed as messenger, or van boy, or golf caddy, and so earns money while his companions of the same age are being apprenticed to trades ; but with this difference that the apprentice can hope to become a master-tradesman, but the useful messenger may become derelict as a man.

The Continuation school is compulsory in Germany, and it is held during the day, and the employer is bound so to arrange that the young workman may attend. Amongst the subjects taught at Munich are not only those useful from a wage-earning point of view, as book-keeping, business composition, and the application of arithmetic to business, but also citizenship, "sensible living," and hygiene. And, speaking eclectically, these things are excellent in themselves, even though they be overshadowed by the fearful incubus of Kaiserthum.

This, however, brings us back to the quotation from Byron with which we started. The antique Persians taught what was most likely to be serviceable, physically, mentally, and morally, to the man in regard to his life in the State. Our modern societies have become more varied and vast than

those of old, and there is an increased demand on the individual; his knowledge must be more complex, his special aptitudes more differentiated, yet withal better co-ordinated, and more precisely determined with regard to his definite functions. Nevertheless the same cardinal principle holds, that the object of education is to develop his powers in regard to these requirements. But above all, note the phrase develop his powers. Packing facts into a youth's brain is not education; not even packing many facts, and giving such facility for reproducing these as enables him to pass an examination brilliantly. The youth comes to regard the examination as an ordeal, or as a severe test to be negotiated in his path to profit or to freedom; but in this we may have no suggestion of educating, or leading forth, strengthening, bringing to normal growth and full development, the natural talents of the youth. Still less is any stress laid upon the moral qualities.¹

¹ Here, for example, is a truly encouraging note:

A new departure which was not contemplated by any scheme was the introduction of a course of farriery by the County Committee of Tipperary (N.R.) at the suggestion of the Department who became financially responsible for the course. A highly qualified expert farrier opened three classes at Nenagh and Thurles. Young blacksmiths cycled or walked from within a radius of six or seven miles to the selected forges where the instruction was given. They were taught the most improved methods of making shoes for normal and abnormal feet; they were shown how to use the best tools, and taught by means of specimens the structure and action of the horse's foot and leg. During the daytime the instructor visited his students' forges when horses that had presented difficulties were brought to him for treatment. The students acquired a good deal of useful information and increased their skilfulness in practical work so much that arrangements have been made to repeat the course in other districts.

Here I can well imagine the defenders of the present system intervening. On the whole, they would say,

It is paralleled by another :

The domestic economy classes were in the main well attended by grown pupils of a good type. In cookery the material and utensils available in the homes of the pupils were employed ; the repair and adaptation of worn clothing formed the major portion of the instruction in home-sewing, and the essentials of a healthy existence were impressed on the minds of the pupils, although whilst the instruction was being imparted, the canons of hygiene were of necessity not strictly observed. A few of the teachers visit the homes of the pupils and do laudable and successful work therein, but the majority of the instructresses confine their duties to the classroom. This is to be regretted. Tactful and sympathetic "visiting" is the most efficacious method of bringing about a much-needed change in rural homes.

The reference to the canons of hygiene is explained in this quotation :

It is lamentable to think that large areas must be deprived of the advantages of instruction or the classes must be held in condemned school-houses, barns without fireplaces, insanitary market sheds, ill-adapted court-houses, or dilapidated jails. In these, teachers try to inculcate habits of neatness and order and demonstrate how the peasant's home may be made brighter and more attractive. The task is almost as impossible as it is noble. I have not at all touched on higher education as taught at the University, except perhaps by implication in the scantiness of reference in the chapters on Industrial Development, Literature, and Science.

With regard to technical instruction, the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction has of late been putting its best foot forward. In one of the recent Blue books giving reports as late as July 1913 there will be found gratifying evidence of honest endeavour and no small reward :

These schemes of Technical Instruction have, during the past session, had enrolled as students no fewer than 45,341 persons, and this number will not, it is anticipated, be largely increased under existing conditions.

Ulster with over 18,000 students leads, this being due to the greater abundance of technical trades in that province. The preponderance over the other provinces is most marked in regard to young women students. Leinster and Munster have each over 11,000 ; they show

the pupils are remarkably moral ; they never forget their prayers, nor their grace before meat ; they are dutiful, obedient, pliable, rather depressed, and diffident, sometimes anæmic, sometimes listless or furtive, and deprived of initiative. For some of these virtues I have no especial admiration ; the test of Nature is truthfulness, vitality, energy, determination, whether expressed in keen and active striving or in the slower persistent purpose that never loses sight of its goal.

Take two young men on the threshold of life : one, a gold medallist, prizeman, the round-shouldered and spectacled pride of the examination hall, boasting of his impedimenta of knowledge which he can never apply, pale, priggish, neurasthenic already, but capable of following with clerkly intelligence in the grooves already traced out ; the other, deprived by unlucky chance of early advantages, of medium height, straight, active and hardy ; one who has seen things at first hand, and who has already thought for himself ; deficient perhaps in many of the graces of knowledge, but possessing an excellent presence and cheerful manners, gifts that Aristotle declares to be better than all the letters of introduction in the world ; beginning to see, moreover, that life is earnest and feeling braced to the call, not shrinking from work nor craving for stimulants, truthful, reliable, large-souled and patriotic, endowed with

a greater tendency to increase than Ulster. Connaught has only a little over 4,000.

The Department is laudably endeavouring to relate the technical schools to the industrial resources and requirements of Ireland. Here we begin to hope. Much money will be wanted, a good deal of labour will be unproductive, but an upward move in the scale of intelligence and in the realms of command is assured.

the happy assurance of victory warranted by the whole spirit of the intellect backed by indomitable will. The first I admit is much more sure of preferment, he is the "functionary"; he is the type that the modern State especially wants to create; he has all those negations which are called virtues, and he has all that pliable want of character esteemed by superiors; he may creep on to honours, if not to honour, to office, to competence, possibly even to command and to wealth; he will read well on a tombstone. And yet, and yet, for the life of me I cannot help but prefer the other.

A fanciful picture, but why, ye gods? It is what all young Irishmen ought to be.

And then we come to the Intermediate. And as I reflect I seem to forecast that the Irish Minister of Education will do many little things; and as I dream there comes before my mind what should be done—the vision of the great things.

CHAPTER XI

LITERATURE

I REMEMBER a story of an old friend,—John O'Leary, referred to elsewhere—that during his exile in Paris a French lady had told him that she knew only three English writers, that they were all witty and all *mauvais sujets* (scapegraces). These were Sterne, Goldsmith, and Sheridan. I asked him if she was attracted by them as *mauvais sujets*, but John O'Leary answered with judgment that the fact did not, at all events, prevent her appreciation. But, he cried triumphantly, I was able to tell her that they were all Irishmen !

The conclusion at which he desired to arrive was that in the realm of literature Irishmen were superior to Englishmen. There are, however, many questions to ask before such an opinion can be endorsed. In the first place John O'Leary, in his partisan eagerness, was content to accept as final the dictum of a French lady, and not the less content that she was undeterred by *mauvais sujets*. This is a partial view of literature, for it omits, as did the French lady ostensibly, Borrow, Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth, Gibbon, Fielding, Milton, to say nothing of Shakespeare. Moreover, no hint is here given of the greatness of one who, *mauvais sujet* withal, incarnated, as no other in history, the

life, the spirit, the aspirations of a people. I have named Robbie Burns.

Nor is the favourite National poet of Ireland mentioned, Tom Moore ; I say National poet, for of the millions of the Irish people all over the world who are familiar with the songs of Moore the great number know little of Goldsmith, and less of Sheridan and Sterne. Moreover, with the rigid standards that now prevail in certain Nationalist circles the pride of John O'Leary in the performance of Sheridan, Goldsmith, and Sterne might well receive a shock, for the question would be asked, Are they representatives of Irish Literature at all ?

In conversation once in the House of Commons an Irish member spoke with pride and appreciation of Goldsmith, but closed his remarks with the summary,—"English !" What he meant was that though the scene of "The Deserted Village" was pitched in Ireland, and though indeed he beamed with satisfaction at having seen and identified the spot—Lissoy in Westmeath, I believe—yet he found that the whole regard and atmosphere resembled that of a sympathetic Englishman living in Ireland. The church is a Protestant church, the pastor is a Protestant vicar ; and in Ireland English and Protestant seem often to be interchangeable terms. The other poems of Goldsmith have no relation to Ireland. "She Stoops to Conquer" is an English play. The immortal "Vicar of Wakefield," which may be read with pleasure by a child, but which captivated Goethe, which is realistic, almost brutally so here and there, and yet remains an idyll perfumed in the air of sweet meadows, the "Vicar of Wakefield" is an English story.

Sheridan was the son of an Irishman, but his education, his aspirations, his outlook on the world, were those rather of an Englishman moving freely in that stratum of society which for a time was called the Smart Set. Sterne was certainly born in Clonmel, but, as the Duke of Wellington once said: "If a man be born in a stable, do you call him a horse?"

Irishmen have been accused at various times of unduly claiming distinguished persons as Hibernians, and the list has included not only Wellington, Lord Kitchener, Sir Ernest Shackleton, Swift, and Sterne, but Jack Randall the Nonpareil, Tom Sayers, and Freddie Welsh. I have even heard a good dame, deceived by the alluring sound of the name, claim Cleopatra as Irish.

And yet! omitting Cleopatra as too far-off an affinity, there is some ground for these contentions. Ireland has always been noted for a certain assimilating power. Pass through Ireland and some tincture remains. Be born in Ireland, and you are Irish, even if it be only, as in the case of Wellington, in the obstinacy of the refusal to acknowledge the just aspirations of the people. And this truth is no less manifest in regard to the more sympathetic movements of the soul. Sterne, Goldsmith, and Sheridan, are indubitably Irish; Sterne by the light sportiveness of his style; Sheridan by his wit, and possibly by his desire to shine even at the expense of more valid qualities; Goldsmith by his intuition and sympathy of which the secret lies deep in the kindness of the man and of his race.

Sheridan lived in an artificial world, in a stratum of life—although all were "princes or poets"—too narrow, and he has been called even by one of his

admirers a "snob." One would wish it were not true, for the word is odious. Yet to know how deep was the essential manliness of his character and the fineness of his spirit, one has but to read his replies to Burke on the French Revolution, or to ponder on the eulogies showered upon him by Byron—for Byron had a good instinct for men.

Of Goldsmith our view is a little obscured even by the familiarity of our knowledge. He is the man who "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll," and these witty lines of Garrick, tintured with a little malice, have been repeated so often that the features of Goldsmith have been lost in the caricature. In all Goldsmith's writings there was a deep fund of what, for want of a better definition, we may call common sense, and this was nowhere better displayed than in the famous "Retaliation," in which he replied to Garrick's banter and gave us firm and true pictures of the celebrated men—notably Burke and Garrick himself—whose strength and whose foibles he described.

Goldsmith's worldly means were unfortunately never on a par with his fame or his veritable worth, and this "oddness" was accentuated no doubt by various peculiarities of manner. But we must take with a grain of salt the impressions of Goldsmith's conversation with Garrick or Johnson and others of that set. A man is always liable to be accused of want of judgment by those whose judgment he doubts, and especially his opinions are thought to be absurd if they run counter to common prejudice. But Goldsmith had travelled more adventurously, and had pondered more deeply, had seen further and more clearly than Johnson or Burke; but the

originality of his views no doubt looked ridiculous amid the showy rhetorical flashes of the statesman or the doctor's ponderous judgments. To us they are far more alive, and far more familiar in their reality. Of all the descriptions of Goldsmith and all the essays on his character the best—the only one that presents the real man, as it seems to me—is that of an Irish poet of our day, Padraic Colum. Here we have the plastic sympathy of a spirit that can enter into the secret of Goldsmith's character.

“The Vicar of Wakefield” I have mentioned as an English novel. That is true in regard to the setting of the story, true more deeply, for instance, than that the “Winter's Tale” is a Bohemian story, but not true to the last essence of things. In conversation once with an English Member of Parliament,¹ whose sturdy figure and soundness in trade seemed to give momentum to his just views on imaginative literature, he said: “Did you ever notice that the characters in Lever's ‘Dodd Family Abroad’ run pretty well parallel with those of ‘The Vicar of Wakefield’?”

The resemblance is undoubtedly present, a generic resemblance, a something closer—a real family likeness. And when I reflected, I saw the types again and again reproduced in the writings of Irishmen who have given us pictures of the Irish gentry or of those nearly related to them—the good-hearted but not worldly-wise head of the family, the shrewd mother at times so simple, the wise sister, the foolish sister, the raw youth confident in his own cleverness, the brilliant adventurer, the ease with which most of the family are caught with glitter, the difficulties of

¹ My honourable “friend and gossip,” Mr. H. J. Glanville.

the plain honest man. Yes, in the writings of Goldsmith the essences of Ireland are found deeply infused.

There is no intention here of cataloguing Irish writers, I desire merely, for the better understanding of the people, to touch on the characteristics that show in the works of favourite authors. Thackeray tells a story of an Irish jarvey, who said that he always carried a book of Lever in his pocket. I have heard an old man in the West of Ireland recite from memory some passages of worldly philosophy with which Lever closes one of his stories. Yet Lever is not greatly read now in Ireland. He is considered out of date and even anti-national.

This, however, seems to me a strained view. Indeed I am here reminded of Lord Charles Beresford who, in the course of a humorous utterance in the House of Commons, said that if he had been born of Nationalist parents he would have been a Catholic and a Nationalist, and had his parents been Jewish he would have been born a Jew. And so it was with Lever; he was born in a class that had accepted the English Government; and in the somewhat humdrum career of a country doctor and, later, consul at Trieste, he had never found the opportunity of giving play to his adventurous Irish spirit. Had he been able so to do it is probable that we should never have had those stories of upbubbling zest, irresistible dash, and gay abandon—"Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer," and the rest, and the more reflective, though no less humorous, "Dodd Family Abroad."

Samuel Lover, at one time no less popular than Lever, seems to have sunk into comparative oblivion.

A generation laughed over "Handy Andy"; another generation, indignant at the caricature which had come to be known as the stage Irishman, denounced as outrageous the creation of the novelist. In all this we see an undue seriousness, or at least a fomented anger, on the part of the Celt. Why should not even caricature be allowed? The English themselves are not so sensitive; otherwise Thackeray and Dickens would have been sent to perdition. In the later works of Dickens, especially when he played a little too much on his own mannerisms, the inhabitants of England would seem to be divided roughly into unconscionable knaves and imbeciles, with a hero and heroine endowed with suburban virtues to save the situation. Yet England does not reject Dickens. He may not be read with such devotion as formerly, but the nation as a whole loves his memory and esteems him for a hundred racy types whose names have gone into the language. The capacity for absorption is one of the signs of the greatness of a nation; and the tenderness towards criticism is a confession of weakness. And this applies especially to criticism coming from within.

Lover's "Rory O'More" is, even in the stricter sense, a national, or Nationalist, story. Moreover, in a volume of "Popular and Patriotic Poetry," collected and compiled by Mr. R. J. Kelly, I find Lover represented among the best. Lover's songs are especially songs to be sung, for Lover himself sang them—I know a distinguished Irishman, who has many years ahead of him still, who once heard Lover sing—and this gave them a charm, not always to be found in poetic songs. The judgment seems to me harsh that could toss Lover aside as one who ridi-

culed Irish traits for the amusement of an English audience.

Tom Moore has escaped this kind of criticism fairly well, though there has arisen a generation which has less esteemed the author of the Irish melodies. I confess that when I picture Tom Moore tripping with his little feet across a drawing-room and singing his languishing ditties to the melting eyes of Sassenach duchesses, I hardly rise to the vision of the bard of a warrior nation "rightly struggling to be free." Delighted at first by the haunting melody of his songs, I found later that with repetition the sentiment was often sickly sweet and the fund of poetic imagery sometimes tawdry. Moved by a spirit similar to that which I have just now deprecated I was inclined to disrate Tommy Moore. But—whether with deeper wisdom or simply with the decadence of moral fibre, who shall say?—I have revised these judgments. A poet should be appreciated, and enjoyed in his own quality and manner. If Moore cannot give us the vision of Keats, the thrilling ecstasy of Shelley, the lively strength of Byron, why seek for that? Let us define, not condemn him for omissions. We cannot blame even Malaga wine that it is not nectar, nor the vintage of Champagne.

And force and strength in poetry? What are they, and whence is derived their secret? Here we must not be led away by superficial terms. I remember once as a boy reading a criticism of Hugh Miller on the "Eve of St. Agnes" of Keats. He said that although it was beautiful one verse of Dryden would make the whole beam kick. Yes, but on this analogy why not say also that one speech of Cobbett would make Dryden's whole beam kick? I showed

the criticism to my father who smiled and, handing me back the book, replied : " You should read Hugh Miller on ' The Old Red ' ; he is great there." ¹

And so to return to Tom Moore ; snatches of his songs from " Lalla Rookh " have been sung by the boatmen on the Tigris ; " The Minstrel Boy " and " The Last Rose of Summer " have stirred the feelings and swept with yearning sadness the minds of countless thousands the wide world over.

There is a subtler strength here than in the fierce rhetoric of the rude mob orator. Here is the genius that, moving in the delicate things of form, of spirit, of witching words and haunting air, finds its alchemy at work in the secret chambers of the heart. The strength that binds a nation, the feelings that fire its impulses, cannot all be set down in a ledger, nor weighed in the scales of " practical men."

Moreover, we find that if Tommy dearly loved a lord—this is a saying of Byron, spoken in a laughing vein, and perhaps a little harsh if taken too seriously—Tommy dearly loved Ireland. When the patriotic note of Ireland is struck his voice comes forth with unwonted vigour, and little Tommy who dearly loved a lord, who delighted in Society, who basked in the smiles of the great ; that same brave little man went with Byron to visit Leigh Hunt in prison, when the hapless Cockney poet was the mark of obloquy of the " highest circles " in the land.

Ireland has never lacked poets. One is tempted even to smile in counting their numbers. Yet these smiles, if in contempt, would be singularly misplaced ; for in the most obscure of them, read with sympathy

¹ " The Old Red Sandstone "—a geological treatise of Hugh Miller abundant in original ideas.

and insight, something of the true inward stirring, the genuine afflatus, will be found always. The greatest of them all are unknown, the forgotten bards who have given us those airs of marvellous delight—let us cite only three, “Kathleen Mavourneen,” “O'Donnell Aboo,” and “The Wearing of the Green.” Moore himself was indebted to such old airs for the charm of his songs; certainly he has wedded them to appropriate words. The secret of Moore's poetry is all in its melody; and indeed when that fails, as, for example, in some of the narrative verse of “Lalla Rookh,” he is capable of producing harsh and jangled lines.

A greater favourite than Moore nowadays in Nationalist circles, it appears, is Thomas Davis. That is rather due to the force of the sentiment, the passion of utterance, corresponding to the politics of the day, rather than to the pure poetic inspiration. Certainly that was not lacking in Davis; he is possessed of the bardic fervour, his verse rolls nobly forth, the words give flame to Irish hearts. The sentiment is always manly and inspiring. A regiment might march to the Front singing the songs of Davis, or animated by the words of his famous “Fontenoy.”

Yet when we are considering the product of Ireland in the world's literature we must take no narrow view. Literature is, after all, a discourse of life, poetry is the most intense expression of its feelings. And life is rich in capacities, extraordinarily high, great, and spiritual. In all this Davis is strong but in one form, the poetry of patriotism, and he gives this forth in ardent verse, not always impeccable in workmanship, and couched rather in the on-rushing

force of rhetoric, than breathing of the subtle air of poetry. Whether in spite of this, or because of this, it is difficult to say, the direct appeal and passionate fervour of Davis have made him one of the most potent influences in forming the opinions of Young Ireland to-day.

James Clarence Mangan is more scholarly, more pensive, more inclined to the minor key than Davis; less known to the mass of the people his poems have exercised a singular fascination in the minds of Irish students of literature.

The most popular, however, of all Irish songs, for by popular acclaim it has become the National Anthem, is "God Save Ireland."

The episode commemorated by this song, which is referred to on page 31 of the chapter "Glances at History," had important political consequences, for it is said that it first turned Mr. Gladstone to look into the Irish problem, not from the point of view of Party prejudice but with the desire to know the depth and strength of the feeling that could prompt such audacious deeds and, rallying to men whom English law condemned as criminals, elevate these to the glory of heroes and martyrs.

On the score of literature, however, this song can hardly be looked upon finally as Ireland's National Anthem. One of the most difficult of all feats is that of writing a National Anthem, for few indeed have attained success. The words must be so simple as to be popular, and yet not descend to doggerel. The National Anthem of England fulfils the first of these conditions, but hardly escapes the pitfalls of the second. The theme should be broadly national, not something only incidental. Hence "God Save Ire-

land" is insufficient. The air should be stirring, spirited, it should sound like a tocsin triumphant in clarion notes. Here "The Wearing of the Green" is weak; the air is plaintive not martial. The American "Star-Spangled Banner" fails in the technical difficulty that the range of the notes is too great for a popular chorus. But a song that fulfils the conditions here expressed might still fall short of all that makes a National Anthem. There is required, even within this limit, something of genius, something of happy surprise, and all of captivation, something that ascends with the spirit of the people, something deeply based and familiar, yet splendid and grand. The Welsh "March of the Men of Harlech" is great, but the "Marseillaise" seems to me the one great achievement in all these respects, though read in cold blood the words appear not above mediocrity. Ireland still waits for her National Anthem.

Amongst writers of a later date than those mentioned, William Rooney, with his song, "The Men of the West," and others of the kind, seems to have reproduced the veritable old Irish spirit, the bardic passion, combined with modern aspirations.

Of the Irish Americans Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke achieved signal success with his poem, "The Fighting Race," which commemorates an incident in the Spanish American War and glorifies the bellicose qualities of the Irish. In Irish cries "The Fighting Race" has outrivalled Davis's "Fontenoy" as a favourite poem for recitation; and here in place of the unbridled enthusiasm and force of Davis we have the peculiar balance, and steadiness, and grit, which characterise the Americans, and which the Irish in the States quickly appropriate.

Neither William Rooney nor Joseph Clarke has produced a considerable volume of verse, and in the realm of literature, at least during the poet's lifetime, victory is on the side of the big battalions. But if contemporaries are impressed by bulk, posterity demands an original note and some supreme excellence. With this standard in view most of the innumerable poets of Ireland vanish.

Two or three Irish writers should be especially noted, Maria Edgeworth, the Banims, and Carleton. Miss Edgeworth has already been referred to more than once, for her stories show such deep insight into character, and such inevitable linking of character with events, that they become the best of the annals of Ireland. Only Lever in his later days is comparable to Miss Edgeworth for genial satire and pathetic humour. Nevertheless one of the most learned of Irishmen in public life told me recently that he had never read a line she had written; he added effusively that he was acquainted with her name.

The Banims are to Irish prose what Crabbe was to English verse. "Nature's sternest painter yet the best," Byron said of the poet, but he did not induce people to steep themselves in Crabbe. Why? Partly perhaps that he was so true to nature as he found it, and partly—to be just to Nature—because his truth was somewhat too superficial and dull.

So it is with the Banims. The study of their works is profitable if one desires to know the true Irish character, but nowadays it seems to require some such incentive to read them with diligence. All truth is, in fact, relative, and what we hope to find in an author is not the truth that lies on the surface, but the truth seen through the medium of a bright spirit endowed

with life and riancy and force. And unfortunately your conscientious writers generally lack sparkle.

Carleton lacked neither sparkle, nor life, nor force ; yet he is not greatly read nowadays, though always with immense appreciation by those who make his acquaintance. He is redolent of the genuine, native Irish humour, and he can describe a faction fight that stirs Irish blood as never did Homer nor the most accurate historian of the battle of Waterloo. Then why is Carleton neglected ? Because, after all, his qualities, sufficient for his time and generation, give little of the depth or universality that win immortal fame.

Literature is tried in subtle tests even though those who form their judgment may never have dreamt of expressing these in terms of canons of criticism. And for great literature there is demanded something that corresponds to the scientist's standard of generality. A knowledge of the field is not enough, there should be over this the play of an intellect—the intellectual calibre counts for much—and an ample compass of emotion and sympathies. Life should be known not merely as it moves around us, but also in a vertical plan ; and the whole story should be absorbed in an atmosphere which takes its tinctures from the spirit of the author, and which serves to wrap the theme in associations that come from far away. If to all this we can add the impress of a fine power, or the brilliancy of wit, then we have gained much ; and occasionally in single works and in fragments these have been sufficient in themselves to win a lasting repute.

One could cite hundreds of Irish writers whose writings are interesting and agreeable, who have wit and humour, whose verse is impeccable within its

limits ; yet this is not all. We feel that their world is too limited ; that they have no general significance. Certainly a small realm of actual experience may suffice for the production of a notable work of literature, witness "Jane Eyre," or "The Story of an African Farm." But in each of these what is really interesting is the story of the inner life, seen as though behind a veil. In some stories, as for instance, in "My Lady of the Chimney Corner," of a contemporary Irish writer, Alexander Irvine, the very meagreness of experience and incident aids the intense concentration on the spiritual side of one figure, and a powerful effect is produced ; but here also we have great qualities, a clearness of the lines and reinforcement of the impression produced by the originality of truth, by the moral courage required to lay bare deep and intimate feelings.

As a rule, however, there is a fatal tendency to follow in the track of others, to produce tuneful verse with facility, to accept the old story of emotions and feelings seen from a familiar standpoint. The intellectual calibre is lacking here. The true stamp of genius, the seizing, the winning, the feeling of inspiration is seldom known.

Hitherto, I have spoken mainly of the day preceding ours. The Young Ireland movement gave rise to much verse-making besides that of Davis, much of it good within the limits we have noticed. The Fenian movement has a great literature of its own, but the songs, for instance, are the songs of the people, the productions of ardent men, not cultivated as a rule in letters, though even here with notable exceptions, such as John Keegan Casey ("Leo"), Ellen O'Leary, and in prose writings Luby

and Kickham, on whom fell the mantle of Carleton. Isaac Butt's movement does not seem to have stirred imagination deeply. T. D. Sullivan's songs of the Land League days have been referred to. Then, as has often happened in Ireland, a literary phase apparently unlike anything that has preceded it has gradually cast its spell over the country. This has been known as the Irish revival, and even the somewhat pompous term, the Irish Renaissance, has been bestowed upon it.

Some of the causes that helped to foster it must be sought in the near history of Ireland. Physical-force ideas had become discouraged, the downfall of Parnell and the consequent failure of his great campaign, had torn the glamour from Parliamentary manœuvres. The minds of the young men turned inward, and fastened with the energy of souls seeking salvation on the culture of letters, on the study of the Irish language, on the revival of the Irish customs, even of Irish dress, and of vague shadows of Irish mythology. A great impulse in this direction was given by the efforts of Dr. Douglas Hyde, who though a Protestant scion of the English stock made himself the modern incarnation of the old Irish spirit. He taught his generation the beauties of the ancient Irish literature, and he inspired his disciples with enthusiasm for their studies. The Gaelic League was mainly his work.

Among the exploits of modern Ireland must be reckoned the rediscovery of Deirdre. Perhaps Deirdre came as a kind of tacit compromise, for whose sake Catholics and Protestants mingled in brotherhood, held together in rapturous devotion to high ideals not well defined ; for it was impossible that the feelings of ecstasy should pass out on the one side to

the Saints of the Church, and on the other to Queen Elizabeth; hence Deirdre was not only a beautiful vision in herself, but a blessed haven of rest for souls tempest-tossed in vague imaginings.

One of the most eminent of modern Irishmen, at least in the practical sphere—Mr. George Russell for the co-operators is also the *Æ* for the mystics of Ireland—painter, poet, and, one might almost say, prophet. It is the delight of the *Æ*, I am told, on a warm summer day to recline under the shadow of an old round tower, or ruined abbey, or patriarchal tree, and, with eyes closed to all but visions, behold passing before his inward gaze, the pomp, and glory, all the allurements and the charm of ancient Irish story. Luckily when *Æ* becomes Mr. Russell he can write like a poet on scour in cattle, winter dairying, or the growing of artichokes; but many of his disciples, not possessing, perhaps even despising, these more earthly accomplishments, fastened only the more tenaciously on the cult of Deirdre.

And so it happened that many a good Nationalist returning after a few years' absence from Dublin, and expecting to find again the old familiar signs and battle-cries of Parnellism and the Land League, and the ideals of Wolfe Tone, discovered that he was looked upon askance by some of the younger men, treated as hardly within the pale of Nationalism at all, because he faltered in the language, and only dimly and unappreciatively knew Deirdre.

This was the form of Irish development which most especially appealed to enthusiastic and æsthetic English people, not all young ladies, who, liable to be overswept by successive modern crazes, became infatuated with all things Irish. I have met young

Englishwomen devoted to Deirdre, gazing with intent, even intense expression, into unfathomable depths of space, and uttering oracular sayings. Oracular sayings became for a time a real study or diversion in Dublin literary circles ; such sayings, for instance, as " Who knows but that the born fool may be wisest of all mankind ? " " One may best serve Truth by refusing to accept it ; " " Poetry may be saved again, but only by becoming brutal and low ! " When once the trick of these profound sayings was known, it was not difficult to turn them out freely ; they held small coteries together, and did no exterior harm. But the cult of Deirdre extended even to the rank of Cabinet Ministers, and I have known one such, who toyed with literature, sit seriously, æsthetically, and deeply, through the performance of a play of Deirdre.

This indeed brings us to the unique figure of Mr. W. B. Yeats. I have never been able to take Mr. Yeats seriously in his rôle of poet, but one must really respect the personality which he has displayed and impressed upon Irish imagination. Mr. Yeats introduced into Ireland the moonlight school of poetry. Life was seen as something unreal, shadowy, and there was shown play and exaltation of emotions that had not hitherto seemed an essential part of Irish nature, nor indeed of any human nature ; there was much talk of Celtic twilight and mysticism. There was much vogue, too, for paradoxical sayings, and for the utterance of peculiar remarks, of the kind quoted, which really covered shallow speculations or mere silliness of thought. It became an article of creed to despise science, to look superciliously on all modes of accurate reasoning, and to endeavour to reach far-

distant truths not by the toil or devotion demanded by such humdrum methods, but by the cultivation of debile moods.

There is, no doubt, in inspiration a peculiar ecstatic state in which the mind attains fine illumination, and in which the power of the view and the faculty of expression are exalted as if by magic. But the fund of all great thought, and of all great purpose, is deep sincerity, truthfulness, development; and, in whatever form elaborated, a great interior travail has preceded the moments of genius. It was this sincere toil and preparation that the Yeats school especially ignored.

The rollicking Irish humour that finds its expression in Lever, the deeper, gloomier, but stronger and fiercer characteristics that leap to light in Carleton, were dismissed, either as not Irish, or as the manifestation of a spirit lower than the mystic, tenuous talk of moonshine, fairies, omens, occultism, and all the paraphernalia of that most tiresome of literary modes, symbolic poetry. The old picture of the Irish harper, shaking his locks behind his shoulders while his fingers played on the strings, in rapt vision recalling the glory of Erin of old; or even the melodious pipings of Tom Moore melting the soul in sentimental woe; these gave way to the exotic figure of an Egyptian playing on a mandoline and winning out a thin and dwindled strain.

If this temper, this poetry, really represented the Celtic spirit, then we need seek no further for the history of Ireland's griefs, the causes of her woes. That would be inherent in the character of a people, and the rest would be but anecdote and gossip. At one time the poetry of Mr. Yeats was considered in select circles as a kind of touchstone of Nationalism. The

ardent patriot might possess the soul of Robert Emmet combined with that capacity for assimilating Blue books which marks the practical politician; but he was confronted with the question: What do you think of Yeats? and if he hesitated he was lost. It is true that this ordeal was not quite so severe as it seemed, for lip service satisfied all the demands. The understanding, or even the reading, of Mr. Yeats always seemed to be secondary to the observance of certain rites—the cultivation of the intense gaze, the shrouding of the personality in an air of secret gloom, the belief in spells, and incantations, and the practice of profound utterance. All that counted was Art, and by Art was really meant such products as tended towards this mystic atmosphere.

The word Art always has a potent force with those who, hidden long in Philistinism, are beginning to emerge into realms of light. Thus it happened that about the period of the ascendancy of Mr. Yeats—for he is now anathema to certain of his former adulators—there came to my house in Paris a good Irishman of the old school, whose outward appearance suggested to me the tilling of the green fields of Erin rather than the subtleties of æsthetic taste. He fixed me, however, with an earnest look, and said: "They do be putting quare plays on in Dublin nowa-days!"

I replied: "Ah!" with encouraging intimation.

"Yes," he continued, "very quare plays. They do be putting on plays where a boy from the country kills his da!"

"That seems wrong."

"Yes. And they make us out to be nothing but cut-throats, and murderers, and dijinirates."

"What on earth do they mean by doing that?"

“ They calls it—ART ! ”

He uttered this word after a pause, and with a peculiar solemn emphasis, and my honest friend had a look in his eyes as if he too was sounding the infinite space to know the secret of a term that produced, that excused, and that explained so much. The play he referred to was Synge’s “ Playboy of the Western World,” of which I will say a word or two later.

If I am inclined to laugh at the Yeats’ aspect of literature, I do not mean to imply that such weaknesses are peculiar to the Irish character. The whole moonshine school of poetry with its tenuity, its inanities, its affectations, and its air of something mysterious and significant covering its silliness—this school was, I believe, not a real Irish growth at all, it was a product of the æsthetic movement of the circles of culture in London. But the veritable psychology of all such phases is always more interesting than that of the product itself. Bristol in the days of Byron had its adulation of Amos Cottle, and Paris in the time of Molière possessed its *Précieuses Ridicules*.

Let us not be severe in these matters. They spring from the desire implanted in the human mind of rising towards excellence, thence of achieving unique distinction. They are not unmingled with a genuine patriotism, however cramped or exclusive. Moreover they express the revolt against a view of life too gross, too grinding and harsh, too sordid, or, as expressed in Philistinism, satisfied with the outward show of things, lost in low content and the vulgar display of opulence.

But they betray their weakness in the very attacks on the bourgeois class ; they seem to reveal even a

secret envy, for they really make the bourgeois ideals the standards of their accomplishment, they are not happy in their exclusiveness unless the bourgeois becomes interested in their doings if only to the extent of denouncing their decadence. Their attitude in regard to culture is that of the University don who values his Greek less for the great domain that it opens to his view than that it enables him to sniff on his grocer at church.

But apart from these considerations criticism of literature is one of the most uncertain of the arts, and so it has happened in England that books, as for instance, "Endymion," "Sartor Resartus," and "Lavengro," have been ignored and derided by one generation of critics, and extolled to the skies by others more enlightened. In this country mere politics, and unfortunately politics in the narrowest sense, have always played a part in regard to the appreciation of books. A barrier even more difficult is placed in the way of original work, for to few critics does it seem necessary to take a wide survey of human life and human thought, to judge in the free regard of deep, abiding principles. Men set up in their minds certain standards, founded on classic excellences, and estimate by comparison with these models. The works which spring from inspiration, marked therefore by original thought and incommunicable style, are those destined to run into collision with the law in the authoritative world of letters.

All these considerations make me tender towards that phase of Irish literature which some have ventured to call the new Renaissance. Mr. Yeats requires rather to be defended now, for whereas it was once considered something suspect in patriotism

to fail to admire his artistic merits, some of his former admirers now question the Nationalism of those who appreciate his intention. And yet he moulded better than he knew, and Irish vitality and wit have reasserted themselves. Mr. Yeats has deserved well of Irish literature if for nothing else than the foundation of the Abbey Theatre, and for the courage and persistence of purpose with which he has realised his dream and endowed it with importance.

When I first saw an Abbey Theatre play—it was one of Mr. William Boyle's, "The Building Fund"—I felt like the unknown member of the audience who called out to Molière: "Courage! That is the true Comedy." Here for the first time I beheld the veritable delineation of Irish character, with all its real tenacious strength, but with no less of its racy humour. The "stage Irishman" was gone, but he had been replaced by something vastly more interesting. Here was the picture of Irish life, epitomised, selected, and arranged with artistry, so well arranged that the consummate skill remained hidden in the ease of the production.

"The Workhouse Ward" of Lady Gregory is a wonderful little piece. The theme is of the simplest. Two old men are in the workhouse. One has a chance of going out, for his sister will provide for him. He refuses to leave unless his friend is taken with him. This is an excessive demand; they are both left in the House, and they begin to talk, at first amicably. They go on to argue about the relative ancient magnificence of their families. They proceed to discuss the exclusive right of certain families to the visit of the banshee, and they finish by hurling the pillows at each other—the colloquy has taken

place while they lay in their beds. On this theme Lady Gregory has embroidered a story of Irish character; we seem to get glimpses into all that has made Irish history, and every quirk and quip of expression is sure and lively with Irish nature.

The productions of the Abbey Theatre have been considerable even in volume; and the later plays such as those of John G. Ervine and Lord Dunsany have not left unfulfilled the early promises. The Abbey Theatre has also found offshoots in various directions. The studies of Irish life produced by the Ulster players exhibited the same general characteristics as found in those of the South and West.

The well-known play, "General John Regan," has also a family likeness to those of the Abbey Theatre. The author, George Birmingham, or, as he is known in private life, the Rev. James Owen Hannay, certainly views his characters from a more detached standpoint, and he has a keener eye for the foibles of the people than sympathy with the veritable aspirations of their nature, but he has been influenced by the examples of Abbey Street, and it is upon a path already cleared that he has entered with so much gay abandon and success.

I will interpose here a remark to prevent misunderstanding: It is far from my intention to give a review, however summary, of the works of Irish writers. Many of note have been omitted altogether. I have said nothing even of Gerald Griffin, the gifted author of "The Collegians," nor of the Knocknagow of Kickham, nor of Leamy, nor of the racy Mr. William O'Brien, nor of Mr. Stephen Gwynn, lover of letters, nor of Katharine Tynan, favourite with so many, nor of Seaumas MacManus, with his good

stories redolent of the turf smoke, nor of Downey, whose "Merchant of Killogue" gives a serious setting to his fund of humour, nor of Robert Lynd's "Home Life in Ireland," with its charming individual style, nor of the sensitive and charming Stephen MacKenna, nor of Conal O'Riordan, thoughtful and daring beyond others, in "The Piper" and "Shakespeare's End," nor of the scholarly Rolleston of noble sentiment and rolling line. What I have sought rather is to indicate the character and tendencies of Irish life as seen through different phases of literature, and to point these observations here and there by reference to some characteristic work.

There is one, however, who cannot be passed over in silence, if only by the boldness and challenge of his work, and the storm of protest it has aroused. This is Synge of the famous "Playboy of the Western World."

The Playboy was the cause of a great disturbance in Chicago; the actors were, I believe, arrested, and the whole American press gave itself up to the discussion of the morality, or immorality, of the production and its right to represent Irish character. Political elections depended on the answers to the sharp questions of partisans on the merits of the Playboy, and spectacled Teutonic professors, convinced that here was a world-event, fell to translating the Playboy into woolly German.

In Dublin the note was rather indifference when not enjoyment. In London—it was mainly over-cultured people who went to the play here—the mood was that semi-religious, hypnotic state in which, with serious concentrated minds, the same audiences are accustomed to worship Shakespeare or follow Berg-

son. Many hidden beauties were discovered that had never occurred to Synge himself, and many ingenious and fatuous interpretations and ascription of intentions were offered that faintly reeked of the German commentators.

This brings me to a curious observation of the difference of the Irish and the English mind. I will not lay stress on race, for the elements have become really too compounded for that ; but there is some subtle alchemy in the air of Ireland that infuses into all the quality—Irish. A healthy man will laugh more in Ireland in three weeks than in England in nine months. Then perhaps he will describe the Irish people as sad ; and if he be an Englishman, and sympathy with Ireland be on his programme, he will return laden with tempered enthusiasms, and he will talk of the Celtic twilight, Gaelic mysticism, the idealism of Deirdre, and he will be earnest over "The Playboy of the Western World," earnest and serious.

Nothing seems to me more subtly amusing than the seriousness of Englishmen, on some aspects of the Irish question, for instance, or on that same Playboy. It would take a volume of psychology to explain what I mean, and then possibly my meaning would not be clear, but an Irishman would understand at once. It is not that the Irishman is less interested or less appreciative of the Playboy, but he sees things in a different light, or as with two lights where the Englishman has one. I am not here claiming any superiority of intellect for the Irishman—the deficiency of the nation in the realm of science would alone, I repeat, bring me up with a round turn there—but, in what may be a shallow stratum, the Irish mind moves more lightly and quicker all round the object.

We have even experimental proof of this. Dr. Sophie Bryant, in her book, "The Genius of the Gael," remarks of the House of Commons: "When a joke is made, or a humorous incident occurs, it takes effect first on the Irish benches: a burst of simultaneous laughter issues from that part of the building. Thence it is taken up by the neighbouring benches and rolls gradually over the House."

I have noticed this often myself, the gay irrepressible laughter of the Irish gradually infecting the House and spreading and being returned to us at length in the serious mirth—as if this was their "considered Bill"—of the back-benchers above the gangway on the Ministerial side.

And so with regard to the rollicking Playboy, to treat it with grave concern is to deal with it harshly. It was, in fact, the Playboy to which my honest friend of some pages back referred when he uttered the bewildering but oracular word: ART.

It is not customary for a young Irishman to cut down his "da" with a shovel, even on a difference of opinion; if he did so far forget himself, he would not be made a hero by the countryside.

It is true that a certain resistance to the law might appeal to many in the West; but it is also true that the ties of family are stronger in Ireland than in most parts of the world. Regarded seriously the plot of the Playboy is absurd; regarded as an absurdity the play becomes "serious"—as I once heard a Frenchman remark of one of Courteline's comedies—that is to say something of real value. The Playboy in its fantastic form gives delightful glimpses into Irish character. It is said, and I believe with truth, that Synge was accustomed to

listen to the conversation of peasants with great attention and to note down as many quaint and curious phrases as he could. Now the quaint and curious phrases of the West are often translations or adaptations from the old Irish; so that here we fall in with a rare discovery, the ideas, turns of thought, and modes of expression of a people with a thousand years of literature behind them suddenly emerging into an alien time. It was this discovery of the *Playboy* rather than the invention—that is to say the invention of the plot—that gives to the little drama its freshness, its richness, and all its racy zest and go. Synge has by no means exhausted that field, for the transcription of the picturesque and striking language of the West is almost sufficient in itself to make a play run.

I knew Synge in Paris long before the days of his fame, and, possibly in memory of that friendship, he has introduced into the *Playboy* an allusion to myself. Synge in his Parisian days was a singular figure. He was poor, and to be poor in Paris is to be doubly poor, and Synge, I am afraid, was very poor. He lived in the Latin quarter adjacent to the Luxembourg Gardens, in the street (*rue d'Assas*) which Alphonse Daudet has selected for the opening scene of his "*Sapho*." It was a neighbourhood made notable at one time by the studios of famous artists—Whistler, Bouguereau, and others. Synge with an allowance of less than £50 a year had acquired the art of living frugally with content. Many in the Latin quarter subsist on means less substantial but more precarious than Synge's modest competence.

Adversity may be a fine school, but it is a bad dwelling house; and it has this inconvenience that

it greatly restricts the circle of one's friends. On the other hand it induces reflection. Synge was, no doubt, even at that time nursing the hopes and desires that afterwards found vent in his bold but all too brief career, but he had not yet found his work, and there seemed to me no especial attraction in his personality. A tall, rough-hewn, square, broad-shouldered man he was ; but this picture should not call up images of rude and granite strength. He gave no suggestion of athletic prowess with his bulk ; he appeared as the belated descendant of a race that had dwelt with the mastodon, and which though losing its rude force in the contact with a debilitated civilisation had not become absorbed or assimilated.

Such was Synge with his overgrown height, his clumsy proportions, his great square head, his plain features, his somewhat sombred eyes, and his modest expression of kindness. He spoke in a voice of muffled timbre as of a peculiar husky flatness which masked its true expression and diminished its volume.

He seemed neither to rebel against his meagre fate, nor to flaunt it, nor to be greatly ambitious, or at least impatient, of changing it. A quiet insistent purpose pervaded his personality, and the observations of what seemed to me a slow, even if thoughtful mind, were marked by good judgment rather than by any sparkling brilliance. Synge was studying French literature during his days in Paris, but he possessed few acquaintances among those who could talk with him upon such subjects. He moved in the Irish colony, but even amongst them he was retiring, solitary, and in no way conspicuous, though he was made welcome wherever he went. His demeanour was always that of a gentleman.

At that time I was acquainted with some of the modern French writers who have since become celebrities in the world of Paris, and it so happened that, as Synge had produced nothing yet, it had not occurred to me to associate this gentle giant, of the singular stamp and somewhat retiring style, with success in literature. Indeed if I were to say the last word of candour, I do not think that his famous "Playboy" would in Paris have placed him on a pinnacle. It was staged in Paris not long ago, and some of the good Parisians, inveterate playgoers for thirty years, were not a little puzzled by this strange production. The captivating, irresistible "Playboy" was by some called deadly dull.

Here a little explanation is required, for it is called to my recollection that one evening when I was making my way to my seat to attend a production in French of one of the brightest and best of all contemporary writers—Mr. George Bernard Shaw—a distinguished French critic remarked: "Now we are going to be bored for a couple of hours!" The fact is, for one thing, that to bring wit to Paris is like bringing coals to Newcastle. Moreover the sap and savour of the words is lost in translation, even in good translations; and in the case of Synge that was fatal. For not merely is the French language flexible, polished by attrition through the ages, macerated and refined, but French literature is cast in a form where the subtle influences of centuries of civilisation have given balance, adjustments of standards, and taste.

Breaking into such a stratum of thought a play of Synge's produces something of that impression which his appearance sufficed to suggest, something

that seemed to belong to another age. Now in France, not more than in Ireland, is it usual, still less laudable, for a young peasant to kill his da ; and when a play founded on this theme, and presented in excellent French, was shown to the cultured inhabitants of Lutèce, they stared as they would, though politely, at a troglodyte who had invaded a salon of the Boulevard St. Germain.

Which of these conceptions of literature is right ? Perhaps the proper answer is that one should seek to define rather than directly to compare. The Playboy is a little work of genre painting, but this makes only a small part of art. Because Wilkie, for instance, has painted, shall we not admire Turner ? Or because Mrs. Jarley's show is popular and amusing, shall the Elgin marbles be left unvisited, or the Dance of Carpeaux torn from its pedestal ? Literature discourses of all life, throughout its depths and heights, in all its great variety and range, and great literature gives us some sense of this meaning. "Don Quixote" would fail to entertain us long if the fun began and ended with such exploits as tilting at windmills ; but the whole story is wrapped in an atmosphere of humour, through which Cervantes exhales the experience and philosophy of a man who has seen and suffered, meditated and hoped. "Gil Blas" is not the mere tale of a valet's adventures ; it is a study of human nature and society. "Endymion" is not a string of images of a brain-sick young poet ; it is the searching for a guide amid the ideals of life ; it is—if one may use a term so uninspiring for a poem of genius—the poet's expression of the data of ethics.

Synge has given a lively detail of the great fresco of literature, and most of us are thankful, but we

must not exaggerate the importance even of "The Playboy of the Western World."

Synge has also written a "Deirdre," but although it is greatly admired in exclusive and refined circles, this fact also gives rise to suspicion. Synge had never seen Deirdre. He had seen the Playboy; he had listened to the gossiping of colleens round the turf fire, and the talk of men drinking their porter in little shebeens, and every jotting and flash gave us life. But Deirdre! Deirdre lived thousands of years ago. Who was Deirdre? I cannot tell, although it is heresy of the rankest kind not to know. Deirdre was an ancient Irish Queen, or goddess, perhaps both. She lived along—along—ago. Ireland in her fiercest agitations had never heard of Deirdre. To tell the whole truth, Ireland was content never to have heard of Deirdre, but the literary movement wanted a heroine and Deirdre had been so long dead that little was known against her family. So Æ rediscovered her. Mr. Yeats wrote a ghosted drama round Deirdre. Synge gave us another Deirdre. And now every budding Irish dramatist in full sail for the conquest of fame must pass the Cape of Deirdre.

But though respectability is gained by ancient burial, yet a certain indistinctness of feature accompanies it, and so it makes too great a strain on the affections to ask us to adorn the diaphanous Deirdre. The stage may lend an adventitious aid, for it appears from the dramatists that Irish Queens were clad in something like Hans Breitmann's mermaid, and the free movement of comely limbs may compensate even for stilted verse. But here we are not lost in the "twilight of the Gods," we have found ourselves attracted by modern grace; we are not brooding on

"Celtic mysticism," we are admiring the realities of Celtic physique. I have lingered over Synge with concern for his renown, especially as in dying he felt that he was capable of new and greater flights.

Of later writers, Seosamh MacCathmhaoil (anglice, James Campbell) gives us lyric quality with true Irish spirit, Seumas O'Sullivan rare delicacy of nuances with yet firm impression in the painting of his images, and Francis Ledwidge has caught the songs of the birds. Francis Ledwidge is one of the youngest, the newest, and one might say the freshest of the Irish poets. Lord Dunsany told the story this year to the National Literary Society of his discovery :

About a year and a half ago he received while in London a very dirty copy-book, made in Navan, and a letter with it, asking him if there was any good in the compositions. The copy-book was full of poems, many of which were bad, while from the rest flashed out the authentic inspiration of the true poet. At present the writer was about twenty-two years of age. He knew nothing about technique and far less about grammar, but he had the great ideas and conceptions of the poet, and saw the vast figures, the giant forces, and elemental powers striving amongst the hills. Some of his poems had already been published in England and attracted not a little attention. His name was Francis Ledwidge, and most of his poetry dealt with descriptions of nature in and around his native district of Slane, Co. Meath. One of his early poems, "Behind the Closed Eye," had appeared in the "Saturday Review," and aroused a good deal

of controversy in literary circles in London. It gave a picture of a simple Irish country village, such as no writer had approached since the days of Goldsmith. His poetry was mainly drawn from the life of the fields, and if he (Lord Dunsany) applied any title to him, he thought he might best describe him as "the poet of the blackbird."

The following poem, first published in the "Saturday Review" of March 1913, gives a fair idea of Francis Ledwidge's charming style. The poem is called "To a Linnet in a Cage":

"When Spring is in the fields that stained your wing
 And the blue distance is alive with song;
 And finny quiets of the gabbling spring
 Rock lilies red and long.
 At dewy daybreak I will set you free
 In ferny turnings of the woodbine lane
 Where faint-voiced echoes leave and cross in glee
 The hilly swollen plain.
 In draughty houses you forget your tune,
 The modulator of the changing hours,
 You want the wide air of the moody noon
 And the slanting evening showers—
 So I will lose you, and your song shall fall,
 When morn is white upon my dewy pane,
 Upon my eyelids, and my soul recall
 From worlds of sleeping pain."

Seosamh MacCathmhaoil calls himself the Mountain Singer. That already is good. He aspires to sing the joys and the sorrows of the common people; and that is excellent:

"A bard shall be born
 Of the seed of the folk,
 To break with his singing
 The bond and the yoke."

Here is a good verse: "At the Whitening of the Dawn":

"At the whitening of the dawn,
 As I came o'er the windy water,
 I saw the salmon-fisher's daughter
 Lasarfhionn ni Cholumain,
 Lasarfhionn ni Cholumain,
 Lasarfhionn ni Cholumain,
 Palest lily of the dawn,
 Is Lasarfhionn ni Cholumain."

Lasarfhionn ni Cholumain—I do not know precisely what it means, but I have repeated the words a score of times for the delight of the sound; but verse of this kind after all fails to captivate for ever.

"Twine the mazes thro' and thro'
 Over beach and margent pale;
 Not a bawn appears in view,
 Not a sail!
 Round about!
 In and out!
 Through the stones and sandy bars,
 To the music of the stars!
 The asteroidal fire that dances
 Nightly in the northern blue,
 The brightest of the boreal lances
 Dances not so light as you,
 Clíodhna!
 Dances not so light as you."

Here is a prettiness of melody, and gleams of fine imagery; but the whole verse is disappointing. It is elusive as a passage of Browning without Browning's "body" and underlying consistency. The images are far-fetched, and unfelt. Once and for all, one can give to this, as to so much of our present Irish poetry, Newton's definition: A sort of ingenious nonsense. And this must be said severely, for in

Seosamh MacCathmhaoil, as in many others, the genuine spirit is there.

Seumas O'Sullivan has produced two volumes of verse. The last is the *Earth-Lover*. Seumas O'Sullivan is the most gifted of all in the quality of delicate but rich colouring, in the deft strokes, in the wheels and turns of the metrical art. But his poems are fugitive sketchings. One has the impression of coming into an artist's studio and beholding a number of glimmering half thought-out brilliant studies, but without form, consistency, or intent, or veritable sincerity except where dilletantism itself may be sincere. These touches are fine :

"Nor when the mellow Autumn moon
Hung still in quivering mists of gold
On hill and meadow, field and fold.

I will go out and meet the evening hours
And greet them one by one as friend greets friend,
Where many a tall poplar summit towers
On summit, shrines of quietness that send
Their silence through the blue air like a wreath
Of sacrificial flame unwavering
In the deep evening stillness, when no breath
Sets the faint tendrils floating on light wing
Over the long dim fields mist-islanded."

And then we have Padraic Colum, a true poet ; that is certain. Yet I have still a tinge of disappointment ; disappointment because with real vision, real feeling, faculty of fine technique, he has not entirely freed himself of models. He gives us pictures reminiscent of Millet, and couched in a form borrowed from Walt Whitman. But this was natural to Walt, and natural too for the reason that it was only in his later days that Walt saw the necessity for the

magic of form, that he knew there was something wanting in him, "to catch the final lilt of songs." Then why should Padraic Colum with his quickly apprehensive mind, the lightsome plasticity of the Celt, inure himself to these heavy old Dutch endeavours of Walt? (In passing I would like to say I have a prodigious admiration for Walt.) Yet Padraic Colum does this wonderfully well:

"THE PLOUGHER"

"Sunset and Silence! A man: around him earth
Savage, earth broken;
Beside him two horses—a plough!

Earth savage, earth broken, the brutes, the dawn-
man there in the sunset,
And the Plough that is twin to the Sword, that
is founder of cities!

Brute-tamer, plough-maker, earth-breaker!
Can't hear? There are ages between us.
Is it praying you are as you stand there alone
in the sunset?"

This is from one of Padraic Colum's latest volumes, well-named "Wild Earth." There are many notes, many moods, many striking pictures. His impressions are deeper than the others. He is ardent. He is fundamentally sincere. Padraic Colum stands apart from most of the others by reason of the volume of his work, the variety of the subjects he has touched, the more distinct mark of individuality, and also by his promise. This last word may be read a little dubiously, as implying only insufficiency of actual product, but that is not my intention. Every true poet finds within himself not merely the natural stirring of his powers, but also, and this especially as his

sense of artistry becomes exercised, the possibilities of great development. Hitherto, I believe, Colum has felt too much the influence of the school under whose banner he first sallied forth in quest of fame. Something similar might have been said truly of a poet so deeply original and true as Keats, for in his "Endymion"—surely one of the most marvellous poems of all literature—there are obvious faults, weaknesses, and mannerisms which were derived from his association with Leigh Hunt. He was sneered at as belonging to the "Cockney School." So in the poems of Colum, in the cast of thought, in the set of ideas, and in the forms of expression, one seems to detect the influence of the moonshine school. Later there is the touch of Walt Whitman. This is hopeful, because it marks the effort of the poet to escape from lesser associations. His work, admirable as it is, steeped in the very atmosphere of poetry—for apart from the expression in words, he is a poet—his work may still aspire to find immortal qualities.

Another not less notable for originality is James Stephens, though there too we find traces of the school of Yeats. Still the genuine fibre is too strong, the poet's instinct too determined, his independence, confident power, and riancy too exuberant to be held within the compass of others. In Stephens there is too often marked a rugged strength and graphic style which leaves us unprepared for the delightful freedom of his airy flights. Of his prose writings, read "The Crock of Gold," the most whimsical of fancies since Sterne.

Here in this rapid review, so brief that many spirited authors of signal merit have been left un-

mentioned, we have met with great Irish names adorning nearly every form of literature. Yet I cannot think that the Irish people have yet given the full measure of their strength. The reasons may be clearer in the next chapter, although the theme itself appears at first unconnected with literature.

Literature does not grow up spontaneously, or accidentally. The man of genius may arise here and there from origins that seem unfavourable. Whatever be extraordinary in this points rather to the limitation of our knowledge than to anything capricious in the great movement of Nature. Could we see truly and deeply enough we would find that all here is in order, and that, hard though the saying be, natural laws regulate even the appearance of genius and the output of literature. The factors depend on ten thousand circumstances of the character of the people, the degree of culture, the phases of public interest, the whole endeavour, energy, and prospects of a race. It will be sufficient to show how often in the world's history the appearance of great literature has accompanied an outburst of national energy in all directions, so that the works of the poet mark the bloom time of a people from Pindar to Dante, from Camoëns to Keats. Literature is but an expression of the natural forces, and the characteristics of a race will be found there as in all other forms of its manifestation. What, therefore, makes me think that the future of Irish literature may hold greater glories is precisely that hitherto the literature of the Celt has not illustrated his genius to the height; he has not shown there evidence adequate of his brilliancy, his noble courage, impetuous onslaught, nor even of his ambition. Too

often Irish literature has been imitative ; and even at the period when the talk was oftenest heard of the " Irish Renaissance," it was not easy to buy a representative book of the revival in Dublin, still less to find anyone who could quote half-a-dozen characteristic lines ; while the bookshops of the principal streets proudly displayed the wares of third-rate English authors whom all had been content to forget in London. Too frequent was there evidence of imitation, and the models imitated were bad.

Consider for a moment the whole range of the work of Robert Burns : his poems descriptive of the life of the country, immortal poems like " Hallowe'en " ; the poems of satire ; the exuberant racy " Tam O'Shanter," or the irresistible character painting of " The Jolly Beggars," the incomparable love songs, their life and lyric quality ; the patriotic songs breathing the very soul of aspirations ; finally the great poems of humanity.

I have cited Burns for comparison. Perhaps it is not fair to the present poets, for Burns himself is not to be appreciated by single short poems, still less by extracts, but by the whole volume and force, and wealth of allusion and evocation, of all his various many-spirited verse. But I have chosen him as giving us what we have a right to hope for also in Ireland, a poetry not the pale reflex of foreign models, but breathing, real, vital poetry that leaps with the throb of blood, poetry that has a man's force behind it, poetry of a patriot's passion, a bard's vision, poetry that soars at times with the lark-like carolling of joyous thought. And all that can be found in Ireland.

CHAPTER XII

SCIENCE

TURN to science !

That if I had but one monition bearing hope to the young man of Ireland, one message that might be listened to, that would be my saying : Face realities. Enter into veritable knowledge of Nature.

Let us see in the first place how science stands in the world's civilisation. Truly when I cast my eyes over the stream of time, and ask what is the valid meaning of progress, and when I contrast Greek civilisation with our own, I find that we are in many things inferior, in one only definitely greater—we are superior in the positive results of science. Not in the spirit of science. No. That flame burned in the souls of Empedocles, of Plato, of Aristotle, of Eratosthenes, of Archimedes, no less brightly and purely, than ever since in the history of man. But in the actual achievement of science, in the massed and aggregate product, in the organisations that have developed, the million corollaries of science, there and there only can we claim greater credit.

We may speak of the lustre of literature, or of the glories of battles by sea or land. Yes, but literature is but the adornment of the architecture. The beauty of the edifice should arise from its own perfect conception. Dante, Shakespeare, Molière,

Schiller—these are the great *amuseurs*,¹ showing to our gaze rare worlds of things, varied and picturesque worlds, worlds of emotion, passion, airy fancy, delicate thought; displaying inner motives, though it be amid the shimmer of poetry, the sparkle of wit; delightful, captivating, wonder-filling; but not the great artisans of progress, not the great engineers of civilisation's campaign. The modern world begins with Galileo. Some three hundred years measures the lapse of our escape from the Middle Ages, that darkened period when science was lost. Look into these things, seriously, and with illumination, O ye young men; on you I build my hope. The older race is finished. A man is as old as his arteries; a nation is as young as its spirit of enterprise.

Look, therefore, apart from the catalogue of kings, the records of battles, look bravely upon the world's progress; do we not find there a framework, an ever-developing structure on which the very delicacies of civilisation ultimately rest? The soul of that, the spirit in the ultimate analysis of it all, is found in the mind of the thinker.

Speak to me of imagination. . . . It has been one of the events of my life, often deviously blown, to read "Paradise Lost" a second time, how marvellous it seemed; and yet again how weak, how little compared with the glories revealed in the analysis of exact

¹ The word *amuseur* must be here understood in no low or trivial sense, but as something world-wide and deep. Even in this sweeping regard I would except, amongst others, Sophocles; Byron, when the whole scope of his work and the intent of his later poems is thought of; Shelley, though, apart from the splendour of some inspired passages, his world is narrower, less real and strong; and particularly Keats, whose poetry springs from a higher inspiration, an illumination of the spiritual world of man.

and patient nature. For therein is Truth. And Truth is the imagination of God.

Even on the lower sphere of National pride, what have we to show? Great warriors, yes. Great orators, many; mostly trained on the bad Ciceronian model; rhetoric, rhetoric; great poets, few; great thinkers, great men of science, very few. Is this the fair outcome of Irish genius? No. Science would strengthen our literature. It would give the nation a masculine soul. Hitherto our literature is weak. Too often we have been parsing Celt as the feminine for Saxon. Yet the Celt is adapted to science—the eager spirit, the vivid intelligence, the alert and plastic mind—all these qualities tell in science.

Literature, yes even literature, should be a discourse of life, valuable only according to the breadth of view, the strength of the beam of insight. It should be as true as the Differential Calculus. Without this, why gossip of Othello and his wife, or the Play-boy of the Western World, except indeed to spend an idle hour? And why dull that by affectation?

Science is so great that salvation lies that way; build on the strong nutriment of science, rather than on what we have known as the stimulus of literature. This nation will not be great—not as future greatness will rank—till the battle of Waterloo pales in importance before the experiments of Schwann; till the monster European war is seen to be a less thing in the great march than the calculus of Maxwell aiding Faraday, finding an outcome in Hertz, all tending to indicate to us the connection between electricity and light. Look for a moment on the prodigious material consequences that have sprung from the thinker's mind, X-rays and wireless telegraphy are

but incidents of that conquest, and on the threshold of discovery we dimly see the world of thousand wonders looming far.

The nation will be educated when the élite of the young men will find in Hamilton's "Quarternions" a joy such as the musician feels in the roll and sweep of a passage of Bach. Who was Hamilton? William Rowan Hamilton was that among the greatest of all men, a man with a mind. What adventures in the world can equal those of the intellects that traced for us the nature of heat—that story embellished with the names of Huyghens, Lavoisier, Rumford, Davy, Laplace, Fourier, Mayer, Joule, Helmholtz, and Hertz?

And of chemistry? What work there for a masculine mind of order, of lucidity, of comprehensiveness, of grasp!

And in biology? What soul of apprehension fails to find in Darwin not teaching merely but the joy of snatching a veil that hid Nature? What wizardry equals the experiments of Loeb and Delage?

And these marvels are strewn around us! These marvels furnishing us with inexpressible delight in themselves, and yet again bearing fruit in practical domains in which our very daily lives are cast, sounding finally in the prosperity and strength and enduring greatness of the nation itself.

I will refrain for the moment of speaking of other things, of the deep ethical interest of science, of the magical uplifting of its spirit. This is but an exordium, a few significant words. I will venture later to pierce to the core of things, to blazon this message in letters of light.

A chapter on Irish science need but be short. That

is a tragedy. In the whole range of Irish history there is no event, no calamity, which more than this should give us serious thought. The science of a nation is not merely the measure of its material progress, it is also the standard of manhood.

Certainly Irish names have figured here and there in the records of intellectual achievement, but these names are few as compared with those distinguished in other fields or in regard to the total capacity of the people. In chemistry we can point to the great work of Boyle, and in this case the admiration due to his accomplishments in science is increased in reading the account of his methods, his experiments, his aspirations. We find here the true cast of mind of the philosopher, thoughtful, enquiring, desirous of knowing the reality, ingenious in devising means of testing even with simple apparatus, and endeavouring to relate one field of knowledge to another. His name is immortalised in Boyle's Law (though called Mariotte's Law in France), viz., that at constant temperature the pressure of a gas bears an inverse ratio to the volume.

About the same period Molyneux, the Irish friend of Locke, was asking shrewd questions in philosophy and psychology, but his actual researches are not considerable. Another who is claimed as Irish is Bishop Berkeley, whose spirit flashed a lucid beam here and there amid extravagance of abundant ideas. Berkeley was born in Ireland, but his father had recently come from England. He was educated in Ireland, but, apart from his own original genius, he derived directly from Locke and from Newton.

In the domain of mathematics, which Gauss with fine understanding called the queen of the sciences,

it is gratifying to meet with an Irish name now and then, but discouraging to find that, the evidence of capacity having been given, so few representatives have struck determinedly into this field of enchantment.

I was once highly interested to find the name of d'Arcy quoted by a brilliant German mathematician in an historical and critical account of the Theory of Least Action.¹ I looked a little more closely into the matter. The story is worth referring to, for it mingles with the name of d'Arcy those of men no less familiar than Frederick the Great and Voltaire.

Frederick the Great had invited to Berlin the celebrated French physicist and mathematician, Maupertuis, and had made him President of the Berlin Academy. Maupertuis had done excellent work, although his scientific attainments were hardly above mediocrity. On the other hand he was pompous and pretentious. The type has been reproduced a hundred times in the history of every civilised country, the pompous man-in-office putting forth theses marked by no depth of thought but over-riding the generation of thinkers by the sheer weight of authority.

Maupertuis had as the result of manipulating mathematical formulæ come to the conclusion that he had discovered a new law of the universe, the principle of Least Action, which according to his view proved that in Nature the most economical means were employed in producing a mechanical result, and that therefore the justice and glory of the Deity were at length demonstrated with rigour. The reality, however, was this, that Maupertuis had misunderstood his

¹ The work referred to is A. Mayer's "Geschichte des Prinzips der Kleinsten Aktion," Leipzig, 1877.

own formulæ. A dispute as to priority of this great discovery arose. Voltaire, who detested Maupertuis for his arrogance, published a pamphlet, "Docteur Akakia, médecin du pape," in which he ridiculed Maupertuis without mercy.¹ Frederick was outraged, perhaps not for the sake of the Deity, nor for the consideration of science, still less for Maupertuis, but that his own august state should be aimed at in a satire which derided one whom he had exalted.

Frederick called in the authority of Euler, and though that great mathematician could not have failed to see the insufficiency of Maupertuis and the falsity of his reasoning, he covered him as far as he could by his own authority. The question had attracted much interest in France, and Chevalier d'Arcy, then a French officer of artillery, entered the lists. D'Arcy pursued the reasoning of Maupertuis a little further and showed that, according to the interpretation of the formulæ, Nature might in one set of circumstances be the most parsimonious manager, and in another the most reckless spendthrift, of energy. To those who believe that a mathematician must necessarily be barren of soul, I would recommend the reading of the two memoirs on Least Action published by d'Arcy, for together with rigorous demonstration of the absurdity of the theory of Maupertuis they show the weapon of ironical wit wielded with elegance.² Chevalier d'Arcy was of Irish origin, having been born in Calway, and I have

¹ See also Voltaire's "Micromegas."

² Chevalier d'Arcy's papers will be found in the *Mémoires de l'Académie de Paris*, 1749-1752. The Theory of Least Action has since been investigated by Lagrange, Hamilton, Jacobi, Helmholtz, Hertz, Mach, Hölder, amongst others. The most recent study is that of Mr. Philip E. B. Jourdain: *The Principle of Least Action*.

dwelt on his name because I believe the talents he displayed are those one would expect to find in Irish intellect.

In the same field of mathematics I have met with names typically Celtic—O'Brien, Casey, MacCullagh, for example—but the most illustrious of all, William Rowan Hamilton, claims another descent.¹

On a bridge in Dublin Hamilton carved with his knife the symbols $i^2 = j^2 = k^2 = ijk = -1$, and these are the signs of one of the highest flights of the human mind, for they indicate the completion of the Quaternion system. The germinating idea in Quaternions is to reduce the study of complex spatial relations, as for instance of lines of force, to its simplest form by the help of algebraic methods. Hamilton had for years been exercising his mind on the subject when one day, October 16, 1843, walking with his wife along the Royal Canal near Brougham Bridge, he felt the mental flash which showed him the clue to the problem. Thereupon he carved the symbols on the bridge. Hamilton is well known for other work in mathematics, especially for his presentation of the fundamental formulæ of mechanics, which he exhibited in elegant form after Lagrange and, later, Poisson had brilliantly led the way.

In reading Euler's "Introductio in Analysin infinitorum," I met with the name of one whom the great mathematician speaks of as Irish, Lord Brouncker, but neither he nor Salmon, nor Stokes, nor Tyndall, nor Thomson, known later as Lord Kelvin, though their wit was enlivened no doubt by Irish blood, showed any sympathy with Nationalist, that

¹ The family name of Blood, of County Clare, appears, however, in his maternal ancestry.

is to say, in the main, Celtic aspirations.¹ In traversing the whole range of science I have met with the name of an Irishman highly distinguished now and then—Murphy more than once, Fitzgerald, mentioned by Hertz in his “*Untersuchung über die Ausbreitung der elektrischen Kraft*,” Sir Almroth Wright, who is, I believe, half Irish, Signor Marconi, whose mother, I am told, was Irish, and others of less note. But, after all, even in such subjects as Celtic philology, or the history of Ireland studied upon scientific principles, the record is meagre in the extreme. What is the cause? It may be said at once that the political turmoil which the struggle for autonomy has produced has in regard to science been detrimental in two ways, firstly, by producing conditions of disturbance unfavourable to the prosecution of scientific studies, and secondly, by diverting the keenest intellects into political activities.

Neither of these causes, however, offers a satisfactory explanation. It has been proved again and again that the time of the greatest national effervescence in political adventure, whether by way of defence or expansion, has been the era of the highest intellectual production. The scientific genius of the French never burned more brightly than in that period which embraced the Revolution and the early days of the Empire. That was the time, Professor Tait said, though more emphatically than truly, when the French were giants and the rest of the world pigmies.

We must look a little deeper. Ireland is com-

¹ Lord Brouncker was the first President of the Royal Society. His title was Irish, and his maternal grandfather was Irish, but otherwise Brouncker had no particular connection with Ireland.

paratively a small country and a poor country. But the scientific output of certain countries, either small in extent or sparsely populated, has been considerable—let Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Serbia, and Norway attest it. The deficiency of schools has hitherto been a great obstacle, and it has happened that by virtue of religious obstacles and political prejudices, the great University, Trinity College, has been virtually closed to Catholic Nationalists. Here again we meet with that element which has modified the whole tenour of Irish history—the impress of the religious idea upon the character of the energies, the endeavours, and the aspirations of the people.

Unfortunately the history of the Catholic Church has shown that it is averse to progress in scientific education, scientific research, and scientific development. This will perhaps be vehemently denied, but I ask that the denial should not be the expression merely of that most stupid of all prejudices, the blind clinging to a shibboleth in a scientific argument ; we are all entitled to look at this matter fairly and squarely, without prejudice or warping, but simply to behold matters in a light as clear as we can command. Viewed in this way the history of the Church in its relation to science, and in its treatment of men of scientific genius, has exhibited a tyranny only paralleled by its ignorance.

Giordano Bruno burnt at the stake, Galileo imprisoned, compelled to renounce his intellectual labours and to deny his greatest discoveries, Descartes forced to seek seclusion, Vesalius persecuted and hounded to his death, the works of Eustachius hidden for many generations, the projects of Columbus derided and denounced—these are but the salient

facts that leap to light at the first view of history. These facts are denied, or explained, by apologists. It may be even pointed out that Roger Bacon was a friar, and Copernicus a monk, that Descartes and Kepler were devout believers, and that the Popes and high dignitaries of the Church have encouraged learning. Roger Bacon was himself persecuted; and the fact that Copernicus escaped has no significance when we remember that his book was only finished in time to be put in his dying hands.

What seems to be important is not, moreover, the enlightened patronage of individuals, but the constant attitude of the Church towards research, towards all that has led to an illuminated view of the world and of natural laws, towards science and particularly towards that science whose task it has been to scrutinise the validity of theories of the cosmos, and the foundations of principles of ethics. Much has been written of late to show that no conflict exists, or can exist, between science and religion. If it be so then surely all the more it behoves the Church to encourage, to foster, to hold on high, the works of science. Every enduring religion must be built on eternal truths, and since it is the business of science simply to discover the truth in regard to phenomenon, those who believe that no conflict can exist should be the first to advance the march of science, to perfect its methods, and to spread its results. To hesitate in this is to show a want of faith. What sincere believer, I ask, can be afraid to read together Genesis and the "Origin of Species"? And what sincere Darwinist?

It is in the century-long attitude of the Church towards science that one must seek the explanation of

the poor achievement of Irishmen in that domain. Science requires schools, science requires universities, science requires laboratories ; yet after all, science is aided when, throughout all ranks, a spirit is prevalent that esteems science and appreciates its products.

The failure of Trinity College to attract Nationalist students has been met by the establishment of the National University ; but this solution of the difficulty is not the happiest imaginable. It virtually amounts to setting up a Catholic University in rivalry with a Protestant University, and once more bringing into conflict those warring principles in Irish life. But, once again, there is not a Catholic way and a Protestant way of solving quadratic equations, or even of transforming elliptic functions, nor of estimating the relative numbers of white and red blood corpuscles, nor of obtaining new synthetic products of arsenic. It may be said, in fact, I have heard it said, that these subjects should be taught in a Catholic atmosphere ; that is to say, that the student would run great danger if, in the midst of an exposition of a theorem of Lagrange or of Jacobi, some casual remark might be let fall that would unsettle his faith.

But for the love of Heaven itself, what have we here arrived at ? Is the faith of these Catholic youths—and I have no doubt the same remarks apply to Protestants—is their faith so frail, their mental and moral constitution so delicate, that all through their lives and particularly at the period of their most lively vigour, they must be treated as mental degenerates and moral invalids ? Is this the way to make a Nation ? Is this the way to strengthen the intel-

lectual sinews, and to give sanity and health to the moral fibre, of that élite which must move to the front in shaping the great destinies of a race?

Certainly the only satisfactory solution has now become impossible, so that we must do the next best thing. A remedy might be found if in addition to these Universities we founded still another which should hold towards them the same relation as they to the preparatory colleges. Does this proposal surprise you? Then that surprise is a confession of want of faith in the Irish, an acceptance of the perpetual dependence of the race.

We should imitate the example of the great Universities of Paris and Berlin. In both these centres of science I have had occasion to observe that a student who, educated elsewhere, would remain a third-rate man, might be trained, fostered, developed, till he had reached any rank that cultivated talent, as distinct from genius, might attain.

There should particularly be held up before the eyes of all Irish students the supreme greatness of science. It would be the salvation of the country if for this high ideal they became inspired by a noble fire and enthusiasm such as seized upon Florentine students, students all over Europe, for the glorious fruits of the Renaissance. The pith and kernel of all that research was but the germ of what in its development we know as modern science, that most fascinating, that most enchanted, that most powerful of all the products that the genius of man has known. Science, science, science, should be the longing and the cry, the intimate watchword of the soul of intellectual Young Ireland.

It would be possible to trace out the development

of science and its practical results so as to show that the form of civilisation has depended on that development. Science is thus seen to be the woof of civilisation, no matter in what varied designs and colours the pattern may be woven in. Those who care to read history in this light will discern, perhaps not without surprise, how great was the achievement of the Greeks during a period of intellectual activity which extended over five hundred years, but which shows the highest achievements within a space of less than two centuries, from the days of Hippocrates to those of Eratosthenes. Within these limits of time are included also the labours of Empedocles, of Plato, of Aristotle, and of Archimedes.

There are few of the cardinal notions of science—the atomic theory, originally expressed by Democritus, the theory of Natural Selection, well understood by Empedocles, the real spirit of science as exemplified by Aristotle, the foundation of modern mechanics admirably exhibited by Archimedes, the true conception of the form of the earth and its astronomical relations, as set forth by Eratosthenes—there are then few fundamental principles as known to modern science which had not been considered by the Greeks. For the most part, however, their methods were too purely speculative, not sufficiently experimental; they looked on mechanical machines with no sufficient regard for their vast possibilities, and as a consequence of this attitude they had advanced but little in the invention of scientific instruments. The Greek civilisation was trampled on by the power of Rome, by the subsequent incursions of the Barbarians, and it was at length almost forgotten during that thousand years of intellectual

night when over the minds of men the Church held undisputed sway.

From out of the obscurity of the Middle Ages a few names flash out like beacons—Roger Bacon, Raymond Lulli, who in the thirteenth century had gained from the Arabs the teachings which they in turn had remotely derived from the old Greek sources. One hundred years later we find the glimmerings of the dawn, with Toscanelli and Copernicus who had accepted the ideas of Eratosthenes ; and Galileo who descended intellectually direct from Archimedes.

In modern times we have found as the material evidence of our progress—but all nevertheless depending on the related research of science—the steam engine, with its products, the railway locomotive and the steamship ; the electric telegraph, with all its developments in the form of telephone and wireless ; the telescope, the microscope ; the airships and aeroplanes ; and thousand other appliances.

Underlying these inventions are the laws of mechanics, the laws of chemistry, the laws of optics, the laws of radiant action in all forms, in as far as science has exposed them to view. And underlying the exposition of mechanics is the development of mathematics. Thus we find that immense material results have followed upon the flash of insight of Descartes which led to the introduction of his co-ordinates in mathematical investigation, and permitted the application to geometry of the apparatus of algebra.

It is not here the place to trace further the dependence of material progress upon science, but, once and for all be it said, that no discovery in any realm of science can remain barren of definite results even

in the concrete world of affairs; the most abstruse speculations of a Gauss or a Galois, be they valid, are destined yet to sound in the material evidence of vast accomplishment. The genius of the thinker moves the world.

But this material evidence when translated into facts of everyday life means vast shipping enterprises, manufactures of machines, or of delicate scientific instruments; it means the great economy of means, and thence the great wealth derived from chemical processes; it means the highest return of agricultural produce.

In all this shall Ireland stand beyond the pale? Shall she be for ever dependent on the thought of others, on the machinery of others, on the instruments of civilisation of others, a hewer of wood and drawer of water in the family of the nations, for ever?

A great and legitimate ambition is here opened out, and yet so clouded has become our thought precisely from the lack of science, that I feel that it has required even more than sincerity to express it. Be that as it may, I have now at length spoken determinedly on this matter; and reviewing all that has linked me to the Irish cause I would rather that all else were forgotten if but this were remembered, that I believed that the greatest cry that I could utter to Ireland was: Believe in Science. Hold to Science. Build on Science. In the centre of things set Science.

CHAPTER XIII

ULSTER

To write a book on Ireland without especial reference to Ulster¹ might seem like playing Hamlet with the prince, yet I had almost succeeded in this feat. The truth is that in various chapters we encounter Ulster again and again, and nearly all that it is necessary to say of Ulster may be found in those references.

Here and there I may have laughed at Ulster foibles, but nothing is further from my intention than to disparage Ulster men; the qualities of the Northerners are indispensable for the building up of the new Ireland.

At the same time even for their chastening and betterment one is bound to take their own estimate of themselves with a grain of salt. That estimate might be summarised thus: A people chosen by God to live in a somewhat disagreeable climate, and to set the world an example of magnificent trade and prosperity, vociferous loyalty (with an occasional menace in that vociferation), high character and large-mindedness, linked with stubbornly unprogressive ideas, wide tolerance (except to those whose creeds are not in accord with their own), and in public affairs, efficiency and fair play, in as far as consistent with the Divine Right of Protestant Ascendancy to

¹ I use the term Ulster, often where I should say North East Ulster, partly for brevity, partly to show good-will.

monopolise the lucrative offices. A hard-headed, determined, energetic people, the Belfast citizens, proud of their trade, proud of their education, proud of their intellect, proud of their children's superiority, though very apprehensive of open competition with the lively urchins of the South.

Some critics, not unsympathetic, as, for instance, Mr. Harold Begbie, say that Belfast men are too hard, and they describe the cruel faces one meets in Belfast streets.¹ Others, as for instance, Mr. John G. Ervine, a Protestant native of Belfast, castigate the whole pride of trade, and point out that the amassing of fortunes is parallel with, if not actually founded upon, the pinched and pallid faces, the hopeless outlook, the phthisis-stricken homes of thousands of sweated workers in Belfast slums. Others more keenly analytical still have traced the rise of Belfast to causes partly historical, such as by energetic interference of the Government in favour of Belfast and against competitors, partly physical, over which the most intelligent captain of industry in the locality had no control.²

¹ Mr. Harold Begbie in "The Lady Next Door," describing a Belfast street, says :

The faces of passers-by are terrible. They are either fierce, hard, cruel, and embittered, or they are sad, wretched, hopeless, and despairing, and among the young people it is rare to see a big, well-built, healthy specimen of humanity.

Mr. F. Frankfort Moore, who is, I believe, a Belfast Protestant, gives in his novel "The Ulsterman," an appreciative study but with many passages of mordant satire.

² In regard to the rise of Belfast compare Cunningham, "English Industry and Commerce," vol. ii; Miss Murray, "Commercial Relations," Chapter VII.; J. M. Robertson, "Trade and Tariffs"; Erskine Childers, "Framework of Home Rule." The question is dealt with in able fashion and witty style by Prof. T. M. Kettle in the "English Review" of 1914.

Let us grant all this, still the fact stands out clearly enough that the Belfast people had the enterprise to seize their opportunities, that they have a magnificent commercial record, that leanings to culture are shown even in that wistful, pathetic hope which made them dub their city the Athens of the North, and that their arrogance is not unilluminated by stray beams of modesty, as, for instance, when they went to the South for a leader.

That leader has achieved renown, as well as a success which at one time seemed to be complete, but which now appears only tentative. Certainly, even though an opponent, I cannot withhold admiration for the manner in which Sir Edward Carson has played a difficult rôle. He has been bold, astute, resourceful, and capable. At one period, I confess, I saw nothing before him but destruction ; but that was at a time when I had not suspected the weakness which the Front Bench hid behind its manner of impressive dignity and righteousness.

The Ulster leader not only enrolled, drilled, and equipped troops in the light of day—with a few midnight excursions and alarums, for there is something of the Playboy of the Northern World even in Sir Edward—but, and this was his real strength, he mobilised public opinion in the “ruling classes,” and brought to bear on the question the invisible artillery of those higher circles which exercise their undue influence on our greatest Liberal parvenus. At one time I scouted the suggestion of civil war ; it did not seem to me consonant with sanity and the twentieth century. But when I beheld the Government looking helpless at ten thousand Covenanters, and compelled even by their weakness to permit the arming of the

Nationalist Volunteers, this aspect of the question seemed to change. Moreover, of late the twentieth century has given us no guarantee against political insanity. Civil War became an alternative in Ireland ; it is still at least a possibility.

I can conceive of few happenings more abominable and disastrous to Ireland than that of Civil War. It would I think be especially destructive of Nationalist hopes. Civil War in Ireland could not leave England indifferent ; on the contrary, it would arouse feelings hardly less intense than those prevailing in Ireland itself. No matter what might be the immediate origin of the conflict, no matter what side might claim the formal rights for the moment, yet when once the struggle had developed it would be almost inevitable that England should declare in favour of Ulster.

Civil War in Ireland would divide Ireland sharply into two camps ; and soon, clearly seen amid minor differences, the banners of Catholicism and Protestantism would wave aloft, and Ireland would be plunged into a miserable aftermath of the Williamite wars. In that case could any patriotic and enlightened Nationalist, Catholic though he be, hope—if that were possible—for the unrestrained dominance of Rome in Ireland and the obliteration of the Protestant party ? And could any British Prime Minister tolerate such a conclusion ? We need not wait for an answer.

Civil War would be calamitous to all in Ireland. Yet the Ulster men still hold that threat over our heads, and Ireland has still a devious and dangerous path to traverse before Home Rule becomes definitely established. Is there then no better solution,

practicable, equitable? I believe there is. Let us examine the main features of the Ulster revendications. They fear religious oppression, unworthy appointments, unfair taxation; and they still, tacitly or otherwise, claim Ascendancy.

With regard to the first, although it seems to me their fears are absurdly exaggerated, I think that every possible "safeguard" should be given them. With reference to partisan appointments, I think that the introduction of a system of running politics on the basis of a gigantic series of "deals" with the spoils for the victors—that system which is a blight even in stronger countries than Ireland—would there be a moral plague. Yet it would be possible to deal with this matter in such a way as at least to keep the evil within bounds. I will not go so far as to suggest the machinery by which any of these securities might be attained, that would lead to detail which would be here out of place. Similarly in regard to taxation there would be no insurmountable difficulty in providing such forms and instruments of Government as to eliminate unfair measures.

That being so mere Ascendancy must go. Even Belfast men must learn to take their place in the national life on the same terms as ordinary mortals; they must see that there is no divine dispensation which makes arrogance and crude ideas of the cosmos the golden keys to superior wisdom or even to the control of the loaves and fishes.

Ulstermen are not only Irishmen, they are intensely patriotic Irishmen; I do not believe that as a body they desire to be cut asunder from the rest of Ireland. To repeat the words of Parnell, who was a far-sighted statesman, Ireland cannot afford to lose

a single one of her sons. The strong qualities of the men of the North, their activity, their purpose, their grit, and aptitude for great enterprises—these find not their opponents but their complements in the fire, the dash, the vim, and intelligence of the South. To separate them would be disaster ; to join them in patriotic co-operation would be to lay the foundations of an Ireland stronger, more hopeful, more progressive, aspiring, and happy than has yet been known in the battle-worn but ever yearning spirit of Erin.

CHAPTER XIV

CONCLUSIONS

HISTORY is not the story of casual happenings. History, truly told, is the account of causal processes. It may be permitted to dwell for a moment on the topic. In ordinary life we have a sentiment of the accidental character of the events that produce joy or sorrow in our lives. The wider our outlook, the deeper the view, the more the sentiment of the accidental tends to disappear: Two men are crossing a road in front of a bolting horse—one of the men is keen in all his senses, especially sight and hearing; he is active and strong. The other is deaf, half-blind, and lame. The first escapes, the second is killed. But here is, properly speaking, no accident. Two men are in the trenches waiting for the enemy. The weather is inclement, the trenches are damp. One man is robust; he has been brought up on oatmeal, he has been a shepherd in the Highlands. The other is a narrow-chested delicate man, addicted to stimulants. The first laughs at the discomfiture; the second dies of pneumonia. Here again is no accident.

It is sufficient, no doubt, to have given these indications. In the course of the individual life, if we can properly estimate a man's physical characteristics, his mental capacity, and moral qualities, and

then if we know his environment, we may forecast the shaping of his career. If we are unable to speak more precisely, that is because of the limitations of our knowledge and insight, and the intricacy of the causes and effects, not in the want of consecutiveness and cogency in the causes and effects themselves.

So at large with a nation. Again and again I have heard Irishmen well versed in history, despondent about some current affair, say, there is an ill-luck hanging over the country! Too often it has appeared so in the past; but it is our duty to face this matter resolutely, and to trace out the cause of the failure, even though at length we may be compelled to say that the defect has been lodged in ourselves. If we take this attitude we have found the beginning of the solution. When we look at the physique of the Irish people, we find a race capable of producing, as it has done, some of the finest specimens of physical excellence. If anyone doubts this let him take up a book of athletic records; he may be surprised to find how many of the world's greatest feats have been achieved by those of the Irish race. On the other hand there is far too much preventible disease in the country, and consumption, which is in the popular mind usually associated with a meagre physical build, shows a high death-rate in Ireland.

The moral—using the term moral in its widest range to mean some real virtue of energy and life—the moral characteristics of the people sparkle in the stories of Ireland, and in the gravest pages of history. We find perpetually recurring the tales of dauntless courage, enterprise, and dash; a sense of easy confidence and gaiety in the midst of danger that has sometimes been mistaken for levity; and in action

a vehement fire that has astonished beholders in every part of the world. The temperament of the people is eager, hopeful, ambitious, though at times too easily cast down, not always persistent enough and coolly determined. This gives to the story of Ireland activity, restlessness, and frequent disappointment.

The mental quality is good, there is no lack there of intelligence, quickness, bright apprehensiveness, tenacity of memory; there has been in evidence hitherto less of that deeper but more powerful organised movement of the mind which gives the impression of high intellect. That is a matter of training; and it is the truest patriotism to look steadily to the ultimate highest training of the élite of the race.

The restlessness of Ireland, the strange record of the race, oppressed in its native home, flashing out in brilliancy and reaching high positions in every country of Europe and America, all this has appealed to the sympathies of many. It points to the fact that hitherto it has not been possible for Nationalist Irishmen to find a fair field and full scope in Ireland itself. That condition must be remedied.

There must be an intensive culture of character and achievement in Ireland. Ireland must be developed from within. Here we strike upon the Sinn Féin doctrine; but apart from expressions of narrowness, prejudice, and hate, the inward vitalising spirit of that movement seems to me not merely acceptable, but full of promise. At the same time Irishmen must be bold. You tell me they are bold; yes, in all physical prowess; but they must be as bold morally and mentally as on the field of battle. We

must be bold enough not only to meet the outward enemy but to face the facile hypocrisies of our own minds, to drill ourselves to the hard contact of realities in the mental and moral world, and to appreciate in all things the keen atmosphere of truth.

We must not live too much in the past, nor cling necessarily to every tradition because it has been dubbed Celtic. We must shatter some of our illusions, and refuse to be led along by shibboleths.

It is not generally popular to preach the exorcism of faults, and these remarks, moreover, may seem too vague to be useful ; but in the course of Ireland's progress day by day they will find abundant application.

Above all we must look forward. I believe, or hope I believe, that the greater glories of Ireland are yet to come, and that the gage and earnest of these is to be found in the development from within of the best of Ireland's qualities—the lively energy, the dauntless on-moving assailant spirit, directed to high purpose, sincerely bent to steady up-building of the nation, and animated by the faith in the triumph yet to come.

CHAPTER XV

ENVOI

A DISCOURSE on Ireland should reach a practical conclusion ; accordingly here are set down certain provisions, necessary, it seems to me, for the remodelling of the political and social life of the country.

In order to fix the ideas these provisions are presented in bare outline, thus losing somewhat in the sense of eventual adaptability but gaining in definite form :

(1) The integrity of Ireland.

No solution involving a permanent partition of Ireland seems feasible. The two portions of Ireland, in the event of political separation, would be like hostile states thrown unavoidably together but ranged under banners of that worst kind of antagonism—religious rivalry.

(2) Adequate provisions that complete religious freedom shall prevail not only in Ulster but in the rest of Ireland.

(3) Elimination of undue clerical control in public affairs.

(4) Special provisions in regard to appointments to offices of state.

(5) Special provisions with respect to the incidence of taxation, so that no unfair treat-

ment should be meted out to Ulster, nor indeed to any part of Ireland.

(6) Gradual lessening in activity of rival organisations founded on distinctions, whether political or religious, which separate citizens of the same community.

(7) Direct encouragement of trade on lines indicated in the chapter on "Industrial Development."

(8) There must be a great Amnesty, a forgetting of old feuds and hatreds. All enlightened Irishmen must hail a new vivifying spirit of good fellowship and co-operation, and the release of national energy in serious upbuilding work.

(9) New ideas of Education. Overhauling of the whole system of education, so as to make it at once an instrument of practical life, as well as a means of wider culture. Education should be the informing principle of the whole national activity. The higher education should especially be fostered. There should be established a superior University, with special encouragement of original work, at which graduates of the existing universities might be further trained for State services. The models of the *École Normale* and the *École Polytechnique* of France should be here kept in view.

(10) Science should play a dominant part in education, and eventually in the practical life of the nation, vastly more important than has yet been contemplated.

(11) In literature, a more masculine note ; less of the minor key, less even of passion ; a litera-

ture invoking more determinedly the qualities of intellect ; a literature of strength—fortitude, fortitude, above all, mental fortitude.

(12) The path must be kept clear for all future strengthening development.

APPENDIX

AGRICULTURAL CENSUS

	Population.	Valuation.		Area Acres.	Tillage Acres.	Holdings.	
		Lands.	Houses.			Bought out.	Tenanted.
		£	£				
LEINSTER .	1,160,328	2,836,858	2,348,946	4,844,969	1,265,358	76,620	57,857
MUNSTER .	1,033,085	2,461,122	1,029,900	5,955,027	1,287,169	85,046	56,994
ULSTER .	1,598,303	2,564,025	2,988,219	5,322,534	1,598,303	123,593	80,464
CONNAUGHT	609,966	1,190,767	271,813	4,228,195	710,394	65,535	59,787
IRELAND	4,381,951	9,052,772	6,638,878	20,350,725	4,861,224	350,794	255,102

	Holdings according to acreage.						
	0-1.	1-5.	5-15.	15-30.	30-50.	50-100.	Over 100.
	NUMBER.						
LEINSTER .	29,660	17,405	24,990	22,064	15,459	14,308	10,132
MUNSTER .	26,953	12,472	19,624	24,508	22,528	23,077	12,393
ULSTER .	22,018	20,006	62,652	53,698	25,293	14,683	5,010
CONNAUGHT	7,013	12,053	46,299	35,946	12,378	6,442	4,763
IRELAND	85,644	61,936	153,565	136,216	75,658	58,510	32,298

	Milch Cows.	Total Cattle.	Sheep.	Pigs.	Poultry.
LEINSTER . . .	227,169	1,221,818	1,362,579	327,082	5,163,655
MUNSTER . . .	608,083	1,597,221	823,011	452,587	5,942,553
ULSTER . . .	420,640	1,145,967	557,008	388,269	9,668,818
CONNAUGHT . .	212,653	746,714	1,164,842	247,181	4,672,775
IRELAND . . .	1,468,545	4,711,720	3,907,436	1,415,119	25,447,801

NOTES

VALUATION.—The proportion of the valuation of houses to that of lands roughly denotes the proportion of urban population to rural. Compare Antrim and Westmeath.

SIZE OF HOLDINGS.—Many of the holdings classified as less than one acre are labourers' allotments, gardens, accommodation holdings, etc. In Ireland, out of a total of 518,183 holdings exceeding one acre, 351,717, or 67·8 per cent. of the total number, are of a size not exceeding 30 acres.

MILCH COWS and TOTAL CATTLE.—The proportion of Milch Cows to Total Cattle will roughly indicate the importance of the dairying industry in each county, and, therefore, the opportunity for the organisation of co-operative creameries. Compare Limerick and Meath.

PIGS.—It is interesting to note the number of Pigs in each county in relation to the number of Milch Cows.

CARLOW

Population, 36,151.

Valuation—Lands, £132,350 ; Houses, £37,501.

Area, 221,424 ; Tillage, 74,384.

Holdings Bought out, 2,227 ; Tenanted, 4,288.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
1,866	684	847	968	822	829	477

Milch Cows, 11,062 ; Total Cattle, 50,312.

Sheep, 100,219 ; Pigs, 24,354 ; Poultry, 306,886.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.
CARLOW :			£	£	£
Miscellaneous . . .	3	427	159	1,151	5,370

DUBLIN

Population, 476,909.

Valuation—Lands, £246,637 ; Houses, £1,584,932.

Area, 226,784 ; Tillage, 72,211.

Holdings Bought out, 3,427 ; Tenanted, 645,015.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
3,947	1,711	1,526	897	604	615	543

Milch Cows, 16,843 ; Total Cattle, 67,358.

Sheep, 75,936 ; Pigs, 14,076 ; Poultry 264,826.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.
DUBLIN :			£	£	£
Agricultural . . .	1	85	21	23	257
Miscellaneous . . .	6	264	7,600	5,888	131,988
TOTAL . . .	7	349	7,621	5,911	132,245

KILDARE

Population, 66,498.

Valuation—Lands, £251,443 ; Houses, £89,986.

Area, 418,497 ; Tillage, 102,197.

Holdings Bought out, 5,765 ; Tenanted, 3,911.

Holdings according to average :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
2,206	1,658	1,696	1,116	834	993	1,140

Milch Cows, 12,456 ; Total Cattle, 108,906.

Sheep, 147,708 ; Pigs, 15,807 ; Poultry, 311,318.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
KILDARE :			£	£	£	£
Agricultural .	1	104	104	365	2,450	—
Miscellaneous	3	492	—	—	—	—
TOTAL .	4	596	104	365	2,450	—

KILKENNY

Population, 74,821.

Valuation—Lands, £291,865 ; Houses, £72,087.

Area, 509,249 ; Tillage, 140,221.

Holdings Bought out, 10,379 ; Tenanted, 4,011.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
2,520	1,591	2,399	2,431	2,223	2,416	1,031

Milch Cows, 39,628 ; Total Cattle, 143,116.

Sheep, 91,688 ; Pigs, 35,880 ; Poultry, 631,949.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
KILKENNY :			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	16	1,657	9,260	5,619	153,770	132,135
Agricultural .	8	462	187	1,811	6,828	—
Banks .	4	521	1,211	834	2,173	—
Miscellaneous	3	642	2,305	459	8,783	—
TOTAL .	31	3,282	12,963	8,723	171,554	132,135

KING'S COUNTY

Population, 56,769.

Valuation—Lands, £197,944; Houses, £50,477.

Area, 493,263; Tillage, 115,241.

Holdings Bought out, 6,715; Tenanted, 4,868.

Holdings according to acreage:

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
2,223	1,530	2,203	2,086	1,418	1,206	877

Milch Cows, 16,699; Total Cattle, 85,158.

Sheep, 75,135; Pigs, 30,553; Poultry, 360,017.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
KING'S CO.:			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	—	—	—	—	—	—
Agricultural .	3	362	230	566	4,778	—
Banks .	4	201	—	142	114	—
Miscellaneous	1	82	1	246	505	—
TOTAL .	8	645	231	954	5,397	—

LONGFORD

Population, 43,794.

Valuation—Lands, £125,487; Houses, £28,043.

Area, 257,770; Tillage, 66,545.

Holdings Bought out, 7,183; Tenanted, 2,262.

Holdings according to acreage:

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
1,354	879	2,424	2,677	1,230	588	261

Milch Cows, 16,206; Total Cattle, 65,414.

Sheep, 27,822; Pigs, 22,819; Poultry, 386,439.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
LONGFORD:			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	3	912	2,039	1,966	19,026	19,026
Agricultural .	1	104	20	126	282	—
Banks .	1	159	1,042	100	888	—
Miscellaneous	2	943	—	—	—	—
TOTAL .	7	2,118	3,101	2,192	20,196	19,026

LOUTH

Population, 63,402.

Valuation—Lands, £158,331 ; Houses, £92,607.

Area, 202,181 ; Tillage, 78,919.

Holdings Bought out, 4,878 ; Tenanted, 3,894.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
2,174	1,238	2,443	1,415	640	473	359

Milch Cows, 10,039 ; Total Cattle, 49,565.

Sheep, 49,350 ; Pigs, 18,852 ; Poultry, 433,882.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.
LOUTH :			£	£	£
Agricultural	3	67	9	—	—
Miscellaneous	2	474	14	—	—
Banks	10	504	298	1,757	1,725
TOTAL	15	1,045	321	1,757	1,725

MEATH

Population, 64,920.

Valuation—Lands, £480,417 ; Houses, £72,905.

Area, 577,735 ; Tillage, 115,637.

Holdings Bought out, 7,498 ; Tenanted, 6,30 .

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
3,475	1,730	2,588	1,932	1,247	1,238	1,550

Milch Cows, 15,805 ; Total Cattle, 225,478.

Sheep, 225,397 ; Pigs, 14,701 ; Poultry, 514,044.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
MEATH :			£	£	£	£
Agricultural	6	35	423	527	8,269	—
Banks	3	129	126	440	569	—
Miscellaneous	1	164	134	—	1,075	—
TOTAL	10	328	683	967	9,913	—

QUEEN'S COUNTY

Population, 54,362.

Valuation—Lands, £201,754 ; Houses, £56,009.

Area, 424,723 ; Tillage, 134,108.

Holdings Bought out, 4,798 ; Tenanted, 6,582.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
2,025	1,637	2,172	2,023	1,336	1,267	881

Milch Cows, 20,095 ; Total Cattle, 88,822.

Sheep, 56,661 ; Pigs, 32,225 ; Poultry, 384,341.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
QUEEN'S COUNTY :			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	1	58	266	420	922	627
Agricultural .	3	175	21	805	2,012	—
Banks .	3	281	260	563	836	—
Miscellaneous	1	62	386	—	201	—
TOTAL .	8	576	933	1,788	3,971	627

WESTMEATH

Population, 59,812.

Valuation—Lands, £258,834 ; Houses, £69,322.

Area, 434,665 ; Tillage, 78,549.

Holdings Bought out, 7,106 ; Tenanted, 4,959.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
2,453	1,661	2,311	2,303	1,373	1,065	868

Milch Cows, 14,481 ; Total Cattle, 122,006.

Sheep, 126,181 ; Pigs, 15,638 ; Poultry, 381,176.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter. !
W. MEATH :			£	£	£	£
Agricultural .	3	436	54	153	1,419	—

WEXFORD

Population, 102,287.

Valuation—Lands, £299,492 ; Houses, £91,546.

Area, 578,720 ; Tillage, 195,604.

Holdings Bought out, 11,929 ; Tenanted, 6,043.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
3,435	2,246	3,076	2,993	2,621	2,479	1,061

Milch Cows, 34,512 ; Total Cattle, 141,469.

Sheep, 175,145 ; Pigs, 80,732 ; Poultry, 882,185.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
WEXFORD :			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	4	490	2,170	1,188	25,602	25,025
Agricultural .	8	1,025	2,041	8,687	20,360	—
Banks .	27	1,325	422	2,910	3,742	—
Miscellaneous	19	297	112	—	1,173	—
TOTAL .	58	3,137	4,745	12,785	50,877	25,025

WICKLOW

Population, 60,603.

Valuation—Lands, £192,225 ; Houses, £103,532.

Area, 499,958 ; Tillage, 91,742.

Holdings Bought out, 4,715 ; Tenanted, 4,270.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
1,982	840	1,305	1,223	1,111	1,409	1,084

Milch Cows, 19,343 ; Total Cattle, 74,214.

Sheep, 211,336 ; Pigs, 21,445 ; Poultry, 306,592.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
WICKLOW :			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	1	60	813	200	3,126	3,126
Agricultural .	2	96	14	143	376	—
Banks .	5	560	1,746	643	3,151	—
Miscellaneous	4	167	304	—	785	—
TOTAL .	12	883	2,882	986	7,438	3,126

CLARE

Population, 104,064.

Valuation—Lands, £273,585 ; Houses, £52,016.

Area, 788,332 ; Tillage, 155,787.

Holdings Bought out, 9,375 ; Tenanted, 10,059.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
1,826	1,588	3,340	4,862	3,627	2,822	1,333

Milch Cows, 58,155 ; Total Cattle, 191,625.

Sheep, 110,874 ; Pigs, 45,106 ; Poultry, 567,195.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
CLARE :			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	—	—	—	—	—	—
Agricultural .	10	774	82	388	1,338	—
Banks .	13	546	220	690	923	—
Miscellaneous	—	—	—	—	—	—
TOTAL .	23	1,320	302	1,078	2,261	—

CORK

Population, 391,190.

Valuation—Lands, £796,065 ; Houses, £504,562.

Area, 1,838,921 ; Tillage, 455,824.

Holdings Bought out, 25,319 ; Tenanted, 17,101.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
9,566	2,675	4,727	6,436	6,629	8,091	4,151

Milch Cows, 195,182 ; Total Cattle, 468,512.

Sheep, 262,238 ; Pigs, 162,415 ; Poultry, 2,358,340.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
CORK :			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	18	704	5,833	4,714	110,012	90,436
Agricultural .	5	141	204	110	1,402	—
Banks .	12	369	7	312	270	—
Miscellaneous	2	107	—	—	—	—
TOTAL .	37	1,321	6,044	5,136	111,684	90,436

KERRY

Population, 159,268.

Valuation—Lands, £224,424 ; Houses, £87,115.

Area, 1,161,752 ; Tillage, 179,390.

Holdings Bought out, 14,923 ; Tenanted, 7,876.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
2,987	2,221	3,324	3,872	3,905	3,989	2,422

Milch Cows, 116,471 ; Total Cattle, 267,527.

Sheep, 122,505 ; Pigs, 73,105 ; Poultry, 897,263.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
KERRY :			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	12	1,538	7,205	11,622	90,162	89,165
Agricultural .	6	769	46	1,291	3,503	—
Banks .	13	917	916	1,575	2,078	—
Miscellaneous	—	—	—	—	—	—
TOTAL .	31	3,224	8,167	14,488	95,743	89,165

LIMERICK

Population, 142,846.

Valuation—Lands, £403,688 ; Houses, £144,554.

Area, 662,973 ; Tillage, 163,414.

Holdings Bought out, 12,980 ; Tenanted, 7,001.

Holding according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
5,365	1,869	2,449	3,053	2,965	2,925	1,287

Milch Cows, 107,154 ; Total Cattle, 242,741.

Sheep, 41,692 ; Pigs, 56,221 ; Poultry, 700,348.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
LIMERICK :			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	40	2,374	14,868	33,756	379,902	373,735
Agricultural .	2	44	9	—	312	—
Banks .	2	367	277	498	798	—
Miscellaneous	4	608	717	8,141	164,083	—
TOTAL .	48	3,393	15,871	32,395	545,095	378,735

TIPPERARY

Population, 151,951.

Valuation—Lands, £545,728 ; Houses, £143,143.

Area, 1,050,137 ; Tillage, 252,833.

Holdings Bought out, 16,676 ; Tenanted, 9,455.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
4,250	2,824	4,306	4,864	4,111	3,570	2,117

Milch Cows, 91,511 ; Total Cattle, 310,196.

Sheep, 220,721 ; Pigs, 78,355 ; Poultry, 989,773.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
TIPPERARY :			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	49	3,534	16,075	24,833	395,537	380,988
Agricultural .	7	949	364	2,358	8,442	—
Banks .	7	209	5	350	220	—
Miscellaneous	1	3,800	12,714	5,596	49,907	—
TOTAL .	64	8,492	29,158	33,137	454,106	380,988

WATERFORD

Population, 83,766.

Valuation—Lands, £217,633 ; Houses, £98,510.

Area, 452,912 ; Tillage, 79,921.

Holdings Bought out, 5,773 ; Tenanted, 5,502.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
2,959	1,325	1,478	1,421	1,291	1,680	1,083

Milch Cows, 39,610 ; Total Cattle, 116,620.

Sheep, 64,981 ; Pigs, 37,385 ; Poultry, 429,634.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
WATERFORD :			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	2	128	1,069	419	11,229	7,457
Agricultural .	1	173	455	—	7,305	—
Banks .	—	—	—	—	—	—
Miscellaneous	—	—	—	—	—	—
TOTAL .	3	291	1,524	419	18,534	7,457

ANTRIM

Population, 478,603.

Valuation—Lands, £418,107; Houses, £1,528,493.

Area, 711,666; Tillage, 227,013.

Holdings Bought out, 12,908; Tenanted, 10,614.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-3	30-50	50-100	Over 100
3,536	1,945	5,207	5,907	3,656	2,446	745

Milch Cows, 62,635; Total Cattle, 156,507.

Sheep, 94,706; Pigs, 69,165; Poultry, 1,040,019.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
ANTRIM :			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	10	1,672	6,989	2,970	107,557	107,244
Agricultural .	4	258	253	945	4,160	—
Banks .	—	—	—	—	—	—
Miscellaneous	5	1,287	927	500	14,814	—
TOTAL .	19	3,217	8,169	4,415	126,531	107,244

ARMAGH

Population, 119,625.

Valuation—Lands, £260,019; Houses, £182,076.

Area, 312,659; Tillage, 142,239.

Holdings Bought out, 14,584; Tenanted, 5,381.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
1,730	3,417	8,222	4,413	1,425	568	122

Milch Cows, 30,373; Total Cattle, 93,195.

Sheep, 24,694; Pigs, 30,949; Poultry, 938,528.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
ARMAGH :			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	11	1,869	3,807	3,337	24,639	23,449
Agricultural .	4	235	31	320	649	—
Banks .	8	1,072	3,803	1,063	5,147	—
Miscellaneous	1	—	—	—	—	—
TOTAL .	24	3,176	7,641	4,720	30,435	23,449

CAVAN

Population, 91,071.

Valuation—Lands, £226,200 ; Houses, £52,834.

Area, 467,025 ; Tillage, 145,774.

Holdings Bought out, 14,027 ; Tenanted, 6,443.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
1,398	1,392	5,881	7,074	2,465	926	264

Milch Cows, 46,522 ; Total Cattle, 126,613.

Sheep, 22,700 ; Pigs, 63,630 ; Poultry, 1,005,416.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
CAVAN . . .			£	£	£	£
Creameries . .	23	3,108	7,871	1,760	96,905	96,122
Agricultural . .	15	1,396	240	2,586	3,395	—
Banks . . .	13	862	1,113	1,178	2,302	—
Miscellaneous	—	—	—	—	—	—
TOTAL . .	51	5,366	9,224	5,524	102,602	96,122

DONEGAL

Population, 168,420.

Valuation—Lands, £228,483 ; Houses, £85,995.

Area, 1,190,269 ; Tillage, 222,758.

Holdings Bought out, 15,705 ; Tenanted, 15,902.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
1,894	2,912	10,411	8,577	4,136	3,075	1,391

Milch Cows, 62,391 ; Total Cattle, 169,066.

Sheep, 156,673 ; Pigs, 28,041 ; Poultry, 1,221,605.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
DONEGAL :			£	£	£	£
Creameries . .	15	2,597	6,464	4,758	46,661	42,999
Agricultural . .	5	350	286	1,726	19,767	—
Banks . . .	20	2,102	3,884	1,401	5,050	—
Miscellaneous	7	601	474	4,854	8,248	—
TOTAL . .	47	5,650	10,108	12,739	79,926	42,999

DOWN

Population, 304,589.

Valuation—Lands, £488,700 ; Houses, £660,781.

Area, 612,113 ; Tillage, 243,790.

Holdings Bought out, 15,610 ; Tenanted, 15,002.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
7,473	3,522	8,601	6,409	3,246	1,815	438

Milch Cows, 48,512 ; Total Cattle, 151, 596.

Sheep, 105,373 ; Pigs, 46,539 ; Poultry, 1,372,068.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
DOWN :			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	1	93	1,060	768	2,234	2,236
Agricultural .	8	462	265	1,252	2,165	—
Banks .	1	—	—	—	—	—
Miscellaneous	—	—	—	—	—	—
TOTAL .	10	555	1,325	2,010	4,399	2,236

FERMANAGH

Population, 61,811.

Valuation—Lands, £189,148 ; Houses, £53,279.

Area, 417,665 ; Tillage, 101,610.

Holdings Bought out, 10,329 ; Tenanted, 3,445.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
946	1,164	3,404	4,112	2,375	1,209	437

Milch Cows, 38,166 ; Total Cattle, 93,208.

Sheep, 8,855 ; Pigs, 21,494 ; Poultry, 773,533.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
FERMANAGH			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	13	2,545	9,026	5,257	98,324	94,613
Agricultural .	—	—	—	—	—	—
Banks .	2	130	—	300	355	—
Miscellaneous	3	591	—	—	—	—
TOTAL .	18	3,266	9,026	5,557	98,679	94,613

DERRY

Population, 140,621.

Valuation—Lands, £222,501 ; Houses, £214,527.

Area, 513,388 ; Tillage, 172,549.

Holdings Bought out, 11,493 ; Tenanted, 5,367.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
1,633	1,433	4,900	4,345	2,372	1,493	626

Milch Cows, 36,027 ; Total Cattle, 100,431.

Sheep, 66,490 ; Pigs, 38,649 ; Poultry, 814,770.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
DERRY :			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	10	1,367	6,061	692	28,782	28,605
Agricultural .	3	118	14	184	778	—
Banks .	4	108	—	271	205	—
Miscellaneous	5	993	597	58	16,653	—
TOTAL .	22	2,586	6,672	1,205	46,423	28,605

MONAGHAN

Population, 71,395.

Valuation—Lands, £208,274 ; Houses, £67,678.

Area, 318,806 ; Tillage, 111,464.

Holdings Bought out, 12,729 ; Tenanted, 4,733.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
992	1,876	7,284	5,027	1,561	529	133

Milch Cows, 31,232 ; Total Cattle, 88,286.

Sheep, 13,169 ; Pigs, 41,670 ; Poultry, 1,003,674.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
MONAGHAN :			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	19	3,325	6,252	5,246	71,078	65,941
Agricultural .	2	137	18	—	236	—
Banks .	7	693	1,797	965	2,785	—
Miscellaneous	—	—	—	—	—	—
TOTAL .	28	4,155	8,067	6,211	74,099	65,941

APPENDIX

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TYRONE

Population, 142,437.

Valuation—Lands, £322,593 ; Houses, £142,554.

Area, 778,943 ; Tillage, 231,105.

Holdings Bought out, 16,208 ; Tenanted, 11,577.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
2,416	2,345	7,742	7,834	4,057	2,542	754

Milch Cows, 54,782 ; Total Cattle, 167,065.

Sheep, 63,344 ; Pigs, 48,132 ; Poultry, 1,499,205.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
TYRONE :			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	36	4,978	15,709	11,127	158,576	157,784
Agricultural .	—	—	—	—	—	—
Banks .	5	317	935	225	938	—
Miscellaneous	5	179	90	1,464	537	—
TOTAL .	46	5,474	16,734	12,816	160,151	157,784

GALWAY

Population, 181,686.

Valuation—Lands, £384,366 ; Houses, £98,945.

Area, 1,467,850 ; Tillage, 222,315.

Holdings Bought out, 15,510 ; Tenanted, 21,167.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
2,111	4,220	12,179	9,662	4,019	2,377	1,984

Milch Cows, 48,823 ; Total Cattle, 209,032.

Sheep, 632,286 ; Pigs, 71,937 ; Poultry, 1,286,963.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
GALWAY :			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	—	—	—	—	—	—
Agricultural .	19	3,286	686	5,844	10,744	—
Banks .	13	1,078	453	2,113	1,785	—
Miscellaneous	3	399	160	160	4,318	—
TOTAL .	35	4,763	1,299	8,117	16,847	—

LEITRIM

Population, 63,557.

Valuation—Lands, £11,520 ; Houses, £22,189.

Area, 376,510 ; Tillage, 84,347.

Holdings Bought out, 11,906 ; Tenanted, 2,944.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
790	873	5,147	5,288	1,821	675	205

Milch Cows, 35,668 ; Total Cattle, 91,279.

Sheep, 13,668 ; Pigs, 26,499 ; Poultry, 587,460.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
LEITRIM :			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	10	2,285	3,807	2,901	34,989	33,714
Agricultural .	2	100	12	35	77	—
Banks .	14	1,690	1,473	3,543	6,286	—
Miscellaneous	2	68	—	—	—	—
TOTAL .	28	4,143	5,292	6,479	41,352	33,714

MAYO

Population, 191,969.

Valuation—Lands, £262,128 ; Houses, £51,144.

Area, 1,333,340 ; Tillage, 188,516.

Holdings Bought out, 13,412 ; Tenanted, 23,302.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
2,018	3,337	15,060	10,168	2,997	1,660	1,349

Milch Cows, 60,301 ; Total Cattle, 202,700.

Sheep, 291,115 ; Pigs, 78,276 ; Poultry, 1,307,244.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
MAYO :			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	1	595	981	316	7,467	6,651
Agricultural .	23	2,428	351	3,337	8,223	—
Banks .	37	4,294	3,970	6,315	10,978	—
Miscellaneous	1	60	16	—	422	—
TOTAL .	62	7,377	5,318	9,968	27,090	6,651

ROSCOMMON

Population, 93,904.

Valuation—Lands, £260,202 ; Houses, £41,885.

Area, 608,290 ; Tillage, 129,456.

Holdings Bought out, 14,895 ; Tenanted, 7,024.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
1,188	2,178	8,552	6,312	1,913	931	770

Milch Cows, 35,294 ; Total Cattle, 141,344.

Sheep, 161,494 ; Pigs, 39,836 ; Poultry, 838,071.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
ROSCOMMON :			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	6	2,292	4,957	1,646	23,975	21,869
Agricultural .	9	1,236	170	2,714	4,775	—
Banks .	4	269	30	1,105	750	—
Miscellaneous	1	425	129	339	3,349	—
TOTAL .	20	4,222	5,286	5,804	32,749	21,869

SLIGO

Population, 78,850.

Valuation—Lands, £167,550 ; Houses, £47,650.

Area, 442,205 ; Tillage, 85,757.

Holdings Bought out, 9,812 ; Tenanted, 5,350.

Holdings according to acreage :

0-1	1-5	5-15	15-30	30-50	50-100	Over 100
906	1,445	5,361	4,516	1,628	799	455

Milch Cows, 32,567 ; Total Cattle, 102,359.

Sheep, 66,279 ; Pigs, 30,633 ; Poultry, 653,037.

	No.	Members.	Capital.		Turnover.	
			Paid.	Loan.	Total.	Butter.
SLIGO :			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	11	6,611	11,664	4,843	103,032	94,685
Agricultural .	2	366	71	249	418	—
Banks .	5	482	778	1,421	1,296	—
Miscellaneous	2	171	16	26	—	—
TOTAL .	20	7,640	12,529	6,539	104,746	94,685

SUMMARY OF FARMERS' SOCIETIES ¹

	No. of Societies.	Members.	Paid-up Capital.	Loan Capital.	Turnover.	
					Total.	Butter.
MUNSTER :			£	£	£	£
Creameries .	121	8,278	45,050	65,344	986,842	941,781
Agricultural .	31	2,850	1,160	4,147	22,302	—
Banks .	47	2,408	1,425	3,426	4,290	—
Miscellaneous	7	4,515	13,431	13,737	213,990	—
TOTAL .	206	18,051	61,066	86,654	1,227,424	941,781
LEINSTER :						
Creameries .	25	3,177	14,553	9,393	202,446	179,939
Agricultural .	39	3,451	3,124	13,206	47,031	—
Banks .	57	3,680	5,106	7,390	13,200	—
Miscellaneous	45	4,014	11,015	7,744	149,880	—
TOTAL .	166	14,322	33,798	37,733	412,557	179,939
ULSTER :						
Creameries .	138	21,554	63,239	35,915	634,756	618,991
Agricultural .	41	2,956	1,107	7,013	31,150	—
Banks .	60	5,284	11,534	5,181	16,720	—
Miscellaneous	26	3,551	2,088	6,876	40,257	—
TOTAL .	265	33,345	77,968	54,985	722,883	618,991
CONNAUGHT :						
Creameries .	28	11,783	21,409	9,706	169,463	156,919
Agricultural .	55	7,416	1,290	12,179	24,327	—
Banks .	73	7,813	6,705	14,499	21,096	—
Miscellaneous	9	1,123	321	4,525	8,189	—
TOTAL .	165	28,135	29,725	36,909	223,075	156,919
IRELAND :						
Creameries .	312	44,792	144,251	119,352	1,993,500	1,897,630
Agricultural .	166	16,673	6,681	36,545	124,720	—
Banks .	237	19,185	24,768	55,492	55,372	—
Miscellaneous	87	13,203	26,855	32,882	412,316	—
TOTAL .	802	93,853	202,555	244,271	2,585,908	897,630

¹ The number of Societies has increased since these figures were tabulated.

NOTES ON FARMERS' SOCIETIES

These Societies have been organised by the I.A.O.S. With the exception of the Banks, they are registered under the Industrial and Provident Societies Act, and are like Ordinary Joint Stock Companies in constitution except that each member has only one vote, and there is no limit to the number of shares which may be issued. No member may hold more than 200 shares. Shares are usually of the denomination of One Pound. Interest is limited to 5 per cent. In Creameries shares are usually taken by members at the rate of one for each milch cow.

The Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, 84 Merrion Square, Dublin, is the parent body of all these Societies, and it is governed by such of the Societies as pay an annual affiliation fee. The affiliated societies elect the President and Vice-President, and the Societies in each Province elect the Committee at the rate of four for each Province. Individual members elect four members also. The Committee thus elected directs the work.

CREAMERIES.—Suppliers of milk are paid according to amount of butter fat in milk. Suppliers receive back about $8\frac{1}{2}$ gallons separated milk for every 10 gallons milk supplied. Prices paid for milk decided at monthly meeting of Committee elected by members. Many Creameries, called Auxiliaries, merely separate, sending cream to Central where it is churned. Cost of Auxiliary from £600 to £1,000, cost of Central from £1,000 to £2,000.

NOTE.—If Creamery butter only realised for the farmer 10 per cent. more than butter produced at home, the figures for 1910 would denote an extra gain to Ireland of £189,763 for the one year. This represents a saving for one year, as contrasted with the £100,000 subscribed, in 21 years, by private individuals to the I.A.O.S.

As the usual difference between the price realised by Creameries for their butter, and that obtained by farmers in the markets for home butter is between 3d. and 4d. per lb., and consequently the saving effected by the Creameries in one year is nearer £400,000.

AGRICULTURAL.—These are Societies specially formed for the purpose of supplying members with seeds, manures, and feeding stuffs of best quality at lowest prices.

BANKS have no shareholders. Members pay an entrance fee, and are jointly and severally liable for all the debts of the Bank. In the statistics supplied, which should be read in reference to the Map, one of the columns indicates local deposits. The "loan capital" denotes sums borrowed from joint stock banks on overdraft, and from government departments. Loans are only granted to members for reproductive purposes, and each intending borrower has to produce two sureties satisfactory to the Committee. The rates of interest charged to borrowers are from 1d. to $1\frac{1}{4}$ d. per £1 per month.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Under "miscellaneous" are included Poultry, Flax, Bee-keeping, Home Industries, and Bacon-Curing Societies. The Poultry Societies buy eggs by weight so as to encourage the poultry keepers to improve their breeds.

The organ of the Agricultural and Industrial Development movement is the *Irish Homestead*. Weekly, One Penny.

SUMMARY OF CO-OPERATIVE CREAMERIES, 1910

	No. of Societies.	Member- ship.	Paid-up Capital.	Loan Capital.	Butter.	Other Sales.
ULSTER :						
Antrim .	10	1,672	£ 6,989	£ 2,970	£ 107,244	£ 313
Armagh .	11	1,869	3,807	3,337	23,449	1,190
Cavan .	23	3,108	7,871	1,760	96,122	783
Donegal .	15	2,597	6,464	4,758	42,999	3,662
Down .	1	93	1,060	768	2,234	—
Fermanagh .	13	2,545	9,026	5,257	94,613	3,711
Londonderry	10	1,367	6,061	692	28,605	177
Monaghan .	19	3,325	6,252	5,246	65,941	5,137
Tyrone .	36	4,978	15,709	11,127	157,784	792
	138	21,554	63,239	35,915	618,991	15,765
MUNSTER :						
Cork . .	18	704	5,833	4,714	90,436	19,576
Kerry .	12	1,538	7,205	11,622	89,165	997
Limerick .	40	2,374	14,868	23,756	373,735	6,167
Tipperary .	49	3,534	16,075	24,833	380,988	14,549
Waterford .	2	128	1,069	419	7,457	3,772
	121	8,278	45,050	65,344	941,781	45,061
LEINSTER :						
Kilkenny .	16	1,657	9,260	5,619	132,135	21,635
Longford .	3	912	2,039	1,966	19,026	—
Queen's Co.	1	58	266	420	627	295
Wexford .	4	490	2,170	1,188	25,025	577
Wicklow .	1	60	818	200	3,126	—
	25	3,177	14,553	9,393	179,939	22,507
CONNAUGHT :						
Leitrim .	10	2,285	3,807	2,901	33,714	1,275
Mayo .	1	595	981	316	6,651	816
Roscommon	6	2,292	4,957	1,646	21,869	2,106
Sligo .	11	6,611	11,664	4,843	94,685	8,347
	28	11,783	21,409	9,706	156,919	12,544
ULSTER .	138	21,554	63,239	35,915	618,991	15,765
MUNSTER .	121	8,278	45,050	65,344	941,781	45,061
LEINSTER .	25	3,177	14,553	9,393	179,939	22,507
CONNAUGHT .	28	11,783	21,409	9,706	156,919	12,544
TOTAL .	312	44,792	144,251	120,358	1,897,630	95,877

Number	312
Members	44,792
Capital	£144,251
Loan Capital	£120,358
Butter Sales	£1,897,630
Other Sales	£95,877

CREAMERY MAP

NOTE.—If Creamery Butter only realised for the farmer 10 per cent. more than Butter produced at home, the figures for 1910 would denote an extra gain to Ireland of £189,763 for the one year. This represents a saving for one year, as contrasted with the £100,000 subscribed, in 21 years, by private individuals to the I.A.O.S.

N.B.—The usual difference between the price realised by Creameries for their butter, and that obtained by farmers in the markets for home butter is between 3*d.* and 4*d.* per lb., and consequently the saving effected by the Creameries in one year is nearer £400,000.

SUMMARY OF AGRICULTURAL BANKS, 1910

	No. of Societies.	Members- ship.	Loan Capital.	Deposits.	Total Capital.	Total Amount of Loans Granted.	Number of Loans.	31/12/1910 Loans Outstanding.	Expenses.	Net Profit.	Reserve Fund.
			£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
ULSTER:											
Armagh . . .	8	1,072	1,063 17 8	3,803 10 9	4,867 8 5	5,147 18 0	536	4,757 4 6	45 1 11	42 19 6½	247 0 0
Cavan . . .	13	862	1,178 1 9	1,113 6 0	2,291 7 9	2,302 10 0	280	2,125 2 0	20 13 9	19 12 11½	145 12 8
Donegal . . .	20	2,102	1,401 1 3	3,884 3 10	5,285 5 1	5,050 0 0	1,027	5,297 3 3	75 16 4½	39 15 1	578 6 4
Down . . .	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Fermanagh . .	2	130	300 0 0	—	300 0 0	355 0 0	91	313 17 0	1 9 1	6 16 10	20 0 5
Londonderry .	4	108	271 2 6	—	271 2 6	205 0 0	13	251 0 0	0 12 6	0 13 8	7 17 6½
Monaghan . .	7	693	965 13 5	1,797 11 3	2,763 4 8	2,785 10 0	275	2,838 0 0	0 19 17 3	19 18 5	125 9 1
Tyrone . . .	5	317	225 5 3	935 12 8	1,160 17 11	938 10 0	116	1,068 13 3	14 3 3	3 18 0	41 9 7
	60	5,284	5,405 1 10	11,534 4 6	16,939 6 4	16,784 8 0	2,338	16,651 0 0	177 14 1½	133 14 6	1,155 15 7½
MUNSTER:											
Clare . . .	13	546	690 0 0	220 0 0	910 0 0	923 14 0	144	797 18 0	8 5 1	5 4 8½	87 16 6½
Cork . . .	12	369	312 7 0	7 0 0	319 7 0	270 0 0	24	294 16 6	4 11 0	3 1 8	28 0 1
Kerry . . .	13	917	1,575 8 10	916 0 0	2,491 8 10	2,078 12 6	296	2,298 0 4	35 14 0	23 18 5	144 16 0½
Limerick . . .	2	367	498 6 6	277 9 3	775 15 9	798 5 0	87	758 0 6	20 14 8	3 10 5	43 7 8½
Tipperary . .	7	209	350 0 0	5 0 0	355 0 0	220 0 0	29	329 10 0	1 8 7	6 19 5	25 2 11½
	47	2,408	3,426 2 4	1,425 9 3	4,851 11 7	4,290 11 6	580	4,408 5 4	70 13 4	42 14 7½	329 3 4
LEINSTER:											
Unrepresented	—	—	54 14 4	—	54 14 4	84 0 0	13	55 10 6	0 7 1	0 14 4	2 14 5
Kilkenny . . .	4	521	779 6 7	1,211 6 7	1,990 13 2	2,089 8 10	214	1,946 2 10	28 0 0	9 0 1	86 11 10
King's Co. . .	4	201	142 1 10	—	142 1 10	114 0 0	15	130 9 0	1 12 6½	1 9 5	8 5 5
Longford . . .	1	169	100 0 0	1,042 0 0	1,142 0 0	888 0 0	96	851 19 5	2 17 3	18 6 6½	43 6 0

Unrepresented		—	174 14	1	—	174 14	1	152 10	0	14	169 10	0	1	4	0	—	1	11	9½
Louth .	10	504	1,582 15 4	298 6 1	1,881 1 5	1,573 0 0	1,573 0 0	126	1,566 0 0	9 12 4	6 8 5	53 9 10½	53 9 10½						
Meath .	3	129	440 6 5	126 0 0	566 6 5	569 10 0	569 10 0	68	508 5 0	9 7 8	3 12 2	14 11 11½	14 11 11½						
Queen's Co. .	3	281	563 12 0	260 0 0	823 12 0	836 0 0	836 0 0	142	900 15 4	20 7 1	3 6 5½	100 6 3½	100 6 3½						
Wexford .	27	1,325	2,910 5 3	422 6 2	3,332 11 5	3,742 15 6	3,742 15 6	390	3,292 14 8	24 12 5½	29 10 11½	177 13 8	177 13 8						
Wicklow .	5	560	643 0 6	1,746 1 0	2,389 1 6	3,151 0 0	3,151 0 0	218	2,364 6 0	22 4 11	36 8 11	78 17 3	78 17 3						
	57	3,680	7,390 16 4	5,105 19 10	12,496 16 2	13,200 4 4	13,200 4 4	1,296	11,785 12 9	120 5 4	108 17 3½	567 8 6	567 8 6						
CONNAUGHT:																			
Galway .	13	1,078	2,113 18 6	453 9 2	2,567 7 8	1,785 0 0	1,785 0 0	266	2,228 2 1	30 8 5½	16 1 1½	176 12 8½	176 12 8½						
Leitrim .	14	1,690	3,543 6 7	1,473 10 0	5,016 16 7	6,286 15 0	6,286 15 0	1,079	5,036 16 2	60 19 9½	62 7 10	187 10 2	187 10 2						
Mayo .	37	4,294	6,315 10 3	3,969 19 3	10,285 9 6	10,978 3 2	10,978 3 2	2,693	10,584 4 2	146 1 5½	101 8 11½	1,064 13 10½	1,064 13 10½						
Roscommon .	4	269	1,105 0 0	30 0 0	1,135 0 0	750 10 0	750 10 0	140	1,041 5 6	4 18 0	3 3 7	23 1 7	23 1 7						
Sligo .	5	482	1,421 15 6	778 0 6	2,199 16 0	1,296 0 0	1,296 0 0	169	1,841 14 0	31 15 4	2 18 7½	46 7 7	46 7 7						
	73	7,813	14,499 10 10	6,704 18 11	21,204 9 9	21,096 8 2	21,096 8 2	4,347	20,732 1 11	274 3 0½	186 0 1½	1,498 5 11	1,498 5 11						
ULSTER .	60	5,284	5,405 1 10	11,534 4 6	16,939 6 4	16,784 8 0	16,784 8 0	2,338	16,651 0 0	177 14 1½	133 14 6	1,165 15 7½	1,165 15 7½						
MUNSTER .	47	2,408	3,426 2 4	1,425 9 3	4,851 11 7	4,290 11 6	4,290 11 6	580	4,408 5 4	70 13 4	42 14 7½	329 3 4	329 3 4						
LEINSTER .	57	3,680	7,390 16 4	5,105 19 10	12,496 16 2	13,200 4 4	13,200 4 4	1,296	11,785 12 9	120 5 4	108 17 3½	567 8 6	567 8 6						
CONNAUGHT .	73	7,813	14,499 10 10	6,704 18 11	21,204 9 9	21,096 8 2	21,096 8 2	4,347	20,732 1 11	274 3 0½	186 0 1½	1,498 5 11	1,498 5 11						
TOTAL .	237	19,185	55,492 11 4	24,770 12 6	55,492 3 10	55,371 12 0	55,371 12 0	8,561	53,577 0 0	642 15 10	471 6 6½	3,560 13 4½	3,560 13 4½						

CREDIT SOCIETIES MAP

NOTE.—In 1910 some £55,000 was lent to farmers through Credit Societies in small sums; without a Credit Society a farmer incurs costs of at least 12 per cent. in contracting a small loan, by these Societies he does not incur costs averaging over 6 per cent. So in 1910 the farmers, through their Credit Societies, saved some £3,300, which they would have had to spend otherwise.

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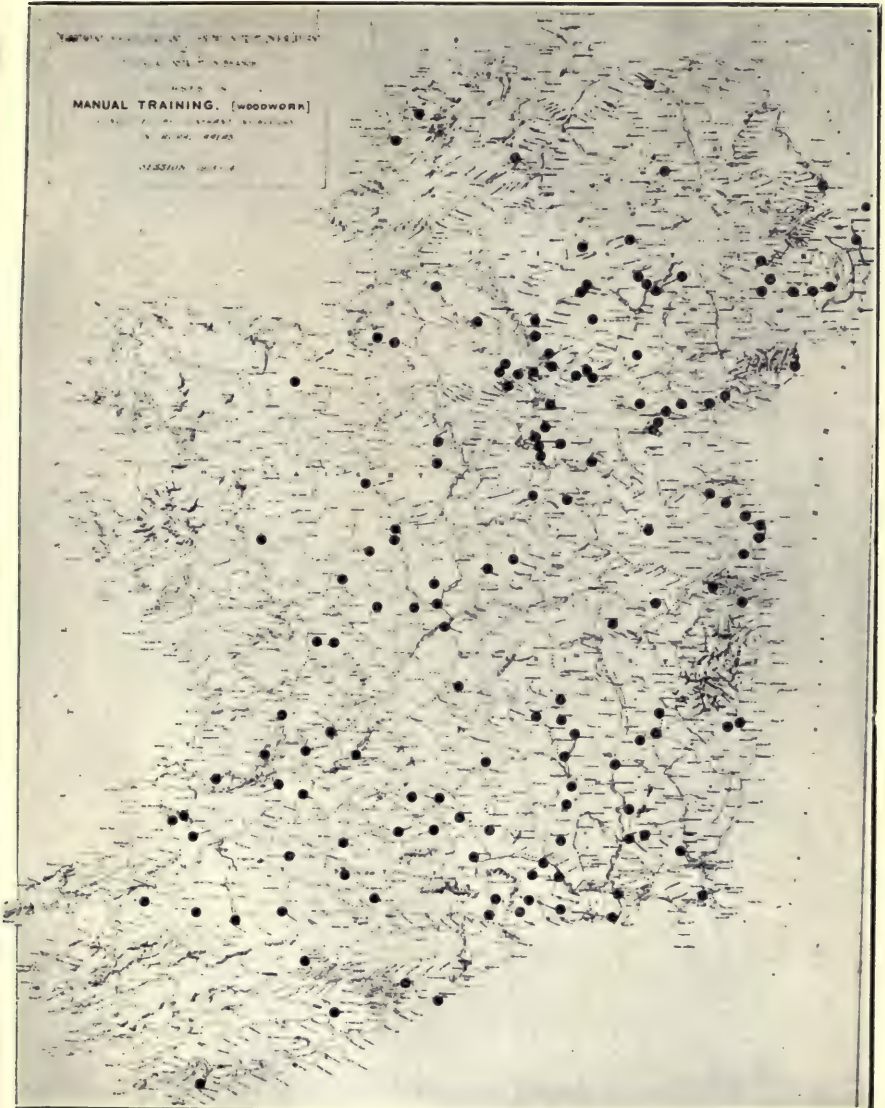
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MAP II

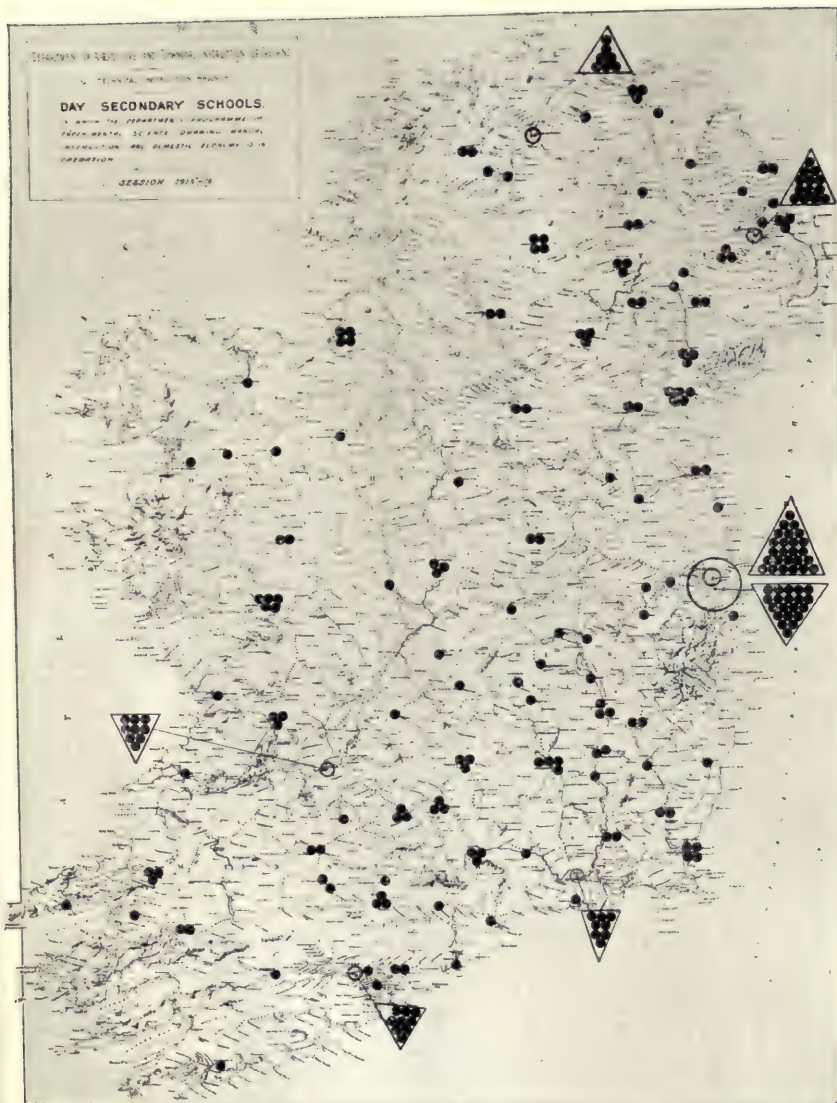


MAP SHOWING CENTRES AT WHICH SHORT COURSES OF INSTRUCTION IN MANUAL TRAINING (WOODWORK) WERE CONDUCTED BY ITINERANT INSTRUCTORS DURING THE SESSION 1913-14.

Map I of this section is the key map.



MAP III

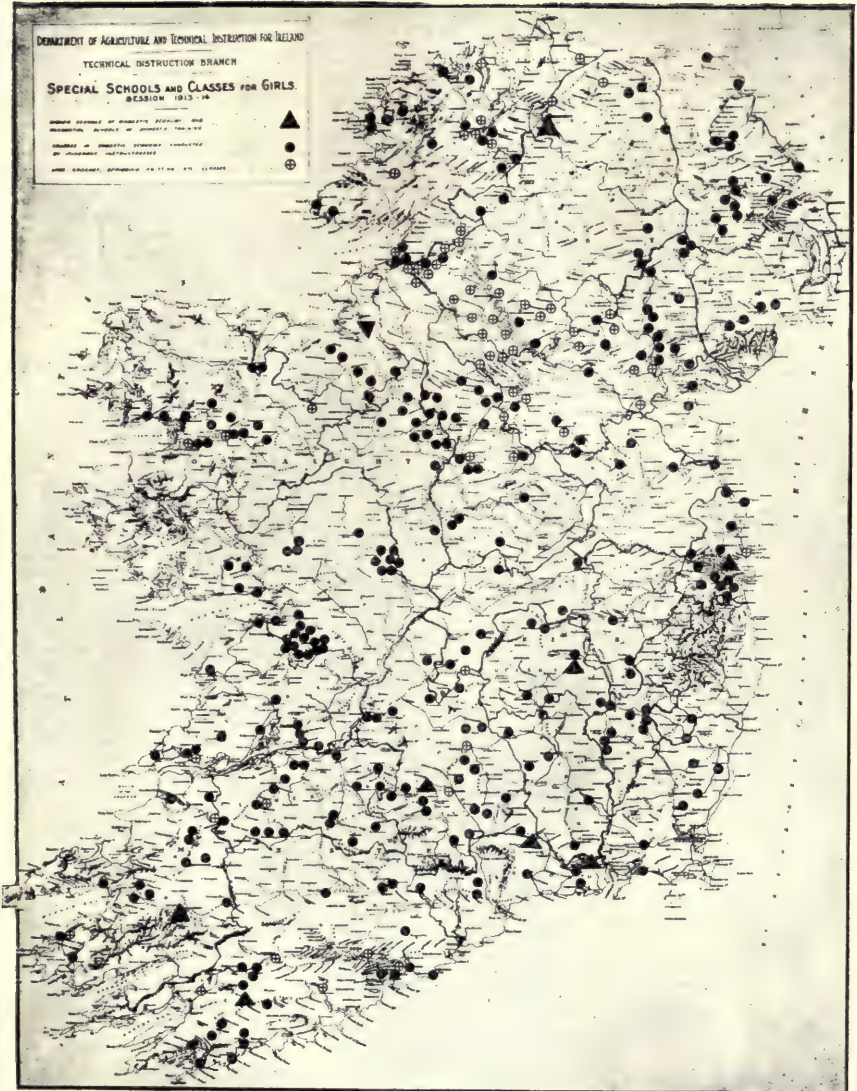


MAP SHOWING THE DAY SECONDARY SCHOOLS IN WHICH THE DEPARTMENT'S
PROGRAMME OF EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE, DRAWING, MANUAL INSTRUCTION, AND
DOMESTIC ECONOMY IS IN OPERATION, SESSION 1913-14.

Map I of this section is the key map.



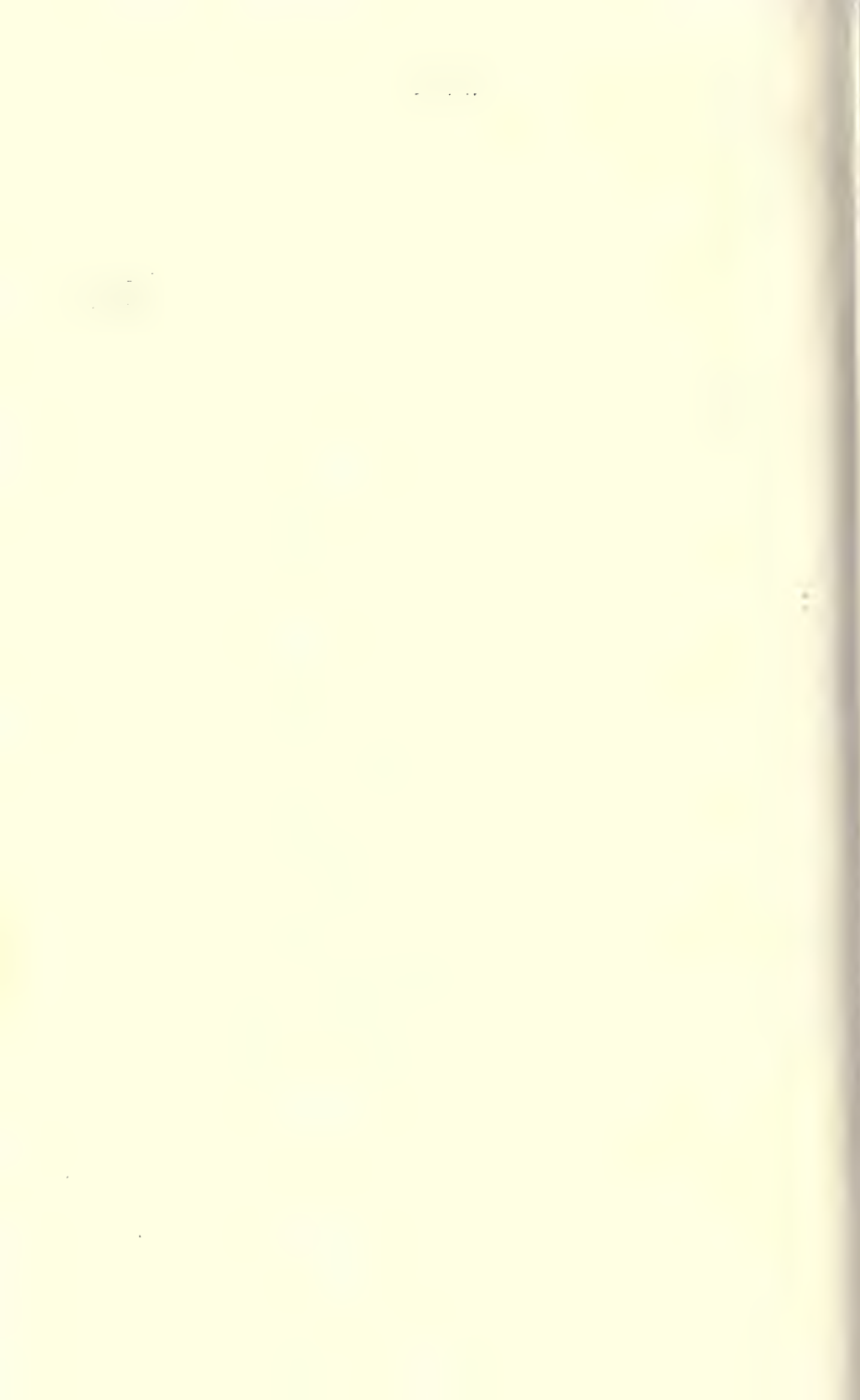
MAP IV



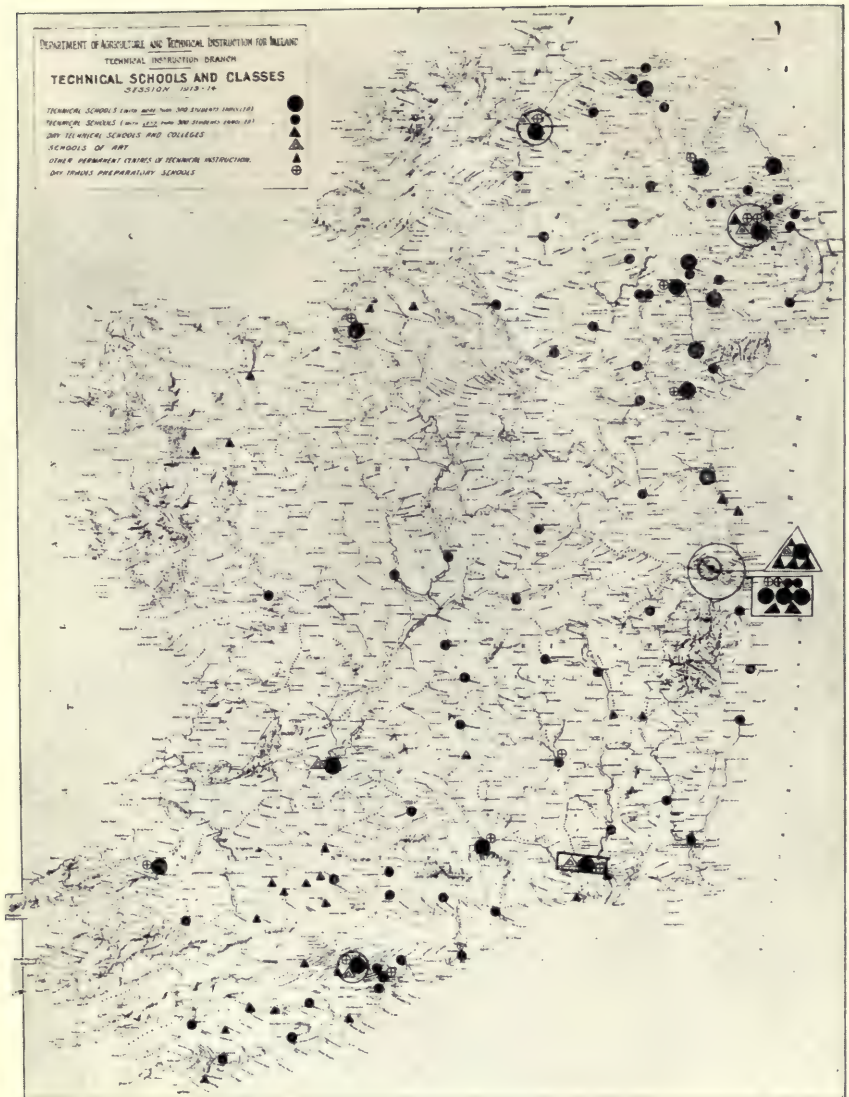
MAP SHOWING THE DISTRIBUTION OF SPECIAL SCHOOLS AND CLASSES FOR GIRLS,
SESSION 1913-14.

- ▲ Higher Schools of Domestic Economy and Residential Schools of Domestic Training.
- Short Courses of Instruction in Domestic Economy conducted by Itinerant Teachers.
- ⊗ Classes in Lace and Crochet-making, Sprigging, Knitting, and other Home Industries.

Map I of this section is the key map.



MAP V



MAP SHOWING THE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS AND CLASSES, SESSION 1913-14.

- Technical Schools (with more than 300 Students enrolled).
- Technical Schools (with less than 300 Students enrolled).
- ▲ Day Technical Schools and Colleges.
Schoools of Art.
- ⌚ Other Permanent Centres of Technical Instruction.
- ⊞ Day Trades Preparatory Schools.

Map I of this section is the key map.





PERCENTAGES OF CATHOLICS

The above map shows the portions of Ulster in which Catholics predominate, and the portions in which Protestants contain a majority of Catholics. If Antrim and Down be excluded, there is no homogeneous population gathered together. In one Parliamentary division of Down, namely, South Down, the Catholics are a majority. In Mid-Armagh the Catholics are 42.8 of the population; in South Armagh the percentage is 51.1. In Londonderry County the Catholics are 51.1 of the population in South Londonderry, considerable, the Catholics are 61.7 of the population. In three of the Parliamentary divisions of Tyrone—South—the Protestants have a small majority; they are in the proportion of 51.3 to 48.7, three of the divisions are 55.4 of the population. In the whole of Ulster there are 890,880 non-Catholics and 6

DONDERRY.
 R.C. 22,925
 Pr 7,857

NORTH
 R.C. 10,657
 PER CENT 24.5
 Pr 32,830.
 PER CENT 75.5

MID
 R.C. 9,512
 PER CENT 21.4
 Pr 34,893
 PER CENT 78.6

SOUTH
 R.C. 22,955
 PER CENT 48.9
 Pr 23,933
 PER CENT 51.1

EAST
 R.C. 20,566
 PER CENT 54.8
 Pr 16,943
 PER CENT 45.2

NORTH
 R.C. 13,957
 PER CENT 30.3
 Pr 32,091
 PER CENT 69.7

MID
 R.C. 16,937 PER CENT 42.8
 Pr 22,538 PER CENT 57.2

SOUTH
 R.C. 23,423
 PER CENT 68.2
 Pr 10,888
 PER CENT 31.8

SOUTH
 R.C. 28,987
 Pr 3,850

ANTRIM
 SOUTH
 R.C. 12,501
 PER CENT 25.4
 Pr 36,648
 PER CENT 74.6

EAST
 R.C. 6,626
 PER CENT 12.3
 Pr 47,074
 PER CENT 87.7

BELFAST
 NORTH
 R.C. 18,631
 Pr 83,068
 SOUTH
 R.C. 13,188
 Pr 67,091

EAST
 R.C. 24,737
 Pr 111,035
 WEST
 R.C. 36,610
 Pr 30,546

NORTH
 R.C. 70,47
 PER CENT 12.0
 Pr 51,413
 PER CENT 88.0

WEST
 R.C. 7,661
 PER CENT 17.9
 Pr 35,089
 PER CENT 82.1

EAST
 R.C. 16,125
 PER CENT 36.0
 Pr 44,683
 PER CENT 64.0

DOWN

SOUTH
 R.C. 24,510
 PER CENT 53.4
 Pr 21,316
 PER CENT 46.6

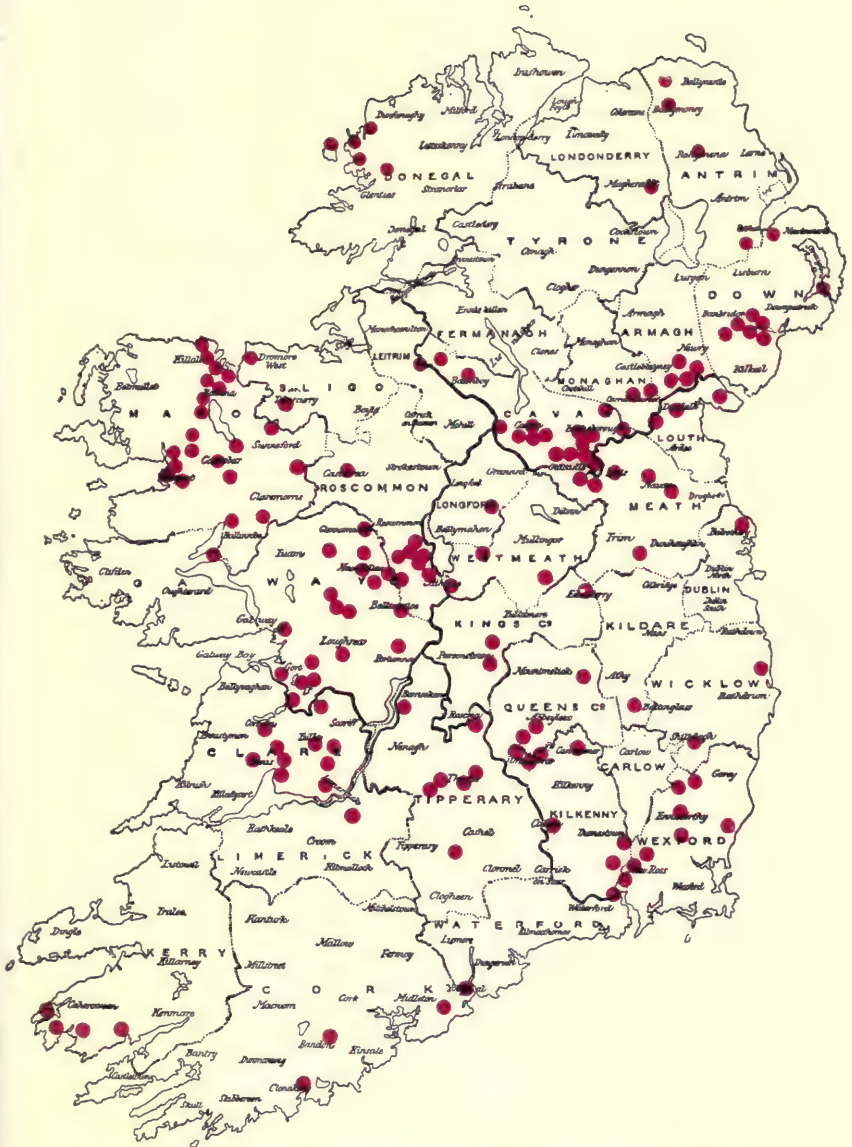
NEWRY
 R.C. 9,350
 Pr 3,491

PROTESTANTS IN ULSTER.

Protestants are in the ascendancy. The shaded parts are the county Parliamentary divisions, which have no real sense of the words; even in Antrim there is a considerable minority of Catholics all over the population; and South Down is represented now, and always has been represented, by a Protestant, for it is 68.2 of the population; South Armagh is now, and has always been, represented by a Protestant. In North Fermanagh the Catholics have a small majority; but in South Fermanagh the majority is Protestant. North, East, and Mid, Catholics show percentages of 54.7, 54.8, and 62.6. In only one division—the West—the Protestants are out of the four are represented by Home Rulers. Taking the County as a whole, the majority is Protestant.

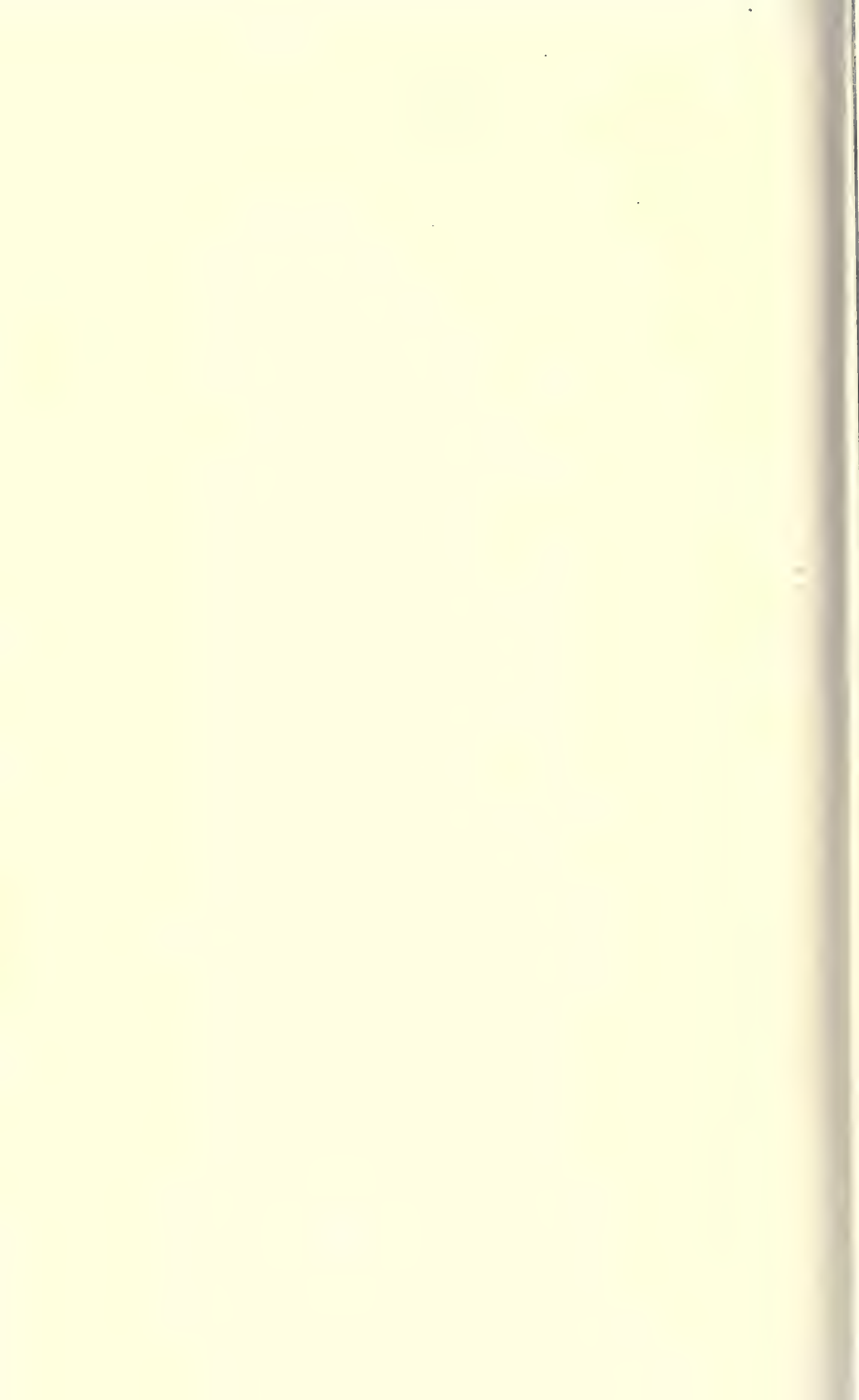


MAP VIII



SUMMARY OF CO-OPERATIVE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES, 1910.

Map I of this section is the key map.

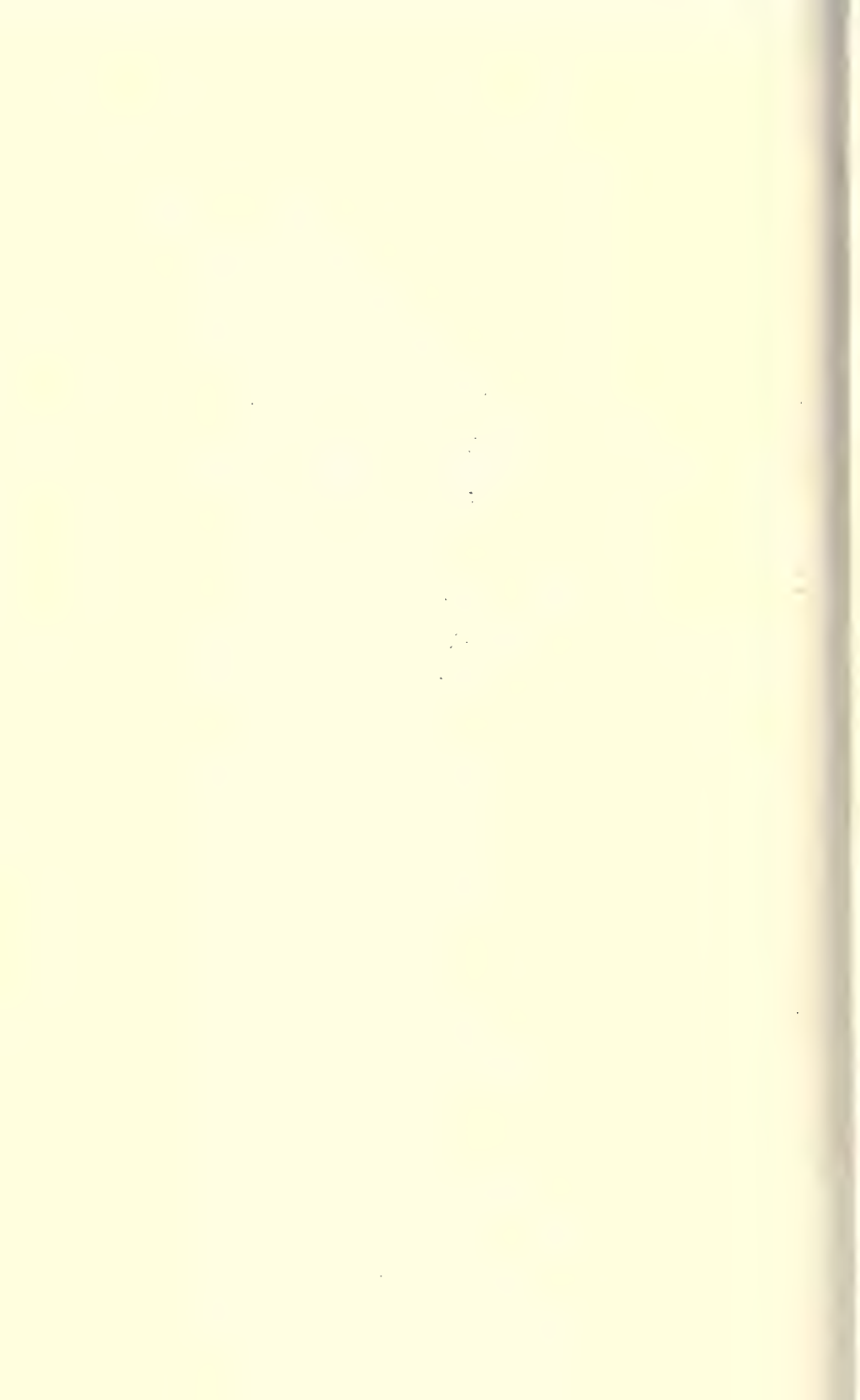


MAP IX

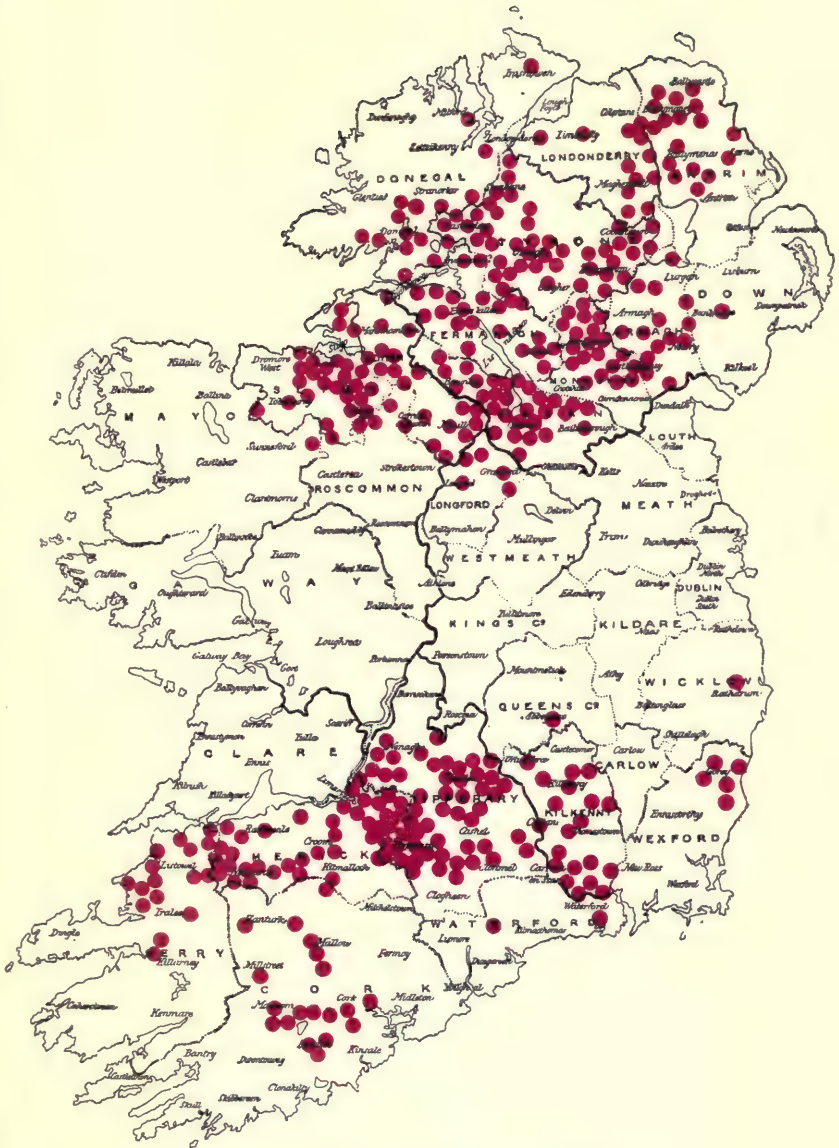


SUMMARY OF CO-OPERATIVE POULTRY SOCIETIES, 1910.

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MAP X

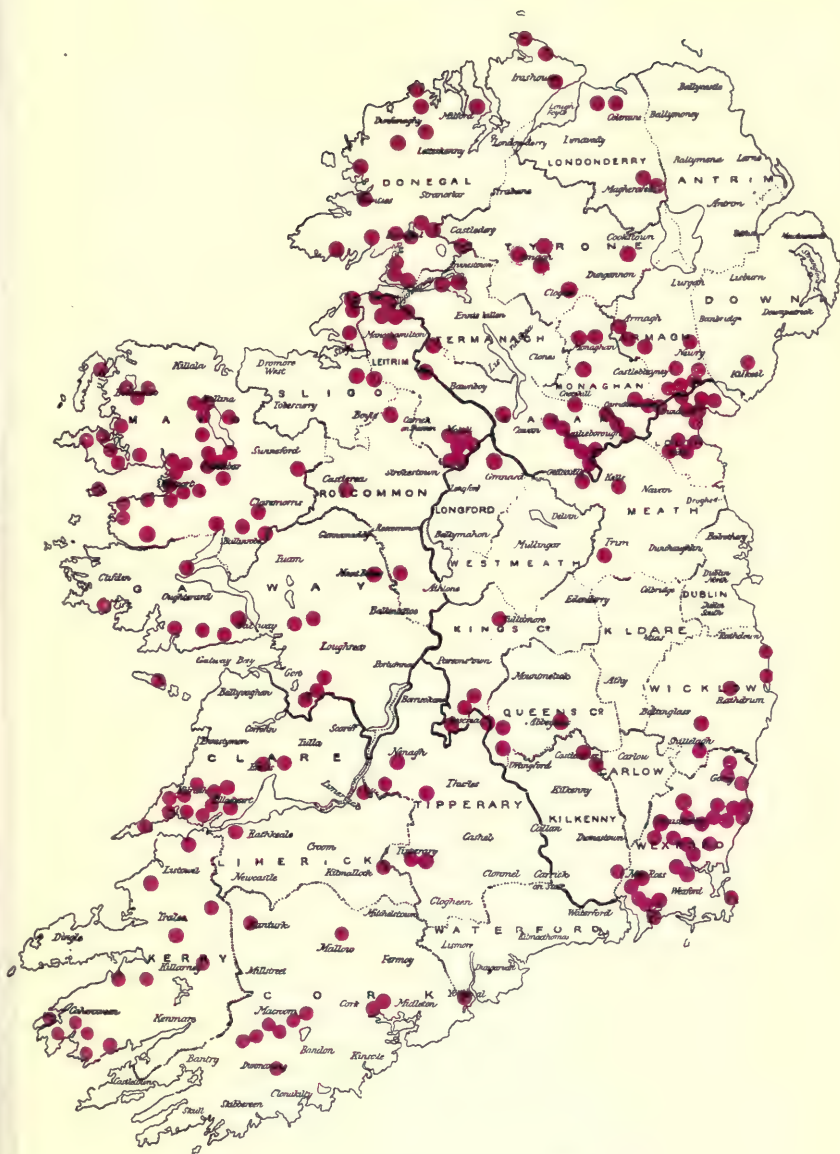


SUMMARY OF CO-OPERATIVE CREAMERIES, 1910.

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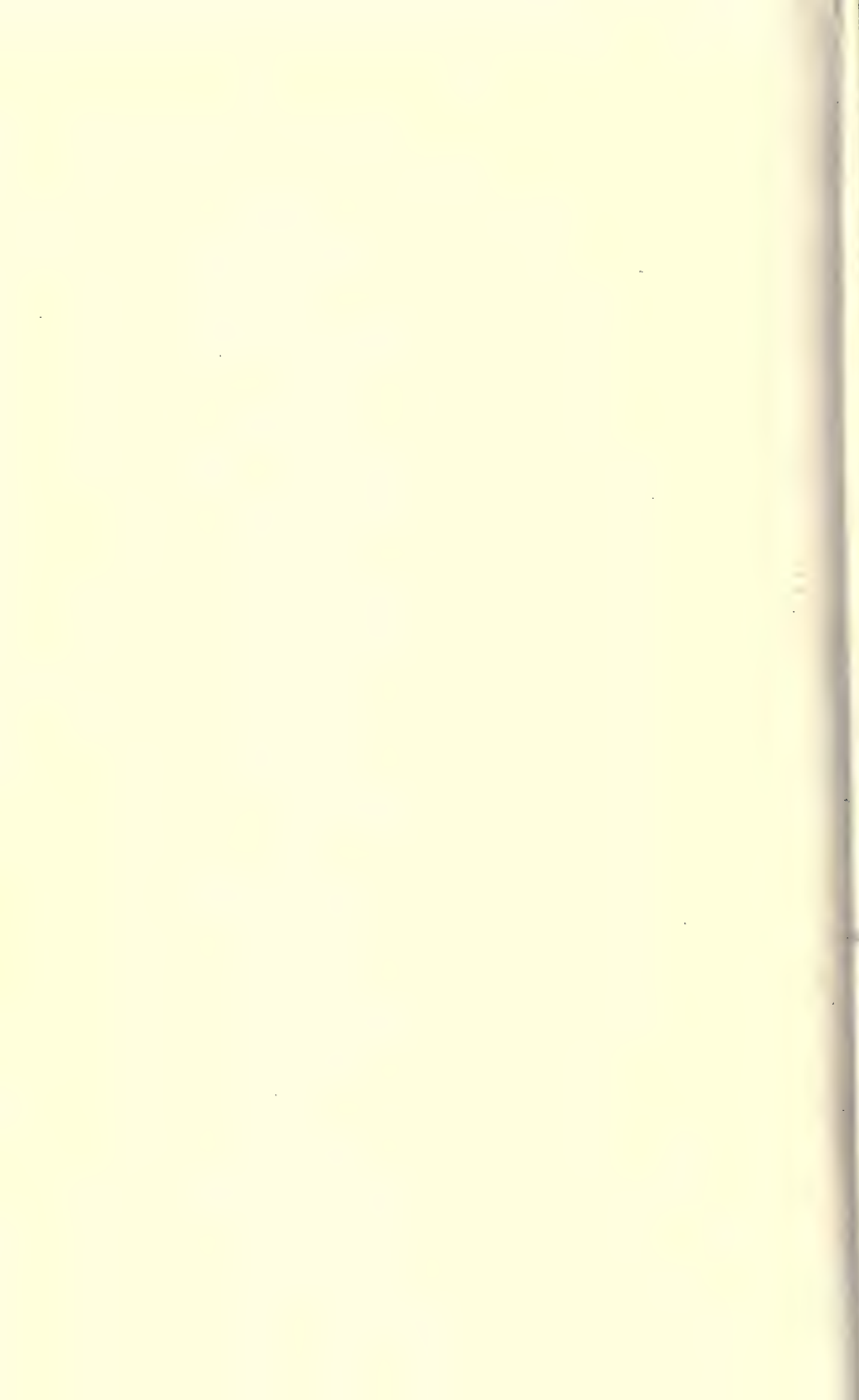


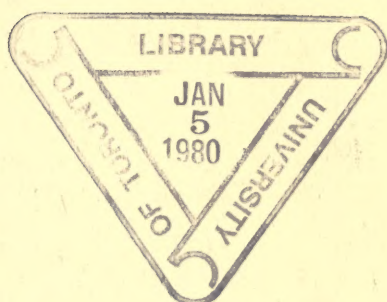
MAP XI



SUMMARY OF AGRICULTURAL BANKS, 1910.

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